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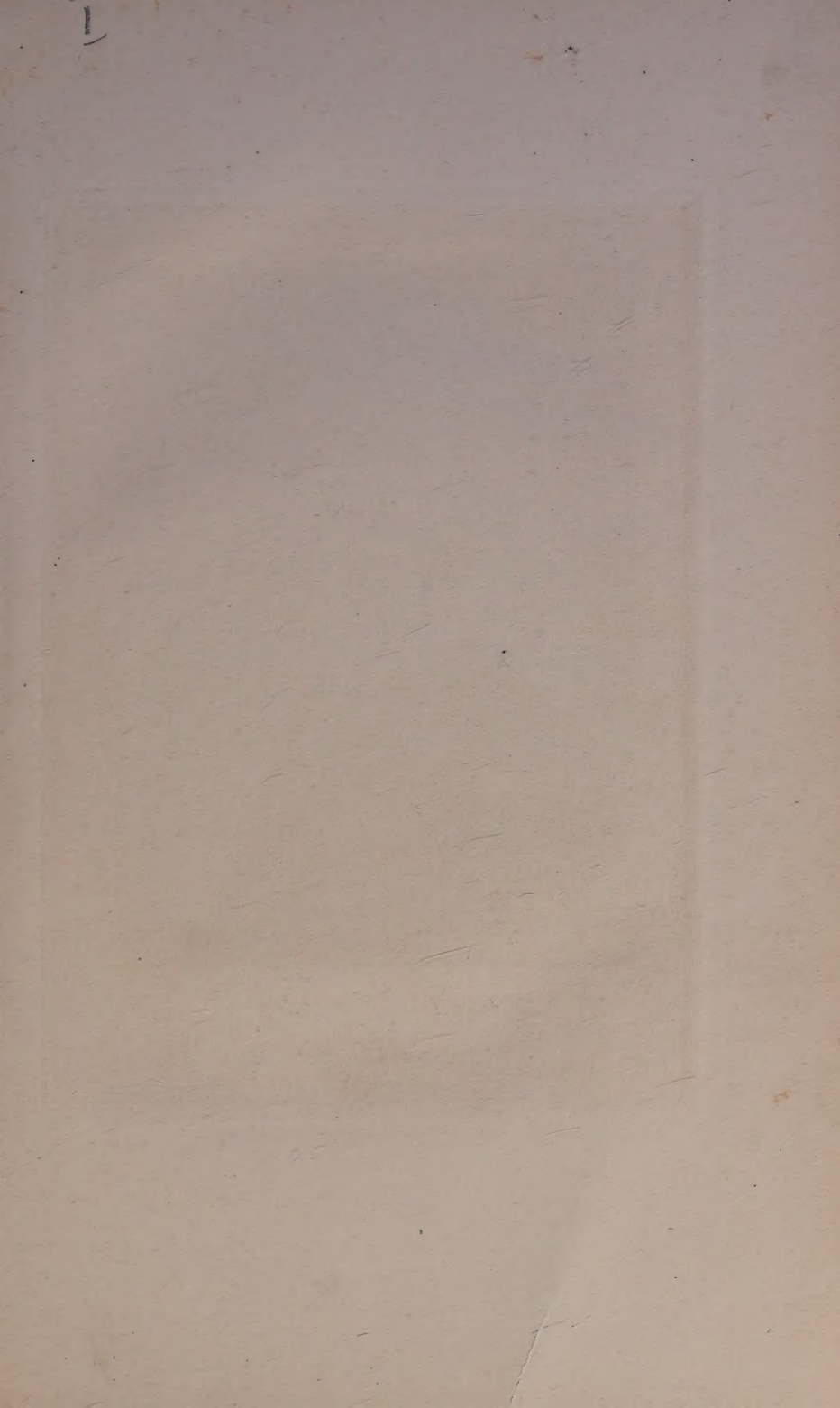
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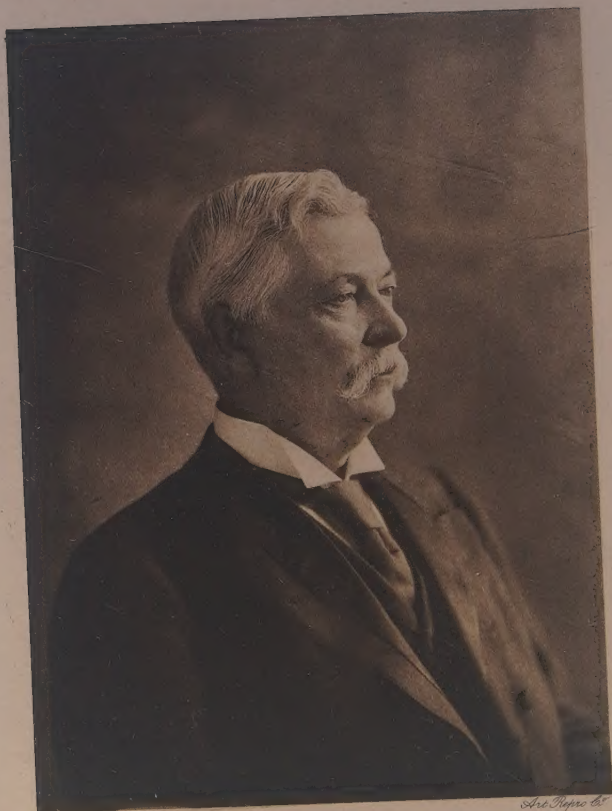
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AFTER WORK





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AFTER WORK

FRAGMENTS FROM THE WORKSHOP
OF AN OLD PUBLISHER

BY

E. MARSTON, F.R.G.S.



At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week.

As You Like It

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1904


"I should like to see any man's biography with corrections and emendations by his ghost."—O. W. HOLMES.

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
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NOTE

 HAVE been connected with the business of publishing and bookselling from my earliest youth. I may say roundly for about sixty-five years, and of those more than fifty-eight in the city of London. I suppose I may be said to have earned now the right to retire from work, and that is why I have selected the words AFTER WORK for the title of this volume. I have worked, it is true, in writing it, but not in the sense of a toiler for his daily bread; mine has been a labour of love, and it has occupied leisure time which I hope has not been altogether "idly spent." I have done what I could to make the work interesting, but I have no wonderful story to tell. I have performed no deeds of valour; I have not travelled quite all round the world; I never fought a duel. I never saw a ghost, and if, like others, I have dreamed fantastic dreams, they never by any chance came true. I confess that the task I have set myself to perform has proved more difficult than I had anticipated. I have not reached the

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ideal, perhaps impossible, aimed at. It is one thing to take a mental backward glance over the greatest part of a century, it is quite another to sit down quietly in one's old age seriously to attempt to catch those fugitive mental glimpses of the past, and fix them with pen and ink on paper—then do the brightest pictures become elusive and slip away, leaving little but faint outlines to memory. A publisher's experience is, on the whole, uneventful and monotonous enough; his dealings with authors are for the most part confined to the plain business before them. Now and then incidents of a more engaging nature occur, and it is to these only that one can resort to find what may possibly be of interest to the outside world.

I make no apology for the constant use of what a pleasant writer has called "the columnar, self-reliant capital letter," the fact that the work is in a sense autobiographical is the justification of this apparent egoism.

I have been known in the angling world for many years as "The Amateur Angler," and in that capacity I have succeeded fairly well. Now I must call myself an *amateur writer*, and in that capacity only I submit my performance to the judgement and indulgence of my readers.

E. M.

TO
MY CHILDREN
AND
GRANDCHILDREN

THIS WORK IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



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AFTER WORK

CHAPTER I

IN THE TWENTIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

I WAS born on St. Valentine's day, 1825, when George the Fourth was king, in the parish of Lydbury, Salop. My father was a prosperous young farmer, who began life by lending his landlord a thousand pounds, of which, I believe, he never got back a penny. This terrible disaster at the beginning of his career crippled him for many years, and was probably the cause of his leaving that fine farm. He took another as large, but very much poorer, in Montgomeryshire. I was, at the time of his removal, just three years old. We remained at this farm two years, and the only incidents of that time which I remember were a tragedy almost in earnest, and a comedy that was to me very tragical. The first consisted of my putting

my young brother into my wheelbarrow, and bowling him into the horse-pond to see how deep it was; he would have been drowned but for the wagoner, who saw the performance from the stable window and ran to the rescue.

On another never-forgotten occasion my mother had ridden to market on the old mare "Poppit," and as it was my birthday, she brought me home a most lovely pocket-knife; it must have cost sixpence at the very least. It had a white handle, and on one side was the picture of a serpent. The joy that knife gave me was beyond description. I rushed off to the garden to find something to cut, and my brother William followed after, full of envy and rage, for our mother had brought him nothing from the town. By some means he got hold of the knife, and savagely flung it into a quickset hedge, and so before I had been able to cut even one stick with it, that lovely knife was lost for ever. For days and weeks that garden hedge was searched from top to bottom, but the knife was never found.

I know that for years and years I dreamt of it, and many a time have I thought some time or other of going back to that old farm garden to have another search for it, and even now in my old age it gives me a pang sometimes, to think that I shall never see that knife again. The really extraordinary effect which this trifling incident had on



LUCTON SCHOOL, HEREFORDSHIRE

my mind and memory would be a curious psychological study.

LUCTON SCHOOL.

In the year 1830, when I was five years old, my father removed to Lucton, in Herefordshire, where he had taken a large farm, and there all the happy days of my boyhood were spent. One of the advantages of residing in this village was the admirable school known as Lucton School. This school was founded in 1707 and endowed by John Pierrepont; he bore the "Manvers" arms, and is described as *armiger*. The school-house is a fine example of true Queen Anne style, as will be seen from the illustration. The extensions beyond the first square building are nearly all additions since my time. It had an income, from the endowment, of £2,000 a year, and there was a valuable annual exhibition of £75 a year for four years at Oxford or Cambridge. Since my time the revenue from tithe has fallen by about £400 a year, and £10,000 (partly taken from capital), have been spent on enlargements. There are many heavy expenses on the property before the residue available for school purposes is reached. The Head Master, always a clergyman of the Church of England, had the privilege of taking a number of boarders, as well as day boys, the latter the sons

of farmers and well-to-do people in the neighbourhood, who are now educated for the same tuition fees. There was a third class of boys for whose benefit the school had mainly been established. This consisted of the children of the labouring classes of Lucton and eight surrounding parishes.

In my time I suppose the average number of boys forming the school would be from twenty to thirty boarders, thirty second-sort boys, and fifty of the foundation boys. These latter were not only educated free of charge, but they were also clad in a quaint and picturesque uniform of brown cloth jacket and waistcoat, with brass buttons, and knee breeches of brown velveteen, worsted stockings, a low beaver hat, and buckled shoes. In addition to this, each boy on leaving school received £20 to pay for his apprenticeship to some trade. In the year 1881 or 1882, the Charity Commissioners introduced an entirely new scheme, which it is unnecessary for me to enter into except to say that instead of fifty foundation boys, there are now thirty-six boys and fourteen girls, the latter remaining in the elementary schools. The girls' scholarships are now reduced to three, and are tenable at a *secondary* school.

I entered Lucton school, which was within half a mile of my home, as a day boy of the second sort, in the year 1832, at the age of seven, and I remained there eight years, until 1840. The Head

Master of my time was a strict disciplinarian. He did not hold with sparing the rod and thus spoiling the child. The other masters had the privilege of using the cane, a privilege of which they availed themselves heartily, but the right to use the birch rod he reserved to himself. In those good old days the law of kindness was not much regarded. If a boy committed a crime or any breach of discipline, he had to be punished. The culprit was marched up the school to a bench by two monitors, who stripped and held him fast while the master vigorously swung a formidable birch rod, until blood flowed at every stroke, producing an uneasy sensation of smarting for several days in a prominent and tender part of the boy's anatomy.

It was useless for boys to appeal to parents, for they quite approved of the doctrine of Solomon. "I've brought you our Jock; mind ye lick him weel," said a Spartan Scottish mother to a schoolmaster in Perthshire. There was no namby-pamby sentiment about that.

Some of the boys who had three or four miles to walk, and to be at school by 7.30, were occasionally caught in a heavy shower, and so got wet through, and on reaching school they were at once sent back home. "Please, Sir, I am wet," was a valid excuse, when a boy had really been caught in a downpour; so they tried to make it apply when the weather was only slightly damp

and showery; in this case the pump was found very useful, and frequently a nice holiday in the woods was obtained by boys who had made rain on each others' shoulders. Sometimes they were found out, the deception being too palpable, then, instead of the pleasant holiday in the woods and fields, they had to undergo the penalty of the birch.

The Rev. Charles Collyns Walkey, M.A. Cambridge, was in my time the Head Master; the second master was Mr. Edmund Lodge, who many years afterwards became manager of the Eagle Insurance Company; curiously enough that Company became our temporary tenants at 56, Ludgate Hill, during the rebuilding of their premises. This must have been in the fifties, and at that time Mr. Lodge had retired. He eventually became blind. I often saw him in those later days, but I remember him at the school as a famous athlete. He was considerably more than six feet in height, and I once saw him leap clean over a coach horse which was held by a groom, in our playground.

Another of the Classical masters, succeeding Mr. Lodge, was the Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith, M.A., subsequently for many years Rector of Old St. Pancras, London.

The Rev. C. C. Walkey must have been young when I entered the school in 1832, for it so hap-

pened that we came together again more than fifty years afterwards. I had written a letter in "The Daily News," a sort of protest against the action of the Charity Commissioners in making radical changes in the old school; my letter was signed with a pseudonym. Mr. Walkey wrote to the editor to ascertain the name of the writer, and the late Sir John R. Robinson put him in communication with me. From that time I had many letters from him, up almost to the time of his death. He always began his letters, "My dear Edward," as though still addressing one of his old boys. The last letter that I can find bears the date February 3, 1885. The object of it was to congratulate me on

"having produced a work which fully deserves the praise which has been bestowed upon it. I well remember," he continues, "with what zest in years long gone by I used to tread the banks of the Lugg and Arrow, and can fully sympathize with the enjoyment you experienced amidst the beauty of Dove Dale."

This had reference to my book "An Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale." I very well remember him and Mrs. Walkey going a-fishing. Mr. Arrowsmith was a most enthusiastic angler—indeed who could help being enthusiastic anglers amid such lovely meadow and river scenes as those in the midst of which we lived?

The present head master is the Rev. William Ireland, M.A., to whom I am indebted for the photographs of Lucton school and neighbourhood, which adorn this book, and also for much information about the school. I only know of one living contemporary with me, although there may be many others; this gentleman was born in the same year as myself—the Rev. Prebendary W. E. Edwards. He was for some fifty years Vicar of Orleton, and has been also for fifty years or more a governor.

I may be pardoned for these backward glances, and for lingering over this old school for which I have always had great affection. The school-house is very handsome, and as I have said, built in the true Queen Anne style; it is most charmingly situated on rising ground overlooking a vast extent of fine woodland scenery. It was prosperous and had a high reputation in my time, and I am told that now, after years have wrought many and great changes, it is more prosperous than ever, and in addition to day boys, educates over sixty boarders drawn from all parts of the British Empire.

When I entered the school in 1832 an old gentleman of the name of Pott, who was over eighty years of age, and who had been writing-master there for over fifty years was just retiring from it. He must have been born about 1750, and it will thus be seen how he and I, by our

united ages, link together the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. This indeed may be said of my father, who was born in 1791, and also of all my uncles and aunts. Mr. Pott was a fine portly old gentleman, and a constant visitor at my father's house. I remember him well; he usually wore a broad-brimmed low hat, white neck-cloth close up to the ears, a black suit of broadcloth, knee-breeches, black stockings, and, I believe, silver-buckled shoes; my sister, however, who is two years my senior, and ought to know better, says she does not remember the buckles, but thinks he wore black gaiters. Anyway, he was a fine old *dominie*. He educated one or two of my uncles, who must have left the school before 1800. He was not a smoker, but he took snuff prodigiously. He retired to a charming cottage at Kingsland, a lovely village in the neighbourhood, on a pension from the school of £70 a year, with a daughter who kept his house. He amused himself with a pretty flower garden for some years. He finished up by marrying his servant-girl, and I suppose not long afterwards died. There were several writing-masters during my time, one of whom was an artist named Walker. He was the hero of that terrible tragedy in which three men lost their lives in a well at the school, which I have referred to in my book "By Meadow and Stream."

ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

I was a schoolboy of twelve years when William the Fourth died. My school-master doubtless preached an appropriate sermon on the text, "The King is dead," and being a loyal subject, as well as a sound Churchman, he was ready next day to sing "Long live the Queen." On the accession of Her Majesty (June 20, 1837), he called all his friends and his neighbours together to celebrate the occasion by a great banquet, at which he proudly presided. To that banquet I and other boys were invited. This was the first time I ever heard—perhaps it was about the first time it ever had been heard—that famous toast, "Her Majesty the Queen!" It would puzzle an accomplished mathematician to calculate how many millions of times that toast has been drunk since that day. We had fireworks and a great bonfire in the playground.

The scene of our rejoicing on account of that memorable event is impressed upon my memory all the more vividly because, unhappily, I, like many others, imbibed more wine than was good for a boy of twelve; the next day I was so ill that I was kept in bed, and so it happened that the Queen's Accession impressed a lesson on me which I have never forgotten.

I suppose no boy had a happier time than I had in the midst of the glorious scenery with which I was everywhere surrounded, everything connected with it is far more vividly impressed on my memory than the more important events of the subsequent nearly sixty years of my life in London, and yet their record is really the *raison d'être* for the existence of this book at all.

My school-days over, there was, for me, a brief interregnum, spent mostly in roaming in the woods and fields or in the meadows by the side of pleasant rivers; a time of idleness, perhaps, but certainly of healthful recreation. In those Elysian days I had built for myself a bower away up near the top of a wych elm, and there I spent many an hour reading poetry and dreaming dreams, the slender tree swaying gently in the breeze. There it was that I crammed my head with much useless knowledge, chiefly in the line of poetry: most of this the pomps and vanities, the worries and anxieties of this wicked world have long since rubbed off the tablets of my memory.

Our school library possessed a handsome octavo edition of Shakespeare in about twelve volumes. I borrowed these one by one, and read them in my bower with the keenest enjoyment, but certainly without any special insight. Milton's "Comus" was also read by me, chiefly on account of its local interest, for it had been performed at

Ludlow, only a few miles away—also the supposed scene of it was in our neighbouring woods. With many of these woods I was well acquainted, especially those about Haywood and Croft Ambray:

I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourne from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.

I cannot claim that this desultory reading was of much good to me. The chief benefit that I can trace to it is that it left behind a sort of educated sense of what is good and valuable in literature, whether in prose or poetry, as distinguished from what is flippant or vulgar, and so has proved of some use to me in my subsequent occupation.

Fain would I linger over these pleasant scenes and times. In a small volume which I published in 1896, under the title "By Meadow and Stream," I have devoted the first twenty pages or so to a brief account of my boyhood.

As a truthful historian I ought, perhaps, before I quit for ever that beloved country, to make one or two private confessions. During the years 1840-1844, I was a sort of idle apprentice to a book-seller in a neighbouring town, an experience of which I am not proud, for I was taught little and I learnt less; but it was during that period, and when I had reached the ripe age of eighteen, that I was desperately smitten by a pretty girl in the



OUR BATHING PLACE (ON THE LUGG)

neighbourhood, who, after seven or eight years of Jacob-like patience on both sides, became my wife in 1851. After her death, in 1888, I found an old album in which she had carefully treasured up an immense number of my old love-letters.

I had curiosity enough to look through these old letters the other day, and to note how the effusions of a boy of eighteen would strike the same old boy at eighty. I was rather pleased to find that on the whole they are not so utterly foolish and gushing as I feared to find them. At least a glimmering of common sense shines through them, here and there comes a touch of humour. There are also occasional apt quotations from the poets, and touches of sentiment altogether sufficient to raise them a little above the common run of such things. Two centuries hence they may possibly be dug out of the obscurity to which I am now consigning them, and be printed as a very curious volume under such title as "The Love Letters of a Country Lad to his Sweetheart," written in the early part of the nineteenth century.

In the small book I have mentioned, "By Meadow and Stream," under the heading "Little Rivers" there is a somewhat allegorical description of a scene by the river side, which bears reference to this matter of courtship and matrimony. I therefore venture to reprint it here:

“When I was young (ah, woful when!) by many a pretty stream did I fish and wander, but one bright day stands out from all others in my memory. A lovely afternoon, in the leafy month of June, I strolled down, across the daisy-decked meadows, to as sweet a little river as ever was seen. I began to fish at the Old Stone Bridge, hard by a dilapidated paper mill. Down that stream I wandered, casting my flies rapidly as I hurried on, not much minding whether a fish came at me or not, till a mile down I came to ‘the Milking Bridge,’ a picturesque but shaky old wooden, one-armed structure, which spanned the river where it runs deep and slow; here it was that I set to work in earnest, for the May-fly was ‘up,’ and the trout were rising splendidly. Now I cast carefully and with the greatest precision, and soon hooked and landed a fine trout. I was doubly triumphant; firstly, because it was my first May-fly capture; and, lastly, because I had seen a vision on that dear old bridge. A pretty maiden stood there; she leaned against the wooden rail, and watched me with a laughing eye. Clad all in white was she, a light pink sash encircled her waist, a moss rose nestled in her bosom, and in one hand she held a basket of wild flowers. She wore a saucy sailor’s hat, and her bonny brown hair flowed from beneath it in wavy ringlets over her shoulders. It was, I assure you, a pretty picture.

Her looks as clear
As morning roses freshly wash’d with dew.

“We had met before, in truth we were old

friends, and probably our meeting was not altogether an 'undesigned coincidence.' She clapped her hands, and her bright brown eyes sparkled with delight as she came down to examine my catch; but when she saw me forcing the hook from the poor trout's mouth, and striking his head on the butt of my rod, she turned away with a shudder, and with a tear in her eye, and trembling lip, she cried, 'How can you be so cruel?'

"I soothed her with the most specious reasons I could think of, for on this subject I am not quite orthodox. I remember reading of an argument of two hours' duration on this question of *cruelty* between the Rev. John Brown (father of the author of 'Rab and his Friends') and his attached friend the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw (an ardent fisherman). At last the doctor was driven to exclaim, 'Well! I cannot answer you, *but fish I must and shall!*' That is, perhaps, the best argument that can be adduced, and is certainly decisive if not conclusive.

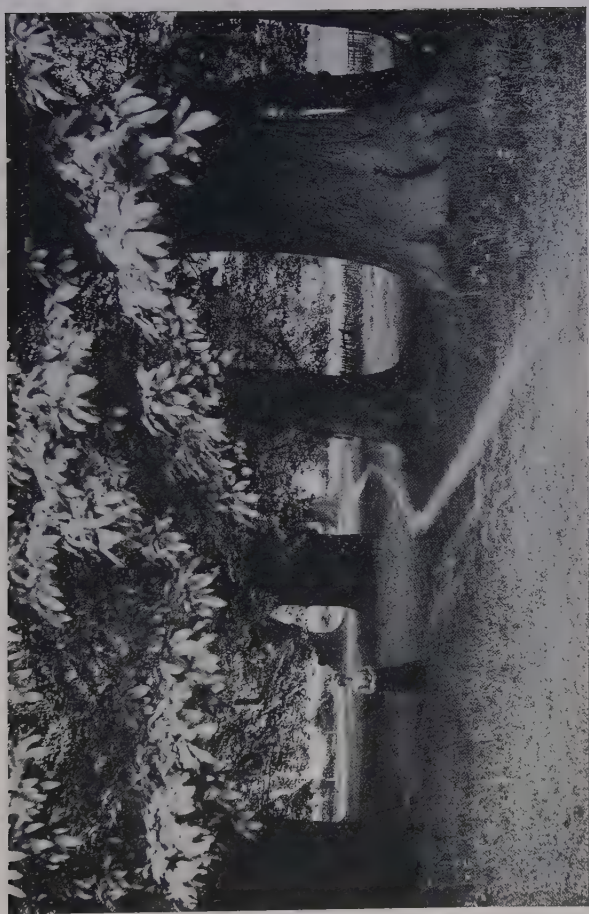
"It was a calm and balmy evening; the rooks overhead in the rookery just above were caw-cawing and feeding their young; song birds were making melody in the hedgerows, now pink with wild roses, now milk white with May bloom; the meadows were carpeted with daisies and gilded with cowslips, buttercups, and daffodils; great trout were flopping up in the river; rabbits flitted across our path as we loitered on through the woods and by the side of the stream, no longer fishing, but chatting pleasantly of things past, present, and to come—

It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed

till we came to the point where our roads diverged. Alas! it is sixty years ago and more. In our saunter through the wood we had met with a young man and maiden, then in the hey-day of youth and happiness—they had wandered into this lovely solitude of wood and river not to angle, but clearly to settle preliminaries, for they were married soon afterwards. They had a large family, and have long since passed into 'the land where all things are forgotten.' One of their sons is now an eminent physician, and another is the head master of a great public school.

"As to the maiden of 'the Milking Bridge,' she, too, was married long, long ago. She had many sons and daughters; and alas! alas! she, too, has long since gone to the land of shadows. One of her sons, *piscator natus*, is now one of the most expert among anglers, and is not unknown in the angling world."

My wife (then for many years *in futuro*) was well descended, on her mother's side from a county family whose estate found its way into chancery a generation before, and my wife's mother, like little Miss Flyte in *Jarndice v. Jarndice*, was still convinced to her dying day that it would sometime come out. On her father's side she was descended from a scion of the Pratt (Camden) family, who inherited a large estate, made a still larger fortune by racing and breeding race-horses, but



CHESTNUT GROVE, LUCYON

somehow or other, the only property that ever came into her hands, was a water-colour portrait of this great sportsman, in hunting costume, with an inscription underneath, "John Pratt," which I remember seeing, but, in the choppings and changes of the world, it has been lost sight of long ago.

INCIDENTS OF BOYHOOD.

Among the various incidents of my boyhood, I will only find space for the following as an illustration of my home training.

My good father was a very strict disciplinarian, though he never had occasion to whip me but once, and then he certainly did not spare the rod. It was, as he believed, for disobedience and lying. He had strictly forbidden me to go a-bathing with some boys who usually went to the river in our meadows. One day I had been fishing for minnows in a "carrier" lower down the river, and on returning homewards up river I came upon these boys in the water. They strongly urged me to join them for a swim. I resisted the temptation, and went home with a sense of being very virtuous.

What was my surprise then when my father met me with a severe look in his face and a light riding-whip in his hand. He took me into the dairy and locked the door, so that my mother should not come to my protection. Then he gave me a long lecture on the sin of disobedience, and he quoted

Scripture to prove to me how necessary it was for him to perform the sad duty of giving me a good thrashing!

"But, father," I cried, "I have *not* been bathing with those boys! I——"

"Stop!" said he. "Don't add the sin of lying to that of disobedience. I *saw* you myself!"

He *had* seen me, at a distance, with the boys on the bank, and he jumped to the conclusion that I had been bathing with them.

Then the whip was swung with vigour over my shoulders. He certainly spared me not. My back was covered with great wales which tingled for days after.

The aggravating part of it was that when he had done, he protested with tears in his eyes that it was certainly far more painful to him to chastise me than for me to be whipped. I entirely dissented from this doctrine, though I am bound to confess that, urchin-like, I wished it were true.

I was sent off to bed without my supper, and told severely to pray to God to forgive my wickedness.

I convinced my dear mother when she stole up to my room and gave me a kiss and a hunch of bread and butter, that I was perfectly innocent, but that my angry father would not listen to my explanation.

I believe that when he heard the facts he was

a bit ashamed of his hasty anger; he never apologized to me—that would have been far too undignified—but I think it was a lesson for him which he never forgot. Ever afterwards he was most tender and affectionate.

Perhaps it was but fair retribution after all, for I got into many scrapes for which I well earned an equal thrashing, but of these my good parents remained in blissful ignorance.

The days of my boyhood passed rapidly away, and at the age of fifteen I had to quit school and the old home for other scenes and other experiences.

My father was a strict churchman. He always made it a rule when hiring his servants to tell them they would have to come in to prayers every evening, and attend church at least once every Sunday. He was equally strict with his children about keeping the Sabbath. Of all the many letters I received from him in my youth, I do not find or remember one that did not end thus: "And may the Almighty give you his especial grace, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate father."

I remember on one occasion when he was reading the Bible to the family, he came to the passage, "So that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building," when one of the men, who was a carpenter, and only an occasional visitor, shouted out:

"That must be a lie!" My father was horror-stricken at this awful blasphemy. I was too young to understand the discussion that followed, but I know that the carpenter was ever afterwards looked upon as a dangerous character.

My father was an only son, and the last of his race until his own sons were born; his descendants now number about ninety.

He was descended from a race of farmers whose names on tombstones carry them back to the early part of the seventeenth century.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

His grandmother was a Baxter, of the same family as the celebrated Richard Baxter.

My mother, whose maiden name was Bright, was also descended from a race of farmers, who had lived in the same old house for many generations.

My seven uncles Bright were all substantial, well-to-do, stalwart, honest, God-fearing men; three of them were farmers, one was a land surveyor, one was the land agent and steward of the Hon. Robert Clive in Shropshire, and one became a wealthy silk merchant, and ended his days at Great Malvern. He was a great advocate of the *Water Cure*. The old homestead from which they sprang had certainly been in the family for nearly three hundred years, as the story of the *Old Breeches Bible*, which I have told below, testifies. We had,

besides, many uncles and aunts and great-uncles and great-aunts, who lived within a circle of twenty miles from our home, and one of the joys of our boyhood was to go a-Christmasing by turns to these jolly farmers.

It would indeed be an easy task, and not an unpleasant one to me, to expand the memories of my idle and unprofitable time at the dear old home in the old world, from which my subsequent life of sixty years is separated as if by a broad gulf; but I must go to work. The fates ordained that I should be a working-man all the remainder of my days in the greatest city of the world.

Before leaving my old home I am tempted to tell the story of the *Old Breeches Bible*.

THE STORY OF A PAIR OF "BREECHES BIBLES."¹

One of my cousins, John E. Young, is the happy possessor of one of these Bibles, dated 1611. This book must have been in our family for nearly three hundred years. It contains an unbroken record of *births*, and occasionally of *marriages*, from the year 1652 to 1839, so that every blank space in it is filled up. The two first entries read thus:

John the son of John Norton and Jean his wife was baptised March 14 1652.

Robert Norton, son of John Norton and Mary

¹ So called because of the substitution of the word *breeches* for *aprons* in Genesis, iii. 7.

his wife was born the fifth and baptised the sixth day of May 1688.

Then follows a series of similar entries of Norton births down to the following :

Margaret ye daughter of Robert Norton and Martha his wife was born ye 14th and baptised ye 23rd day of June 1724 (married to Edward Bright and had issue).

The Norton entries are continued down to 1758, but in 1744 Edward Bright had a son Samuel and thenceforward the old Bible seems to have passed into the hands of the Bright family. Edward Bright had a large family, Samuel born 1744, Edward 1747, John 1749, Robert 1751, William 1753, Richard 1756, Thomas 1758, Margaret 1761 (married to John Young and had issue).

The next generation of Brights here duly recorded in proper order and sequence as having been born and baptised are :

Hannah, daughter of Edward and Hannah Bright born June 26 1775 and John June 27 1775 (evidently twins), Robert 1777 Edward 1779 William 1782 Sarah 1784 Samuel 1786 Richard 1788 Thomas 1791 Elizabeth, Oct. 10 1793 (*she was my mother*) Margaret 1796.

After the above date, it is evident that the old Bible passed into the possession of the Young family: there are many continuous entries down to 1825, when William Young married Margaret

Bright (my aunt) and had issue John Edward, born 1826, and others. This John Edward is the present holder of the *Breeches Bible* of 1611—and money equal to a king's ransom would not induce him to part with it.

I also am the owner of a *Breeches Bible*, which came into my possession some years ago; it has no family records. It is dated 1608 and was imprinted at London by Robert Barker, printer to the King's most excellent Majestie. Bound up with it is (in the beginning) the Book of Common Prayer. Then follow the Old Testament, including the Apocrypha, and the New Testament (the latter dated 1610). This is followed by two "right profitable and fruitfull Concordances collected by R. F. H." (1608). Then follows the "*Whole Booke of Psalmes* collected into English meter by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others," printed for the Company of Stationers, 1610. The volume is bound in the original old brown calf, brass corners, knobs in the centre of both sides, and clasps (but the two clasps have disappeared). Its only other peculiarity is that it has been attacked by two *bookworms*. One has drilled a hole right through the Book of Common Prayer and into the Bible so far as the Second Book of Samuel, chap. i., v. 25. The other toiler had drilled his way through the Bible and into the second book of Esdras, the holes in the last two or three leaves

being smaller and more feebly rounded. There is no mark of his destruction by the hand of man. Did these grubs then become moths and retreat with wings? Though its works are plentiful enough the worm itself has very rarely been seen. I never saw but one, the size of a white maggot, such as one sees in a Stilton cheese—indeed he may be regarded as a “Stilton” maggot with a taste for literature—a student, or rather, a rodent of books. The accompanying little block, showing his natural


Natural Size



size and the same magnified, may interest some readers.

I am aware that Breeches Bibles vary in value according to date and condition. The first edition in English, omitting the Apocrypha, appeared at Geneva in 1560, and fifty editions were issued within the next thirty years.

Of the generation of Brights, beginning with Hannah and John (1775), I remember John very well; he was a tall, rosy-faced old gentleman, he taught me at three years old to strut up the garden crying, “all this bulk is but one man!” A few years afterwards I rode my pony, with my mother

on a brown mare, from Lucton to Halford, about twenty miles, to attend his funeral. All the others of that generation, except Samuel and Robert (who had died before my time), I remember well. The youngest but one, Elizabeth, was my mother; and Margaret, the youngest, married William Young, the father of John, the present holder of that priceless Bible.

It is a singular coincidence that Edward and Margaret Bright had *seven sons* between 1744 and 1761; and in the next generation Edward and Hannah Bright had *seven sons* between 1777 and 1788, all bearing the same Christian names, though not quite in the same order as their predecessors. Edward and Margaret had also one daughter, Margaret, and Edward and Hannah four daughters. All these brothers and sisters lived to be married, yet now in this year of grace, 1904, there is only one solitary male descendant bearing their name, and he, now a youth of two or three and twenty, narrowly escaped coming into this world at all; his father did not marry till he was sixty-five, and died soon after this son was born.

It seems to me that my memory carries me back just to the verge when old things, old habits, and old customs were passing away, and a new era was approaching. For instance, I can just remember old James Hoskyns dressing flax with

what was called a "brake." I can remember seeing my mother spinning the long fine fibre on a pretty little wheel worked with the foot; this always seemed to be very interesting work. There was the reel to wind the yarn from the spindle, and winding blades for the balls and other appliances. The linen yarn was placed in the hands of a village weaver, and woven into sheets, table-cloths, etc.; a certain weight of yarn was expected to produce so many yards of cloth, and so on. I have before me now a table-napkin made from linen yarn spun by my grandmother more than a hundred years ago; it seems capable of wearing for another hundred years. And I remember old Peggy Hoskyns carding wool into little rolls like candles or lambs' tails, and then spinning the rolls into woollen yarn, swinging round a large spinning-wheel with a short staff. The woollen yarn was also woven into blankets and other domestic articles by the village weaver. Before the days of my boyhood were over the spinning-wheels, large and small, disappeared. Ours found an asylum in a lumber room at the top of the house.

New railroads and new machinery put a stop to spinning-wheels in farm houses and weaving-loom in country villages. I remember the time when country labourers used to wear leather breeches, and I remember an old leather breeches-maker (a distinct business from that of an ordinary tailor)

who used to supply me with pieces of leather for covering balls. Before I was fourteen, leather breeches and their maker disappeared. I remember the time when my father used to wear knee-breeches and gaiters, and, for special occasions, black top-boots, highly polished, with brown tops to them. They disappeared, and my father had taken to trousers before my boyish days were ended. When I first went to school quill pens only were used, and we had to learn the art of making and mending these; before I left school steel pens had almost wholly superseded them. When I was a very little boy, flint and steel and tinder alone were used to light fires; before I quitted boyhood lucifer matches quite extinguished the tinder-box. I suppose that more new-fangled notions came into vogue during those few years, say from 1825 to 1840, than had disturbed the old order of things for a hundred years before.

DEPARTURE FOR LIVERPOOL.

Thomas Bewick, the great wood engraver, was the son of a farmer. He was born on the banks of the Tyne, not far from Newcastle; when he had earned a little money he took berth in a collier for London. But London life did not suit him. "I would rather," he wrote to a friend, "be herding sheep on Mickley bank top than remain in London, although for so doing I was to be made

premier of England." He was then a youth just out of his apprenticeship, and was therefore about my own age when I had to go, with feelings very much akin to Bewick's; but the good destiny which sent him back to Cumberland sent me to be, as Cowper says:

Hackney'd in business, wearied at the oar,
Which thousands once fast chained to quit no more.

WILLMER AND SMITH.

My first departure, however, was not for London. On the recommendation of one of my uncles, I drifted into a large newspaper establishment in Liverpool; it was that of Willmer and Smith. They had recently started a newspaper called "The European Mail," which flourished for many years. The house was chiefly occupied in shipping enormous bales of newspapers and periodicals to America and elsewhere. Of work there was no end, early and late, Sunday and weekday. The business did not quite suit my ambition; I wished to be among books, but never once did I dream that I should become a publisher. I went back to my old home for a season.

The chief incident that I remember in connection with my brief stay in Liverpool was the publication of No. 1 of "The Daily News," January 21st, 1846. It contained No. 1 of "Travelling Letters" by Charles Dickens. The rush for the paper

was tremendous, and in the rush some scamp passed in a bright farthing for a half sovereign and I gave him the change. I told Mr. Smith of the incident and handed the cash out of my pocket, and so learnt a lesson to be more careful in future.

Mr. Edward Willmer was a man of unusual energy. In addition to the great newspaper business which he conducted, and "The European Mail" which he edited, he acted as special correspondent for a London paper, or perhaps for more than one. In this capacity he employed a sailor named Sam to keep watch in the Mersey, night and day, and board the American liners as they arrived in the river, so as to get the latest news. This was rushed off, if at night, to Mr. Willmer's private house, or to his office in the daytime. Mr. Willmer would then start for London by first train. He always had a private compartment, well lighted; in this he arranged his material, and by the time of his arrival he had all ready for the press.

"The Publishers' Circular" was then just nine years old, having come into existence in the year in which Queen Victoria came to the throne. It followed me into the country. There was an advertisement in it which seemed to meet my wants. I wrote to the advertiser, who turned out to be Sampson Low. He asked me to come to London, and to London I went.

I had left Liverpool armed with a very flatter-

ing testimonial from Mr. Willmer, and in giving it to me the old gentleman was good enough to say that he was very sorry to part with me, on my own account as well as his; "for," said he, "they'll kill you in London in a year." I have proved a little tougher than he thought. I also had a letter of introduction from a relative of his to Mr. Joseph Johnson Miles, of Hamilton, Adams and Co., afterwards my good old friend for many years. That letter was never delivered, and is still in my possession. The advertisement in "The Publishers' Circular" above mentioned, had rendered it unnecessary. I had also, and still have, a letter from Mr. Grapel, then the leading bookseller in Liverpool: it is a sort of general commendation.





CHAPTER II

MY FIRST JOURNEY TO LONDON



FIND, by reference to the leaf of an old diary accidentally preserved, that on June 1st, 1846, my father drove me across country to take the "Red Rover" coach from the King's Arms, Leominster, for about sixty miles' drive to Birmingham. It was a lovely day.

This was about the time of the great railway mania. The coach was full of railway engineers, surveyors, and speculators, and their talk was of new lines, cuttings, tunnels, and viaducts. This was the opening out of a new world to me, who had never seen a railway. I travelled by train from Birmingham to London, and my first night in a second-rate hotel near the station (for I had arrived late) I am never likely to forget. I suppose my wholesome flesh was a sort of godsend to starved inhabitants of that bed of a kind that I had never before even heard of.

I had quitted my dear old home with regret, and that night I bitterly repented having left it. I was, I am sure, the first and the least worthy of all my race who had ever dwelt in London, and I longed, how I longed, to leave it. But I had come to London to make my fortune (that elusive phantom) like many another ambitious youth. I had brought with me a good constitution, a "little Latin and less Greek" in my head, a little money in my pocket, a good conscience, full trust in Providence, and a determination to work.

My good mother had died a year before I left home, and shortly after my dear old father gave up his farm and retired to another county.

Only once after many years did I find the opportunity of revisiting the scenes of my childhood, and then all was changed,

All, all, were gone, the old familiar faces.

All my uncles and aunts were dead—my father alone survived. He was born a hundred and thirteen years ago, and he died in 1875 at the good old age of eighty-four.

I was a fairly good angler in my youth, but, immersed for nearly forty years in the worries, anxieties, and ups and down of a city life, I never touched rod or line.

When I took to angling again—it was in Dove Dale, some twenty years ago—I discovered that I was a mere novice. I had forgotten how to handle

a rod or cast a fly. I was only a "duffer," ages behind the age. I had to begin all over again; my early education was quite lost upon me. Under the guiding hand of *Piscator Major* (whom I saw christened) I have of late years been slowly improving, but even now, in this my fifty-eighth year of London life, I am still a mere amateur angler. To resume, after this irresistible digression.

I had now cut the cable and drifted away for ever from the old family ship, to be launched afresh on the great unknown and perilous sea of London. Such a change was far more absolute in those old days than in these times of railways, telegraphs, and telephones. London then was, to dwellers beyond the grip of railways, a sort of awe-inspiring place; to have visited it once in a lifetime conferred marked distinction on the visitor. Now London pervades the whole island; and youths from the north, the south, the east or the west consider themselves to be as smart and up to date as any of your boastful London apprentices.

After a few days devoted to sight seeing, I entered the house of Mr. Sampson Low.

SAMPSON LOW.

It would ill become me to omit, in a volume of reminiscences, all reference to my good old friend with whom I was associated in business

from the year 1846 (with a brief interregnum of about three years) to the time of his death, April 16th, 1886, a period of forty years. Sampson Low was born November 18th, 1797. He was the only son of a publisher of the same name, who died in the year 1800, when his son was three years old. The elder Sampson, the first of the name connected with printing and publishing, was a man of remarkable energy; he had established a publishing business in Soho about, or perhaps before, the time of the French Revolution. I have in my possession a beautifully printed book of Common Prayer bearing the date 1793, and many other books, chiefly novels by Charlotte Smith, bearing various dates up to 1800, but nothing earlier than 1793.

Of the antecedents of the first Sampson I have not learnt anything. I was, however, informed some time ago that among the admissions to Westminster school are the following names:

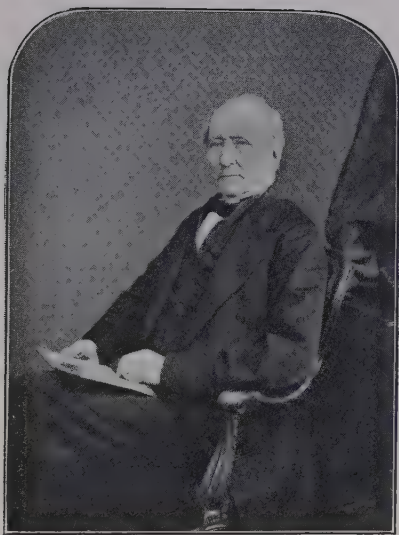
Thomas Low, admitted 15 Jan., 1776.

Leonard Low, admitted 27 Jan., 1777.

Sampson Low, admitted 21 Jan., 1778.

It is not unlikely that this is our Sampson, and it is not inconsistent with the fact that as a young man he commenced business about 1792.

In the year 1819 young Sampson (for he was only twenty-two) established himself in business in Lamb's Conduit Street. He had served an ap-



SAMPSON LOW

BORN NOV. 8, 1797; DIED APRIL 16, 1886

prenticeship with Mr. Booth of the well-known library in Duke Street. The business was still carried on by Mr. Booth's son when I came on the scene in 1846, and for many years afterwards in a house in Regent Street, adjoining the Polytechnic Institution. After leaving Booth's, young Sampson was for a short time in the house of Messrs. Longman. When he began business, I believe his mother kept house and assisted him in the business. I know nothing of her history between this period and the time of my arrival in London. She was then the widow of a second husband of the name of Brough. She and her son William Brough frequently visited Lamb's Conduit Street. She was a fine old lady at that time, and she lived several years afterwards. Her son William was an artist of considerable local celebrity, some of his paintings, I believe, were exhibited at the Royal Academy. This half-brother of Sampson Low was a tall handsome man of about forty when I knew him, so his mother must have been married not long after the death of her first husband in 1800. What became of the business between the period of his death and that of his son's establishing himself in Lamb's Conduit Street, I never heard.

In addition to a handsome bookseller's shop, Mr. Low had established a circulating library and reading room. At that time Lamb's Conduit Street had somewhat aristocratic surroundings,

and the reading room was the resort of many men of note. I think T. B. Macaulay was one of our readers, but my memory is not very clear about this; if not there, he was certainly a frequent caller at our Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill houses. His portrait is of course familiar to all, and his person vividly in the recollection of very many people still living, for he has not been dead more than forty-five years. I only remember him as of medium height, rather stout, with a shirt-collar close up to his ears. He walked with a stout stick, with which I have often seen him vigorously stamp the pavement now and then, as if to enforce an argument that was working in his brain. He was usually very affable, but I once saw him much annoyed by a steel engraving of himself which had been made from a Daguerreotype for an American edition of "The History of England"; he did not like it at all, and it had to be cancelled. I happen to be in possession of perhaps the only impression of that engraving now in existence; it was difficult to understand why he objected, for it seemed to us to be an excellent likeness, though perhaps it had somewhat too stern a look.

Sir Richard Bethell was a frequent visitor to the reading room; I remember him as a rather short man of florid complexion, with an enormous forehead, and a kind of scowl on his face, as one who should say,

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.

The Pollocks, especially the first Chief Baron, Sir Frederick Pollock, who died in 1870, and his son, also the *late* Sir Frederick, were likewise familiar visitors. The latter, then a young man, was always genial, chatty, and pleasant, and fond of discussing the merits of a new book. He was the father of the present Sir Frederick, who may then have been in long clothes. Another visitor was Mr. Justice Byles, always jocular and witty; it was a pleasure to see him walk into the room.

Another constant caller was Samuel Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year." His usual inquiry was, "Well, how goes the book to-day?" This question had reference to his new novel, "Now and Then," which was published in 1847. I had some slight personal acquaintance with him from the fact that a cousin of mine had been, in earlier days, one of his pupils, and in my time had set up as a wealthy but briefless barrister in King's Bench Walk.

Many other men of eminence, or who had since attained eminence in this fleeting world, but have departed long ago, were our visitors in Lamb's Conduit Street.

"THE PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR" ESTABLISHED.

In 1836 Sampson Low was appointed by a committee of leading London publishers to establish

and conduct "The Publishers' Circular," which subsequently became his own property, and with which he was associated as owner and editor until the year 1883, a period of about forty-eight years. My own connection with it extends to fifty-eight years. The "Circular" was from nine to ten years old when I first had to do with it. It can hardly be a matter of surprise, then, if, remembering my long association with it, I have devoted a perhaps disproportionate space to an account of its progress and its usefulness.

If a history of the literature of the whole of the Victorian era meant nothing more than a record of the titles of books published during that time, and their classification, perhaps no one could more readily accomplish that task than I, but in truth "The Publishers' Circular" itself, and the catalogues that have sprung from it, already furnish such a record. The volumes of the "English Catalogue" were somewhat erratically published. The first volume went two years backward—before "The Publishers' Circular" was started in 1837. It contains an alphabetical list of all the books published from January 1835 to January 1862. I here give the volumes in order, premising that the "London Catalogue" which had preceded the "English Catalogue," was now incorporated with it.

The latest edition of the "London Catalogue" gave 42,340 works for the twenty-five years 1831 to 1855.

The "English Catalogue," Vol. I, added 5,300 titles which had been omitted; from these, however, 1,500 titles had to be deducted by reason of the four years' difference of date of commencement. This makes the number of books published during the

twenty-one years, 1835 to 1855 46,140
and the seven years, 1856 to 1862 21,360

67,500

The "English Catalogue," Vol. II, comprises the nine years, 1863 to 1871 45,000

The "English Catalogue," Vol. III, comprises the nine years, 1872 to 1880 60,000

The "English Catalogue," Vol. IV, comprises the nine years, 1881 to 1889 75,000

The "English Catalogue," Vol. V, comprises the eight years, 1890 to 1897 60,000

And Classified Index in same alphabet 70,000

The "English Catalogue," Vol. VI, comprises the three years, 1898 to 1900 23,000

And Classified Index in same alphabet 25,000

425,500

These six volumes may thus be roughly estimated to include nearly 425,500 titles of books published during the Victorian era; in addition to these there are four index volumes to the first four volumes which contain at least as many titles as the four volumes themselves—say 200,000 titles

repeated. Vols. V and VI of the "Catalogue" contain title and index in one alphabet.

In my early days it was a part of my duty to pay periodical visits to all the publishers to get the titles of books issued during the intervals of my visits which had not otherwise reached the office. I also frequently spent hours in the book-room at Stationers' Hall to get the titles of such books as would otherwise have escaped notice. In this way I became acquainted personally with every publisher in London, and many of the booksellers, new and old. In an Appendix I have given a list of all the publishers and booksellers who were extant, and with whom I became familiar, in 1846. This may possibly be of some interest to booksellers of to-day. In subsequent years it was a part of my business to visit all the principal booksellers throughout the country. In this way I made many friends; one of the consequences of this was that whenever any of our people made blunders which gave offence to our customers, the latter have always made me the victim of their anger.

As this book may possibly be the only means of perpetuating the memory of Sampson Low, a good and worthy man who lived long and endeavoured always to do good in his generation, I wish to add a further brief account of my old friend.

Mr. Sampson Low was a man of unusual zeal

and untiring energy, but although he possessed excellent business qualities, he was not the man to accumulate a large fortune in trade; his zeal and energy took a less selfish and more philanthropic turn than is generally characteristic of mere business men. Whatsoever he found to do he did with all his might. In this way he was mainly instrumental, in connection with his son, Sampson, in establishing "The Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire," a Society which flourished and did good service for many years in the saving of innumerable lives, under their voluntary and vigorous superintendence. Eventually the operations of this grand Society became too large and important for private enterprise, and in 1867 a force of nearly 100 well-trained firemen and their plant of fire-escape machines, valued at about £7,000, were taken over by the Board of Works. The Society, so far as the fire-escapes and the men are concerned, is now incorporated with the London Fire Brigade.

When this amalgamation took place the members of the Committee presented Sampson Low with an impressive address, beautifully illuminated on vellum and inclosed in a handsome frame.

Oftentimes during his connection with that Society, after laborious days spent in business, he used to spend long hours of the night in attending fires, or in rushing round to see that the Escape

men were wide awake and on the alert. Nor did his philanthropy exhaust itself in this one direction; without the least ostentation, he was a deeply religious man, and perhaps never so happy as when engaged in Sunday duties as a school teacher, or in superintending some good work for the benefit of the poor of his neighbourhood. It should also be recorded that in 1837, Mr. Low took the deepest interest in *The Booksellers' Provident Institution*, from its foundation. He was on the committee for many years, was one of its most active members, and also one of the vice-presidents. It may not be out of place to add that he bequeathed to them a handsome legacy.

Mr. Low did not publish much in those early days, but what he did produce was done with excellent taste. Always an active and popular member of the Trade, he was ever ready, without a thought of personal inconvenience, to carry through, most thoroughly, what others would only suggest. For several years he performed the thankless and really laborious office of secretary to an association for the protection of retail booksellers against undersellers. During the existence of this association, booksellers were really protected against the suicidal system of underselling, and since its abolition in 1852, not by legal decision, but by legal opinion,¹

¹ And the opinion also of many eminent authors. At a meeting at John Chapman's in the Strand, May 4th, 1852, Charles



A BIT OF VANISHED LONDON, 47, LUDGATE HILL

that bad system continued to work most injuriously, until the beginning of the twentieth century, when a new system of co-operation between publishers and booksellers, by what is called the *net-book* system, began to produce very beneficial results. For Mr. Low's services in this connection, the Trade presented him with a handsome service of plate, which bears the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. Sampson Low as a slight mark of esteem and respect, by some of his brother Booksellers, more particularly with reference to his exertions on behalf of the Trade Association. Aug. 7, 1852."

When Mr. Low established his circulating library in Lamb's Conduit Street, the future all-absorbing Mudie could scarcely have reached the dignity of long clothes; but before the middle of the century, the course of the aristocracy and gentry of the surrounding squares set (like that of "Empire") westward, and the neighbourhood decidedly went down. He sold his library, and established himself, in partnership with his eldest son, in Fleet Street, in 1849, and I went with him. In 1852, the year in which the Duke of Wellington died, we removed to much larger premises, 47, Ludgate Hill; these were pulled down long since to accom-

Dickens, in the chair, declared himself "on principle opposed to any system of exclusion and restriction; every man, he thought, ought to be allowed the free exercise of his thrift and enterprise."

modate the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. In January, 1856, I joined Sampson Low in partnership. Sixteen years later, in 1872, the first great sorrow of Mr. Low's life came to him in the death of his much-loved son, Sampson.

SAMPSON LOW, JUNIOR.

This eldest son, although a chronic invalid, was alert and active in all business matters. In the year 1850 he compiled and published an account of "The Charities of London, comprehending the Benevolent, Educational and Religious Institutions, their Origins and Designs, Progress and Present Condition." This work, originally dedicated to H.R.H. Prince Albert, and subsequently, by special permission, to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, was kept up by him and issued annually up to the time of his death in 1872. Its annual issue is still continued.

At that period, 1872, Mr. Low's second son, William, and Mr. S. W. Searle, joined the firm; then ensued the death of his third son, Walter, and then again, within three months of his golden wedding day, which was never to be reached, came the crowning sorrow of all, the death of her who had been his dearest partner for so many years. This event was followed, a few months later, by the death of his second son, William. He had outlived his three sons. These bereavements weighed



SAMPSON LOW, JUN.
BORN 1822; DIED MARCH 5, 1871

heavily upon him, but he bore them with calm resignation.

I have given but a brief and imperfect record of a good man's life.

Sampson Low died April 16th, 1886, in his ninetieth year.

W. H. Low.

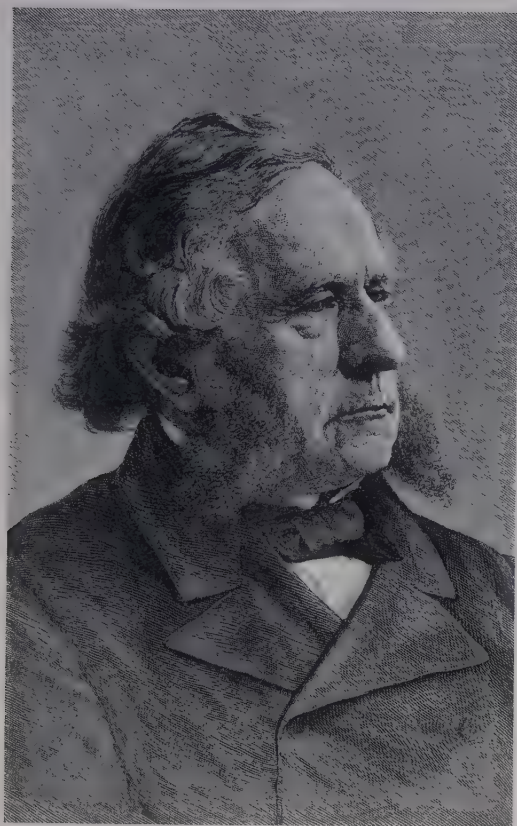
Mr. William H. Low, mentioned above, was best beloved by those who knew him best, for they only knew how utterly unselfish he was, and how generous and kind to the many who had cause to mourn his loss. He took great interest in the Working Lads' Institute at Whitechapel, and at the time of his last and short illness, he was engaged in forming a similar institute in the parish of St. Bride, Fleet Street. He had been my intimate associate from his school days.

THE BROTHERS HARPER.

It was at the house in Lamb's Conduit Street that Mr. Low became acquainted with the late Mr. Fletcher Harper, and was appointed English literary agent for the Messrs. Harpers of New York. From the time of that appointment up to the time of his death, it is not too much to say that their interests were absolutely identified with his own.

I have known, and had very friendly relations with, two of these great American publishers.

When I first knew them, the firm was composed of the four brothers who were the founders. The original firm was started by the two elder brothers in 1817, but from 1825 to 1869, the business was ruled equally by the four brothers. James, born in 1795, died March 16th, 1869, from injuries received by his being thrown from his carriage. John, born in 1797, died April 22nd, 1875. Joseph W., and Fletcher. Of these four brothers, I only knew personally the two latter. A year or two before Fletcher's death, he and his wife spent a few weeks at Torquay and became very friendly with my son, who was then staying there. He was a genial and pleasant companion, but at that time he was beginning to feel the weight of years, and the need of rest after a most active and busy life. He said to me, when I visited him there, that he had come to study his Bible and cultivate acquaintance with his wife, and a happy old couple they were. Gone long since are these "old familiar faces," and death has made serious inroad into the second generation. Joseph W. Harper became the senior partner in due time. He was born in 1830. I remember him as a slim youth, as an active young man, as a middle-aged man, and lastly, in 1891, when I visited him at his house on the Fifth Avenue and found him bright and full of humour and anecdote, but all the time a crippled old man, a perfect martyr to gout; to that enemy he succumbed in 1896.



FLETCHER HARPER

THE CHARTISTS, 1848.

In 1848 the citizens of London were considerably disturbed, not to say alarmed, by the threatened attack on the Houses of Parliament by the Chartists, who, on April 10th, had assembled on Kennington Common under Mr. Feargus O'Connor, M.P. It is not for me to discuss now the rights or the wrongs of the questions which caused the agitation, but no question can exist respecting the folly of such a gathering as that which was supposed to assemble on Kennington Common and to march from thence, 300,000 strong, to present a petition to the House of Commons. The Charter itself, which the petition embodied, did not seem to be so very subversive of the established order of things. All available troops were called out under command of the Duke of Wellington. The bridges were fortified with artillery. I was sworn in as a special constable and armed with a staff which remained in my possession for many years, but eventually disappeared. I was stationed in Fleet Street, and if I am not mistaken, the late Emperor Louis Napoleon (then a refugee after his escape from the fortress of Ham) was stationed as a "special" at Somerset House. In face of this formidable display of ability to resist, Mr. Feargus O'Connor's valour fizzled out. His great petition, embodying the five great

points of the Charter, and said to have seven million signatures, was conveyed to the House of Commons in a cart; the army of Kennington Common quietly dispersed, and my soldiering came abruptly to an end.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

In the year 1851 two events happened, one of which was of importance to the world at large, and the other of no importance to anyone but myself: that was the year of the first and most interesting exhibition ever held, and it was also the year of my marriage.

The year 1852 is chiefly marked in my memory as that of the death, July 14th, of the Duke of Wellington, and his grand funeral on November 18th. His remains were conveyed to St. Paul's by a military procession. At that time we were carrying on business in Fleet Street, but we had just taken a large house, No. 47, Ludgate Hill, (since pulled down and its site covered by the bridge of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway), as I have already mentioned. Our warehouse, being empty at the time of the funeral, afforded abundant room for some scores of people to see the procession, probably the most imposing ever witnessed in the City of London.

At this period of the world's history it seemed to have been agreed everywhere that wars had

ceased for ever. It was well understood that nations and peoples should "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation should not lift up sword against nation; neither should they learn war any more." In fact, it seemed to be agreed on all hands that we had arrived at so high a state of cultivation and civilization that the vision of Isaiah was being literally fulfilled, and anyone who advocated fighting or war was looked upon as an outer barbarian. I remember the feeling very well indeed, but this piping time of peace was not destined to be of lengthened duration.

On March 28th, 1854, war was declared with Russia, and the great Crimean war began, and it continued till February, 1856. Peace was proclaimed in our streets on April 29th.

On May 29th there was a general illumination and grand display of fireworks in the parks. My recollection of the event is emphasized by the fact that I took my three-year-old son Robert on my shoulders to view the fireworks in one of the parks; probably it was the sight of these fantastic emblems of sea fights and sieges that inspired him with the love of all military and naval literature.

Twenty-seven years later this same son became a partner in my firm, which then comprised E. Marston, S. W. Searle, W. J. Rivington, and R. B. Marston.

Not long after the conclusion of peace with Russia the confidence of all peace lovers was again rudely shaken by the breaking out, in 1857, of the Indian Mutiny, which was not finally subdued till the middle of June, 1858. This disastrous outbreak was followed a few years afterwards by the great Civil war in America, and from that time to the present year of grace, 1904, wars and rumours of wars have been so incessant, and still seem so imminent, that he would be bold indeed who should foretell when that hoped-for universal peace which was so firmly believed in by us all, fifty-three years ago, is likely to be established.

FIRST START IN BUSINESS.

I am aware that those of my injudicious friends who urged me to write a book may be growing impatient. What I suppose they looked for was that I should furnish descriptions, anecdotes, pen-and-ink sketches of eminent literary men I have met or been in correspondence with during my long career. Such matters taken *per se* would at best be disjointed, and of but limited extent. Since however I have mounted my prosy Pegasus, I must ride him in my own way. I have been struggling till now to reach the point when I became a publisher, *sed multa me impedierunt*. I myself must always be the thread on which my

story hangs. In order to keep that story in reasonable chronological order I must state as briefly as I can that about the time of my marriage, some young friends of mine had betaken themselves to Australia. They prospered. They began by sending small miscellaneous orders for merchandize to me. This business grew so steadily that I was obliged to sever my connection with Sampson Low; I took an office in Cullum Street, Fenchurch Street, and established myself as an Australian merchant on a small scale. I had consignments of wool, of timber, of copper, and of gold. I began this business in 1852, at a time when the Australian goldfields were attracting the world.

My correspondent bought gold cheap in those early days, and I realized it here at a large profit for him. I used the proceeds in the purchase of soft goods and hardware from the large City warehouses.

I soon discovered that books were wanted in these Colonies, so I made a practice of going round among the publishers to whom I was already so well known, and I selected, monthly, such books as I deemed suitable for these markets. I made them up into cases of the value of about £30 each, which I consigned to my correspondents in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

These little shipments invariably sold well, and paid me a very fair profit. This, then, was the

small beginning of an Export Agency business which has spread itself all over the world.

Ever since the year 1852 I have devoted one day a month to my Colonial and Foreign correspondence, and I have never failed to keep it up to this year, 1904, fifty-two years; during this period I roughly calculate that I must have inflicted at least twenty thousand letters on these correspondents.

Having now delivered myself of all preliminaries, I arrive at the point at which I became a publisher. As this was the most important step of my life, a new chapter shall commence my account of how I made it.





CHAPTER III

PARTNERSHIP WITH SAMPSON LOW



T was not until January 1st, 1856, that I entered into partnership with Sampson Low the elder, and his son Sampson.

My old friend came to me one day and suggested that we should join our forces. He and his son Sampson, in addition to their publishing business, had laid the foundation of an American business, somewhat on the same lines as my Australian business, and he thought the two would form a good combination. I also thought so. The result was that I purchased a third share of their whole business, and so I became their partner.

As I have already stated, Mr. Sampson Low had been acting as agent for Messrs. Harper Bros. for many years previously, and this agency brought us into contact with several other American publishers, as well as with many authors of both countries.

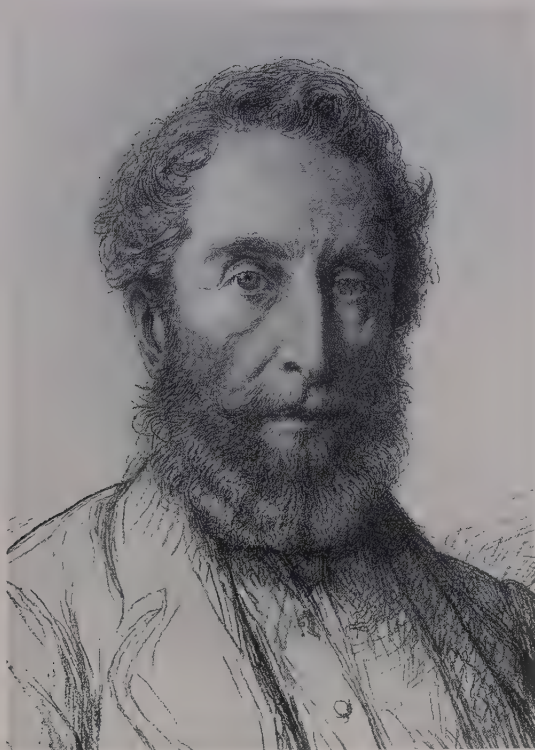
Although I had proposed to make my story chronological so far as possible, I must make this deviation, that whenever I mention an author I shall continue all I can find to say about him, though it may run through several decades.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

I find that amongst our earliest correspondents was the late Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (afterwards Lord Lytton).

I well remember the personality of this remarkable man, but I cannot pretend to paint his portrait. He was very tall and slim, with a slight stoop of the shoulders. His forehead was high, and somewhat receding, the eyebrows shaggy, nose aquiline, very slight whiskers, bronzed complexion, moustaches and the "imperial" tuft. The side whiskers as shown in the accompanying portrait must have been an aftergrowth. He was altogether aristocratic, dignified, most pleasant, and courteous in his manners; he was, however, very difficult to converse with, for he was extremely deaf.

One of his letters, addressed to Mr. Sampson Low, is dated September 1852; its object was to ask his "advice and interposition in respect to the recent Copyright Act between France and England." This was, doubtless, the Act of 1852, which provided that protection should be given to authorized *translations* for a period not exceeding five



Etched from a drawing by Langee

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

years, and on certain conditions; one of these was that the author should notify, in the original work, his reservation of the right of translation.¹

"My Novel" was then appearing in "Blackwood," and Sir Edward was naturally very angry when he found that M. Galignani was reprinting that work in English, in Galignani's "Messenger" as it came out in "Blackwood."

He had written to Galignani asking him if he was disposed to treat for "My Novel," and the reply he got was that Galignani had already taken the liberty of publishing it in his paper, and that he meditated bringing it out in a separate form, for which he offered the sum of £20; this, Sir Edward said he "regarded as an insult." The fact was, as Mr. Chapman (of Chapman and Hall) had advised him, the necessary notice of reservation had not, so far, appeared in "Blackwood," as it ought to have appeared, and did appear in all succeeding issues. He asked for the proper form, and concluded by requiring Mr. Low to take the necessary steps to protect all his works, and also to find him some other French publisher wholly distinct from Galignani, "whom," says he, "I regard as a pirate without conscience"! I am not so

¹ In the year 1852 Messrs. Low and Son had published a very valuable little work in English and French, by Peter Burke, Esq., on the "Law of International Copyright between England and France."

sure, however, after all, looking back on the transaction as it strikes me now, that Galignani was not legally within his rights.

The Act of 1852, which they had all relied on, was an Act to protect translations, and Galignani was not translating, he was printing the original English. I am unable to trace the final result as regards Galignani.¹ But I find another letter from Sir E. B. Lytton, dated April 7th, 1853, in which he complains bitterly: "judge of my surprise," he writes, "when I hear that Baudry has published an edition in Paris, and I must request you to proceed forthwith against M. Baudry; the damages should be considerable." This occurred, be it remembered, during my interregnum, and I regret that I cannot trace the end of this little tempest of long ago!

It is a fair illustration of the "Vanity of human wishes!" Fifty years ago and more, this great man's mind was sorely troubled by a matter which we can now regard only with idle curiosity; he has long since departed, and all who were then interested in it; just so will it be fifty years hence, with things about which we, the players on the stage of life to-day, are unnecessarily making ourselves very miserable.

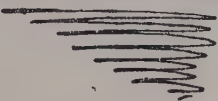
In subsequent years, we had much correspondence with Sir Edward, and in 1861 we published

¹ Galignani's "Messenger," after having been carried on for ninety years, ceased to exist, July 30th, 1904.

for him one of his most interesting books, "A Strange Story."

The agreement for the publication of this work, drawn up by Sir Edward's solicitor in lengthy phraseology, is signed by

Ed & Barbara Lytton
Sampson Low Son & Morrison

Charles Dickens

W. P. Wells

Thus are we sandwiched between, and temporarily in partnership with, the two greatest novelists of the century. This agreement, long ago cancelled by lapse of time, is still in my possession. It was a long and complicated document, and I give a brief epitome of it; it provided in the first place that the story should be published as a serial in "All the Year Round"; that simultaneously Sampson Low and Co. were to publish the said story in America, and that four weeks at least

before the day of publication of each number containing a portion of "A Strange Story," the same should be furnished to Sampson Low and Co. to enable them to transmit to America in time for publication there. That eight weeks before "A Strange Story" shall be completed in "All the Year Round," a complete copy shall be delivered to Messrs. Low, Son, and Marston, and they shall for two years and four weeks from the date of such delivery, have the exclusive right of publishing the same as a collective work in not more than two volumes and at a price not less than seven shillings and sixpence for each copy, and that no copy shall be sold at a greater reduction than the usual trade discount off such publishing price, and the said publishers shall in exchange for the complete copy of "A Strange Story" then give to the said Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton three joint and several promissory notes for Five Hundred Pounds each, making the sum of One Thousand Five Hundred pounds, the first of such notes to be made payable on demand, the second six months after date and the third nine months after date of demand for payment of the first note, which was not to be made before eight weeks after the delivery of the complete copy. At the expiration of two years, all copies of the work unsold above one thousand shall be destroyed, and that all copies not exceeding one thousand

shall be delivered to the said Sir E. B. Lytton, who is to pay Sampson Low and Marston the actual cost of paper and print, and for plates the value of the metal and no more.

"A Strange Story," notwithstanding the high price paid for it, was moderately successful, but at the end of our term we were left with a very large surplus stock—these by contract were to be partly destroyed and partly taken over by Sir Edward. On February 10th, 1864, he wrote to us suggesting that "the best plan for both parties would be to relax the strict conditions on either side and to ship off the whole remainder." It appears that if the terms of the agreement had been insisted on, he would have had to pay for 1,000 and we should have had to destroy 2,000; hence the suggested compromise. To this we agreed, and he was well pleased.

The only further correspondence having reference to this work that I am able to trace, is the following short note, dated the next day, February 11th, 1864.

"Dear Sir,

"I am very much obliged by your letter, and your kind and handsome mode of dealing.

"Yrs. truly

(Signed) "E. B. Lytton."

"Feb. 11 1864.

"5, St. James's Place."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Shortly after I had joined the firm, Mr. Sampson Low, jun., paid his first visit to America. It was just about the time when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came out and created such an excitement throughout all lands. Mr. Low, jun., took the opportunity of calling on Mrs. Stowe, who, with her good husband, the professor, was then residing at Concord, Mass.; and this call was the origin of a personal friendship which lasted all their lives.

Then it was that Mr. Low arranged with the author for the publication of her next work, "Dred," and indeed for all her subsequent works. It is a curious instance of the pushing enterprise of publishers, and I may be pardoned for mentioning it, that as Mr. Low was walking down the gravel path from Mrs. Stowe's door, he met Mr. S. O. Beeton going up! It may fairly be presumed that, as doubtless Mr. Beeton had crossed the broad Atlantic for the sole purpose of securing Mrs. Stowe's new book, his encounter with a brother English publisher almost on her doorstep was not one likely to throw him into an ecstasy of delight.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," being Mrs. Stowe's first work, had fallen into the public domain before it attracted attention in this country. I have only recently been informed, on very good authority, that the early sheets of this very extraordinary



MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
BORN 1812; DIED 1896

work were offered to Messrs. Groombridge and Sons, and that they promptly declined it! A flagrant instance of the shortsightedness, or want of discrimination, or perhaps indifference of publishers! It was first printed serially in Washington, and ran for nine months. It was then published in Boston in book form; 3,000 were sold the first day, and over 300,000 were sold in America alone within the year.

The first publisher who brought it out here, if my memory is correct, was Mr. Henry Vizetelly; then I think Mr. Beeton had an edition, followed by many others, probably all of them successful, for the popularity of the work was enormous.

The issue of Mrs. Stowe's works was a leading feature of our publishing during the latter years of the fifties.

Mrs. Stowe was a charming little woman, bright and pleasant in conversation, with an occasional air of absentness. She was always earnest, transparently honest, and of the deepest piety. Her once great reputation in this country was grievously affected, it may be said that she almost lost caste, by her very generous but most unwise intrusion into what was then known as the Byron Controversy. She survived nearly all her friends in the Sampson Low family, with whom she and her husband, that fine old jovial, laughing, ever cheerful Professor Stowe, with his patriarchal flowing

white beard, had kept up a warm intimacy so long as they lived. She died in 1896.

I had the pleasure of seeing her first book published, and more than forty years afterwards, in 1897, that is seven years ago, we published her "Life and Letters," by Mrs. J. T. Fields.

ROMANCE ASCRIBED TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To one of the first novels with which I had anything to do when I first became a publisher in 1856, no little interest attached at the time. It was published in 1855, a year before I became a partner, but for years afterwards it was a source of trouble to us. In the beginning of 1855, what "The Athenæum" called an "incredible story," was making the grand tour of the journals about the discovery of an unpublished novel by Sir Walter Scott. He had, it was said, given to his daughter, Miss Anne Scott, a story in manuscript called "Moredun," which had never been published. She prevailed upon her father to give it to Mr. Wm. Spencer; through him it came into the hands of M. Cabany, the father of M. E. St. Maurice Cabany, who, through a Paris agent of high respectability, offered the work to Sampson Low and Son in 1854. They do not seem to have been aware of the doubts already cast upon its authenticity, and, yielding to the eloquence of M. Cabany, they even-

tually undertook its publication. The following advertisement appeared in "The Publishers' Circular," June 1st, 1855:

The New Romance ascribed to Sir Walter Scott.

MOREDUN; a Tale of Twelve Hundred and Ten. By W. S., from a manuscript recently discovered at Paris, the property of the Directeur Générale de la Société des Archivistes de France; the authorship being maintained as Sir Walter Scott's by M. Cabany in an Introductory Essay. 3 volumes, post 8vo. 31/6.

This is a cautiously worded advertisement, and does not commit the publisher to absolute faith in it; though at the time there was an enormous amount of evidence put forward by M. Cabany in its favour. "Moredun" was accordingly published in June, 1855, and seems to have met with not unmerited condemnation. "The Athenæum," already not prejudiced in its favour, said it was "a heavy and spiritless romance, not equalling the poorest of Mr. James's stories." Rather hard, by the way, upon Mr. G. P. R. James, then probably at the height of his popularity. I saw him frequently about that time. A short, square-built, thickset, upright man, with mild, dark eyes, rosy complexion, and of a most genial and kindly disposition. I suppose this could not have been very long after

the time when he fought a bloodless duel with a well-known publisher.

After years of long and wearisome correspondence with the bitterly disappointed M. Cabany, he wrote us a very long letter, from which I extract the following :

“ I hasten to write to you in order to close, and not to re-open the account which remains with you . . . I have no intention to revert to the past. I have had sorrow in my time, to recall it would be useless; I desire to pass the sponge all over that. Besides, I have suffered too much from the wickedness of my enemies to feel rancour from wrong which has been done me without perfidious and calculated intention. I do not say this of you, gentlemen, although you have shaken the very foundation of that operation by publishing the work under simple *initials*, whilst the name of the author in full was the only safeguard of my good faith and my sincerity.”

I must say this for M. Cabany, that from what I saw of him I feel sure that he was absolutely honest and sincere, and that he was always fully convinced that the work was written by Sir Walter Scott, and no other. This is another example of “the vanity of human wishes.”

The original manuscript from which, I presume, the work was printed is still in my possession.

LOSS OF "THE ROYAL CHARTER."

But for the sad loss of "The Royal Charter," in 1857, I should not have thought it necessary to mention the name of Mr. Frank Fowler, who, although a very good fellow, cannot be regarded as a literary celebrity.

My connection with Australia had brought me in contact, directly or indirectly, with many Australian explorers or writers. The first work we published on Australia was "Southern Lights and Shadows," by Frank Fowler, a very bright little book, which attracted much notice at the time. Frank Fowler had spent some years in Australia as a journalist, and on reaching home by "The Royal Charter," in 1857, he brought the manuscript to me, with an introduction from an Australian friend, and we published it for him. He was a pleasant, genial young fellow, with a vein of quiet humour, and a touch of kindly satire which hurt no one and made him many friends.

Nearly two years later, viz., October 25th, 1859, the "Times" contained this telegram:

"Queenstown.—'The Royal Charter,' from Melbourne, fifty-eight days out, is off the port; she expects to be at Liverpool to-morrow night."

This was a "record" run at that time. On October 27th, two days later, in the same paper appeared the following telegram:

“ . . . ‘The Royal Charter’ lost on her way from Queenstown to Liverpool with upwards of 400 passengers on board, of which number only about twenty are saved.”

The next day Frank Fowler came to me with tears in his eyes, for he knew the ship and the officers well, and said he should like to write an account of “The Royal Charter,” and the awful disaster that had befallen her; it was one of the most terrible and heartrending shipwrecks ever known. He wrote a little book called “The Wreck of ‘The Royal Charter’”; its main object was to furnish the Australians with a compact account of the disaster. We printed 20,000 copies of this little shilling volume, and shipped them by the first mail; as there was no cable communication with Australia till many years afterwards, Fowler’s work really conveyed the earliest detailed account of the wreck. Every copy was bought up at once, and I heard that many copies of this little shilling book were sold for half-a-crown and more. The book was written, printed, and bound, and on board the mail steamer in about ten days. Of course it was hastily done, but on the whole it was well done, for it was written with hot feeling and tender sympathy.

THE REV. W. H. MILBURN.

In the same year, 1857, we published an interesting little book which I mention now, not because of any special importance that was attached to it, but because it was written by a blind man—the Rev. William Henry Milburn. The title of it is “Rifle, Axe and Saddlebags.” A preface, including the life of the author up to date, was written by the late Rev. Thomas Binney, the well-known very popular minister of Weighhouse Chapel. Mr. Milburn was known as the blind preacher.

His blindness was caused by an accident when he was five years old. He was throwing at a mark with another boy, who, in casting a piece of iron-hoop, struck the edge of it into his companion’s eye. From this accident the eye recovered; but a slight protuberance, which interfered with the sight downwards, but not direct or upwards, was left. This protuberance the physician determined to burn off with caustic, an operation which twice repeated was hard for the boy to bear. He resisted. Upon this the physician seized him in his arms, forced the caustic upon the wound, and in the struggle both eyes were dashed with it. As a remedy they were kept bathed with sugar of lead for two years; during this time the pupils became permeated by deposits of lead, and light was shut out with the exception of the left upper corner

of the right eye. Through this narrow aperture objects were visible.

Mr. Milburn was a young man in those days, and I was still younger, for he was four years my senior. I have a very distinct recollection of him when he used to call upon us, leaning on the arm of a friend, as a spare man with dark hair, and broad and thoughtful brow. "It has often been noticed," says Mr. Binney, "that the blind are remarkably and uniformly cheerful. This seems to be the characteristic of Mr. Milburn; he appears to live in an atmosphere of unruffled and radiant joy." Mr. Milburn was at that time chaplain to the Senate at Washington, and he was still chaplain when he died only a few months ago (in 1903).

In the year 1855 Mr. Milburn delivered an address at a publishers' festival in New York, from which I am tempted to quote the following:

"Gentlemen Booksellers, the leaves you scatter are from the tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations. Gentlemen Publishers, the well-heads opened in your press rooms may send forth streams to refresh and gladden the homes of a continent, so that 'the parched land shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water.'"

In one of his lectures on the subject of blindness he quotes a poem of eleven verses, supposed to have been written by Milton, but, Mr. Milburn

states, really written by Elizabeth Lloyd, a lady of Philadelphia. Here are the first two verses :

I am old and blind,
Men point to me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to Thee.

In the "Pall Mall Gazette," April 22nd, 1901, the whole of the eleven verses are quoted as "a literary curiosity," and described as "the last effort of the genius who gave to the world that greatest epic in the English tongue, 'Paradise Lost.'"

GEORGE CATLIN.

Not long after this time we became acquainted with George Catlin, who had spent many years of his life among the North American Indians. His great work on the subject is well known. We published for him a little volume for boys, entitled "Life amongst the Indians," which was very amusing and interesting; and also a curiosity which he called "The Breath of Life: a Manu-graph." It was written and lithographed from his own writing and drawing. He had a theory that people should breathe through their noses

and keep their mouths shut. In his preface he said, "No person on earth who reads this little work will condemn it; it is only a question how many millions may look through it and benefit themselves by adopting its precepts."

"HAUNTED HEARTS."

Not long afterwards an American author, Miss Cumming, wrote a tale called "The Lamplighter," which had a great run in this country. It was not published by my firm; it was a non-copyright work, and therefore found several publishers here. Then Miss Cumming came to England, and called upon us: she had written another work, entitled "Haunted Hearts"; this we published, and it became celebrated, not so much on account of its literary merit as on account of a suit in the Law Courts between Messrs. Routledge and ourselves, which was carried, eventually, to the House of Lords, and there decided in our favour. Messrs. Routledge had assumed that being an American, Miss Cumming could not possess copyright in this country.

About this case itself the law was clearly on our side, seeing that the book was first published by us in this country during the author's residence here. The first trial chiefly turned upon technicalities, with reference to some informal entry at Station-

ers' Hall, my own name being inserted in the affidavits, but at Stationers' Hall I appeared only as *Co.*, or it may have been the reverse of this.

The subsequent interest and value of the suit rested not so much on this decision, as on the opinions expressed by several of the Law Lords at the trial, that prior or simultaneous publication here was all that was required, and that residence of the author in England, or even in British territory, was not necessary. These opinions on American Copyright have governed more or less the question of an American Author's Copyright from that time up to the passing of the American International Copyright Law.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It was in the year 1858 that we first entered into relations with Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had just completed the issue of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which had first appeared serially in the "Atlantic Monthly"; and also in volume form in America. Such being the case, no copyright for it could be obtained in this country; but it had gained a reputation sufficient to make it desirable that an English edition should be brought out—and we performed that operation. I do not remember how the author fared in this connection, but I believe he was paid an honorarium; as, how

ever, the work was in the *public domain*, other editions soon appeared; this, too, seems to have been the case with "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," which we published in 1860.

I do not find that we published any other work of the Autocrat's till 1868, when we purchased the copyright of "The Guardian Angel"; for this we paid a very large sum, which the sale, continuous in various forms to this day, fully justified. I will only mention the titles of some other books which we published in this country, premising that works by this author, of which I cannot supply a list, were published here by other publishers. In 1876, "Mechanism in Thought and Morals." In 1881, "Poetical Works," in 2 vols. In 1880, "The Iron Gate and other Poems." In 1885, "Mortal Antipathy." In 1888, "Before the Curfew and other Poems." In 1892, "Complete Works." Riverside edition in 13 volumes.

The work, however, which attracted most attention in this country was one which we published in 1886, under the title of "My Hundred Days in Europe." This work rapidly ran through several editions.

It tells the story of his second visit to Europe after an interval of fifty years. In the introductory note he humorously touches upon the first visit, and wonders what changes he may expect to see in this new Rip Van Winkle experiment. He left

the England of William the Fourth. He revisited it very nearly in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign. On the first occasion he went to Westminster Abbey where he saw the monument to Rear-Admiral Charles Holmes. "My relative," says he, "I will take it for granted as I find him in Westminster Abbey; blood is thicker than water, and warmer than marble I said to myself as I laid my hand on the cold stone image of the admiral." Then he went to the Tower to see the Lions; there he found a "poor relation," who made his acquaintance without introduction. "A large baboon or ape was sitting at the open door of his cage, when I gave him offence by approaching too near, and inspecting him too narrowly. He made a spring at me, and if the keeper had not pulled me back, would have treated me unhandsomely. He succeeded in stripping my waistcoat of its buttons, as he would have stripped a peapod of its peas." He then went to the Opera to hear Grisi; King William was in his box.

The story of the visit of 1886 is most vividly and brightly told, and will be in the memory of all readers and admirers of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

On this second visit he says that he resuscitated only one old acquaintance. For the second time he took the hand of Charles O'Byrne. He was in the condition so longed for by Sydney Smith on a

very hot day—he was standing in his bones. The skeleton measures eight feet. Its hand was the only one he took either in England or Scotland, which had not a warm grasp and a hearty welcome for him.

In 1894 we published a very pretty volume, entitled "The Last Leaf." The poem itself is a very short one, and had been published in a collection of poems many years ago—but this particular edition is charmingly illustrated by George Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith. The volume contains a facsimile of the following letter :

"Beverley Farms, Mass.

"July 12th, 1894.

"MY DEAR PUBLISHERS AND FRIENDS,

"... I have lasted long enough to serve as an illustration of my own poem. I am one of the very last of the leaves which still cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the nineteenth century. The days of my years are three score and twenty, and I am almost half-way up the steep incline which leads me towards the base of the new century, so near to which I have already climbed.

"I am pleased that this poem, carrying with it the marks of having been written in the jocund morning of life, is still read and cared for. It was with a smile on my lips that I wrote it: I cannot read it without a sigh of tender remembrance. I hope it will not sadden my old readers,

while it may amuse some of the younger ones to whom its experiences are as yet only floating fancies.

“OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.”

The American publishers were Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

The charming little poem consists of only forty-eight lines. The writer says in a note at the end of the volume, in reply to a request from his publishers, that he would mention any circumstances connected with its composition, publication, and reception. “Just when it was written I cannot exactly say. . . . It must have been written before April 1833, probably in 1831 or 1832. . . . Good Abraham Lincoln had a great liking for it, and repeated it from memory to Governor Andrew, as the Governor himself told me.”

The days of my years being “three score and twenty,” as those of O. W. Holmes were, when he wrote the letter quoted above, I am beginning to regard myself as a “last leaf,” and I confess that the little poem has touched me. I will find space for some of the verses.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
But the crier on his round
Through the town.

AFTER WORK

My grandmamma had said,
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago,—
That he had a roman nose;
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
 In the Spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

During his visit to London in 1886 he called upon me more than once. He was as brisk and lively as a young man. He said he was delighted to grip the hand of a man with whose name he had been familiar for thirty years. He also expressed his delight with the cordial reception he had met with everywhere. We talked but little of business, but it was then settled that my house should publish his new book, "My Hundred Days in Europe," and we parted very good friends. He pleasantly said how glad he would be to see me in Boston.

As he mentions the matter in his book, I may

say that he asked me about an important package which had been consigned to Mr. Watts. Now Mr. Watts was then our chief clerk. I sent for him. He knew nothing about it. "While we were in trouble and uncertainty," says Mr. Holmes, "our Boston friend, Mr. James R. Osgood, came in. 'Oh,' said he, 'it is Mr. Watt you want, the agent of a Boston firm,' and gave us the gentleman's address. I had confounded Mr. Watt's name with Mr. Watts. 'W'at's in a name?' a great deal sometimes." Then he quotes from one of his after dinner poems:

A knot can change a felon into clay,
A not will save him, spelt without the k,
The smallest word has some unguarded spot,
And danger lies in i without a dot.

When I was in Boston in 1890 my old friend, R. O. Houghton, drove me round to call on Mr. Holmes, but it so happened that he had gone away to his country residence, and I never saw him again.

I had several letters from him during our long connection. I will quote only one, dated Boston, November 3rd, 1887:

"MY DEAR MR. MARSTON,

". . . Your books shall *not* go into a corner, but shall challenge an honourable place on my shelves. I find them most intelligent and agreeable. The 'Holiday in the Rockies' particularly

so. . . . I am having trouble with my eyes, and find letter-writing very uphill work. I have had to have a formula printed to send my correspondents, adding a few words, as few as possible, in order to save my eyes. I am expecting to have most of even this abbreviated letter-writing done by an assistant, who visits me to-day to make arrangements. If I was not in this predicament I might trouble you to read a long letter, but as it is I will content myself with thanking you for your welcome books.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Marston,

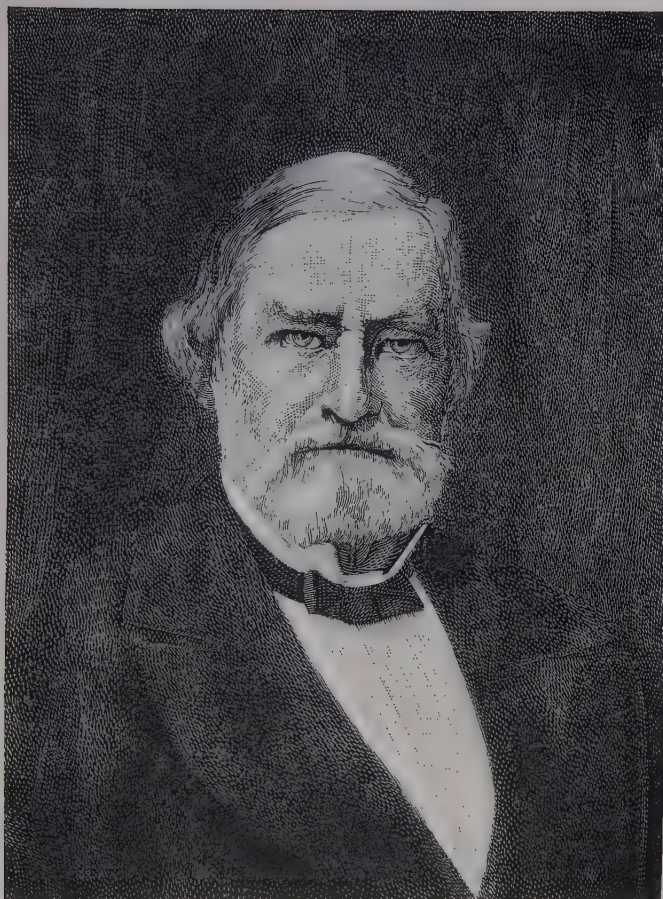
"Very truly yours,

"OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

O. W. Holmes was born August 29th, 1809. A humorous incident in connection with his birth was the way in which it had been noted by his father on the leaf of an old almanack, as though it were a mere trifling incident. Opposite the date, August 29th, was an asterisk (*) and at foot of the page, **Son b.*, and that is all. Mr. Holmes died painlessly in his chair, October 7th, 1894.

JOSEPH WHITAKER.

Joseph Whitaker was born in London on May 4th, 1820. He was the son of a silversmith. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to Mr. Barrett, bookseller, Fleet Street (whose shop I remember very well in later years). Nine years after, he was with John William Parker, of the



JOSEPH WHITAKER
BORN MAY 4, 1820 ; DIED MAY 15, 1895

Strand. He next entered the house of J. H. and J. Parker, of Oxford, for whom he became London agent, and opened a branch at 377, Strand. Here, in 1849, he originated the "Penny Post," a Church magazine, which still continues in its original form.

He also projected Whitaker's "Clergyman's Diary"; this is still published by the Company of Stationers.

Here it was that I became acquainted with him—I suppose about 1847. I also remember him as a theological publisher—for some years—in Pall Mall; then I lost sight of him for a time. It appears from the D.N.B. that he edited the "Gentleman's Magazine" from 1856 to 1859.

In January, 1858, he started "The Bookseller," which thenceforward became a powerful, but always friendly, rival to "The Publishers' Circular"; his greatest achievement in life, however, was unquestionably the establishment of "Whitaker's Almanack" in 1868, a work quite original and unique of its kind, and which has made his name familiar wherever the English language is spoken. He edited and produced many other most useful and valuable publications, to which it is unnecessary for me to refer. My personal connection with him was more particularly at the time of the organization of the Relief Fund for Paris Booksellers in 1871, to which I shall refer further on,

but I will say here that it was Joseph Whitaker who first suggested the idea to Sampson Low, and "The Bookseller" and "The Publishers' Circular" worked together harmoniously in carrying it through to a very successful conclusion. The D.N.B. mentions the sum collected in round figures as £2,000, but it will be seen that I have quoted the total sum from the official report as being £1,382 19s. 6*d.*, which I think may be taken as the correct amount.

Joseph Whitaker was not very much my senior, but he always took a kind of fatherly interest in my welfare, having known me almost from my boyhood. I have several very friendly letters from him written in this sense.

Joseph Whitaker, to his honour be it said, created the monthly publication called "The Bookseller," for which he has earned the gratitude of all booksellers. He created the "Almanack," whereby he earned the gratitude of all the English speaking world. He fixed the form and character of both of these at the beginning; and—a proof of his wise foresight—it has not been found desirable in all these years to alter the form and character of either of them, except that the "Almanack" has grown every year in bulk as in popularity. I am the happy possessor of a complete set of the volumes, presented to me by my old friend year by year, as each appeared.

As the editor of "The Bookseller," Mr. Whitaker very wisely steered clear of publishing, except a few devotional books, such as "The Daily Round" and Ridley's "Holy Communion." These books were highly successful.

He was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1875.

He was a good man and must have been a happy man, for his quiver was full. He had fifteen children.

He died at Enfield, May 15th, 1895.

CHARLES SCRIBNER.

The founder of the house of Charles Scribner's Sons was a gentleman whom it was a pleasure to know. Although my house had acted for him from the beginning as his English agents in connection with Mr. Welford, I remember Mr. Scribner as an occasional visitor only. He was not in vigorous health when I knew him, but always active, genial, and kindly. Although active in business, his mind was not absorbed in it. His conversation had the earnestness of deep religious conviction, without any ostentation. It must have been some time in the year 1871 that a cablegram arrived from the continent, I think from Lucerne, informing Mr. Welford of Mr. Scribner's death. It arrived at our house at midnight, and was taken

on to Mr. Welford's residence at Hampstead, where he was aroused at two o'clock in the morning. It pleases me just to mention his name, as one with whom, and with his sons, I have been so long and so pleasantly associated.

CHARLES WELFORD.

One of the most interesting characters that I have met with in the book world was Mr. Charles Welford, well known to all publishers in England and America. For about thirty years Mr. Welford acted as the English partner and correspondent for Messrs. Scribner and Welford, now Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the great New York publishers. I met him daily for the whole time of his acting in that capacity. He was as singularly modest and shy as he was genial and pleasant to those who knew him; he was most remarkable for his extraordinary knowledge of literature, ancient and modern. I do not mean that he was a great scholar, although the extent and exactness of his knowledge was a constant surprise to those who knew him intimately. But if he did not know the contents of many books, he knew at least all that it was necessary to know about them for the practical purpose of buying or selling; he was in fact a walking cyclopaedia. He had a peculiar faculty of seizing the leading features of a book,

and his strong memory retained them. I cannot remember when his gentle, pleasant, afterwards familiar countenance first beamed upon me, but it must have been in the fifties, for I knew him before he was married. He used to boast that he had never had any illness in his life, and when I visited him on his sick bed he seemed quite surprised that there should be anything the matter with him. He had been a great pedestrian, he scorned omnibuses, cabs, and railways, and invariably he walked into the City from his residence at Hampstead. Up to the last I believe he fully counted on renewing those long walks. He died of dropsy, May 18th, 1885.





CHAPTER IV

WILKIE COLLINS



HAVE in my possession many most interesting letters from Wilkie Collins, they are all on business matters; it would be difficult to quote from them intelligently without reference to our own letters, to which his were mostly replies. I have been unable to trace our letters so far back, consequently I can only give a few examples. Concerning "The Woman in White" I have to rely on my own memory entirely, for I have not been able to find any correspondence on either side with regard to our original agreement. This work originally appeared in Charles Dickens's "All the Year Round." It attracted unusual attention, and it was through the good offices of Mr. Wills—Mr. Dickens's friend and collaborateur—that we were introduced to Mr. Collins. We published the work in the early part of 1860, and with refer-



WILKIE COLLINS

ence to a new issue of it he wrote me the following characteristic letter:

" 12 Harley Street,
" 31st Oct., 1860.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" . . . If any fresh impression of 'The Woman in White' is likely to be wanted immediately, stop the press till I come back. The critic in the 'Times' is (between ourselves) right about the mistake in time. Shakespeare has made worse mistakes—that is one comfort, and readers are not critics who test an emotional book by the base rules of arithmetic, which is a second consolation. Nevertheless we will set it right the first opportunity. . . . They are going to dramatise the story at the Surrey Theatre, and I am asked to go to law about *that*. I will certainly go and *hiss* unless the manager makes a 'previous arrangement' with me."

This work had a very large sale. Its success, however, as usual brought many competitors into the field for Mr. Collins's next novel, "No Name." I may say that Mr. Collins had a perfect knowledge of his own value; he stood in no need of a literary agent to make bargains for him, at all events, till his health broke down. I find no correspondence about this work, but the following copy of a document in my possession is sufficiently significant.

"47, Ludgate Hill,
"Jan. 5, 1863.

"Received from Messrs. Sampson Low, Son,
and Marston, for the copyright of 'No Name.'

Cash	500	0	0
Per note at 3 months . .	500	0	0
" " " 6 months . .	1,000	0	0
" " " 9 months . .	1,000	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£3,000	0	0

(Signed) "WILKIE COLLINS."

This heavy payment was for a novel far inferior to "The Woman in White," but following as it did so closely in the wake of that wonderful novel, it had a very considerable sale, and we came off without loss. It was a great risk forced upon us by very vigorous competition.

We had previously made arrangements with Mr. Collins for the publication of most of his other works, and I quote the following letter which has reference to "The Woman in White," in the one-volume form, and three or four of his later books, just to show how closely competition ran even in those days.

"Mr. Blackett called here last night, when I was out, and left word that he would return this morning; his visit has just ended, and I at once write to tell you that the object of it was to negotiate for the right of printing my novels in

his 'Standard Library.' I of course informed Mr. Blackett that an arrangement of a similar nature was under consideration between you and myself, and that I could only entertain an offer from another publisher on the condition of first placing you in a position to make your proposal on the same basis. Mr. Blackett at once admitted the justice of this claim, authorized me to mention his name and agreed that I should tell you what the basis is on which he desires to found his proposal."

Mr. Collins then proceeds to state the conditions at great length.

Mr. Collins's long letter was fair and candid throughout, and there was not much to complain of in a brother publisher trying to cut us out.

The next letter, however, settled the matter.

"21st Nov., 1860.

"Harley St., W.

"DEAR SIRS,

"Your offer and Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's offer are both before me, and are both *for the same amount* . . . Under these circumstances the publishers of the first reprint of 'Woman in White,' have a personal claim on me which I now accept, and I especially thank you for the very liberal provision which gives me back the Copyrights of 'Antonina' and 'Basil,' at the end of the five years' term as a free will offering on the part of my publishers.

"I am, dear Sirs,

"Very truly yours,

(Signed) "WILKIE COLLINS."

CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

Mr. C. A. Collins was the brother of Wilkie Collins; I remember him only as a gentleman in very delicate health. We published for him a really charming book, entitled "A Cruise on Wheels," and I think one or two other works in the sixties. He married Kate, the younger daughter of Charles Dickens.

HARRISON WEIR.

Where is the man, woman, or child within or without the King's dominions of any pretence to education to whom the name at least of Harrison Weir is not familiar? Echo alone can answer, Weir! (If that is a pun, my reader, I am sorry. By way of apology I may say there is only one other in my book, and that is not mine. Oliver Wendell Holmes is the culprit, and he hated puns.)

I suppose it is a year or more since I last had the pleasure of seeing Harrison Weir, and then he told me that he was "not very well"; but I have known him for more than half his lifetime, and he is now eighty, and I have never known him to be anything else than "not very well." There was always something wrong in that vast interior of his; gastric juice or some other ailment always playing the very deuce with him. He invariably tells you this fine story with a merry

twinkle in his bright gray eyes and a laughing humorous smile spread all over his jolly countenance, so that no one has ever yet believed him ; a finer specimen of a sick man was never yet seen. I have known him, I suppose, for nearer fifty than forty years, and I have never seen the least change in him, except that of late years the circumference of that huge chest of his may have slightly increased. He is just as young and as jovial as he was in the "fifties," and I have no doubt that he can now give as much expression to a cat's eyes and whiskers, and can draw all kinds of animals with a touch as delicate and inimitable as he ever did in the days of his youth. Indeed, he has told me of a great work of his which has yet to come, or rather is now about to be published, and is to be regarded as, not his *magnum* but his *maximum opus*. This work is, I believe, on the natural history of all kinds of poultry, and the production of it has cost thousands. He was in despair ; he could not find a publisher bold enough to tackle it. Writing to me about it some time ago and expressing sorrow that my company was not plucky enough for the undertaking, he said :

" I was just about altering my Will directing that at my death the MS. should be burnt, and the drawings sold for what they would fetch. It is now *saved*, and future generations will at least have, for good or evil, my life-long poultry ex-

perience, and illustrated by me. No other living man could have done it. . . . I know how good it is and historical. It is an annuity to any one. However, I am, I must be, I ought to be thankful that there is one that will bring it out and my labour not be in vain. . . . And now, my dear Edward Marston, receive from me my most sincere regards and for ever my best wishes, and believe me always yours

“HARRISON WEIR.”

This great work is said, by those who have seen it, to be not only the most practical, but also the most sensible and useful book on the subject that has ever been produced.

It was, I think, in the late fifties, when we were boys together, so to speak, that Harrison Weir produced one of the prettiest and most delightful books that ever issued from our house. The title is “The Poetry of Nature, selected and illustrated by Harrison Weir.” It has long, long ago, been out of print. I happen to possess an early copy, and it does me good to run my eyes through it now and then. Those were the palmiest days of wood-engraving, now rapidly becoming a lost art. Then the artist drew his pictures on the wood, well satisfied that when his lovely drawings were intrusted to such men as J. D. Cooper, Edmund Evans, W. Measom, J. Greenaway, and others, his work would be most carefully and skilfully interpreted. Edmund Evans not only engraved several

of the woodcuts, but he printed this book with admirable taste. Possibly the time may come when books containing the fine work of these old engravers of the nineteenth century will be sought after by connoisseurs, and bring fabulous prices.

Harrison Weir was born May 5th, 1824, so that he is now making an inroad into his eighty-first year. His next great work ought to be the story of "People I have Met." This he might easily complete by his ninety-first birthday.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL IN AUSTRALIA—FLANAGAN, MCKINLAY, JUDGE THERRY, REV. JULIAN E. TENISON WOODS, JOHN FORREST.

In 1862 we published Flanagan's "History of New South Wales," in two volumes, 8vo. Poor Flanagan came over here solely for the purpose of getting his book published. He had spent years in writing it, and all his money in getting his material together; he was in a dying state when I first saw him, and, before his beloved work was through the press he died. I had to write an explanatory note following the preface. The work was very well received by the press, and was fairly successful. Flanagan himself was a singularly quiet, shy man, but withal genial and pleasant.

In 1863 we published "Tracks of McKinlay and Party across Australia," by John Davis, one

of the party. The volume was edited by my old friend William Westgarth, who wrote a long introductory record of what had previously been achieved in Australian exploration. McKinlay was one of the first who traversed Australia from south to north, and I think he was quite the first who had found alligators in the Burdekin river; he narrowly escaped being eaten by them.

About the same time we published "Reminiscences of Thirty Years' Residence in New South Wales and Victoria, with a Supplementary Chapter on Transportation and the Ticket-of-Leave System, by R. Therry, late one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New South Wales." This work was well received in this country and went through two editions, but for reasons, probably connected with the last chapter, it was received with the utmost reprobation and indignation in Australia. Copies were publicly burnt in Sydney.

"A History of the Discovery and Exploration of Australia," by the Rev. Julian E. Tenison Woods, in two octavo volumes, was published by us in 1865. This was regarded as the most scholarly and at the same time most deeply interesting work on the subject ever published, and it received deservedly high praise from the press. It has long been out of print, and is becoming scarce, and, as time goes on, will grow still more valu-

able. It embraces a very comprehensive survey of Australia from its first discovery by the Portuguese before 1540; and it furnishes also an admirable summary of all the explorations and of the adventures of the explorers down to the date of its publication in 1865.

In 1875 we published Mr. John Forrest's "Explorations in Australia," including his remarkable journey from Champion Bay, across the Desert to the telegraph and to Adelaide. Mr. John Forrest was then quite a young man, full of life and energy. He is now Sir John Forrest, Premier of Western Australia.

Many other works of Australian travel and exploration have been issued by us at different times; these are enumerated in a subsequent chapter under the heading "Works of Travel, Exploration, and Discovery."

MRS. GASKELL.

I do not remember that I ever had the pleasure of meeting this lady, but we published two of her novels, "Right at Last" in 1860, and "My Lady Ludlow" in 1861. I think that these works, like many of her short tales, appeared first in Dickens's "Household Words." My memory does not enable me to say whether these works attracted much attention at the time. My chief recollection

is that I arranged with the late Sir John Gilbert to make a very charming little drawing for the frontispiece of the one-volume edition of "My Lady Ludlow." The picture is of course familiar to readers of the book, it represents "My Lady" sitting in a high-backed chair, severely questioning a ragged urchin, who says, "Please, my Lady, I meant no harm, my Lady." The original drawing is still in my possession.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" caused considerable sensation on its appearance. It was said to contain certain psychological investigations which were distasteful to the Brontë family, and the first edition was withdrawn.

W. MOY THOMAS.

Mr. Thomas is one of the evergreens whom I have known, I think, for fifty years, and he still flourishes. He is so well known in the journalistic, dramatic, and literary world, and his work has always been so highly appreciated, that I need only name him as one whom I have personally known for the long period I have mentioned. This I do with pleasure. We published, in 1859, his bright and pleasant novel entitled "When the Snow Falls," and a few years afterwards, "A Fight for Life." He also translated for us Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." Mr. Thomas was for many

years connected with "The Daily News" as dramatic critic and leader writer. I may say also that very many years ago he assisted Mr. Sampson Low in editing "The Publishers' Circular." He was born in 1828. He is my junior, but he has to all appearance many years of life yet to live, I trust, very happily.

CHARLES READE.

In 1863 we had much correspondence and frequent interviews with Mr. Charles Reade with reference to the publication of his celebrated novel "Hard Cash." Mr. Reade was an excellent man of business, and was very careful of the commodity which furnished the title of his book. In one of his early letters he wrote to me:

"Dickens has pronounced it uncomparably my best production, and looking at the research and labour I have bestowed, I should not be compensated by the sum I ask. I should not therefore be able to accept any offer that would cut away my chance of reaching, sooner or later, that sum; with this fair warning I can only say that I shall be very happy to see you here, either as negotiator or visitor, whenever you have half an hour to bestow on me."

The original sum asked by Mr. Reade for the *entire copyright* was £3,000. Eventually he accepted an alternative offer made by us of £2,250

for a term of years; but owing to some difficulties which I do not remember, it was finally agreed that Mr. Reade should print the book himself, and that we should publish for him on commission, and account for all sales at an agreed price. He consulted us about the price of the paper, which he purchased himself, and I am inclined to think his printers did not bless him.

With reference to this he wrote to me :

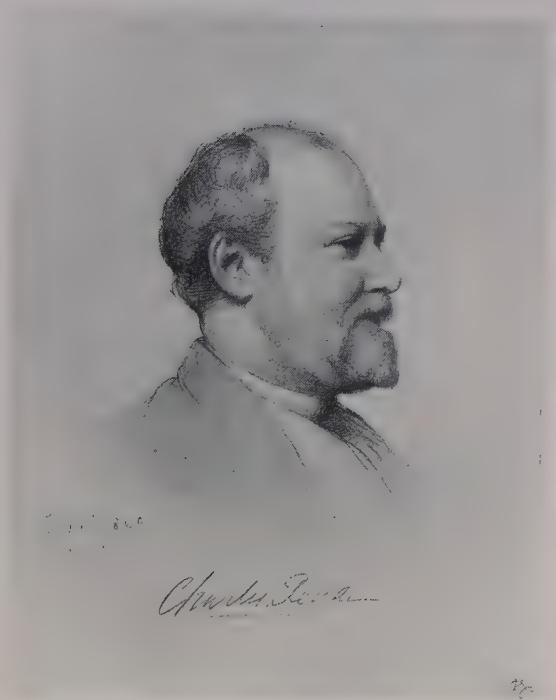
“I trust, my dear sir, you will allow that I have now made an effort to meet you. I will only add that the ordinary novel, which deals, however ably, with shadows only, is one kind of property, a story that cuts deep into realities of the day, and has already set hundreds discussing it as history and law, is a different thing; it finds buyers as well as readers, and that amongst a class that does not buy novels as a rule.

“Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) “CHARLES READE.”

In another letter, after the foregoing terms had been settled, he closes with these words:

“I am sure the above are fair terms as between trader and trader; and you know I come to you as a trading author, determined to make money by my great labour.

“Yours sincerely,
(Signed) “CHARLES READE.”



CHARLES READE
BORN JUNE 8, 1814; DIED APRIL 11, 1884

We had further negotiations with reference to a cheaper edition of "Hard Cash." The following may be quoted as characteristic of the author's opinion of his own good work:

"It is of little use arguing in matters of business, yet I cannot help saying that I take a much simpler view of your transactions with Mr. Collins. 'Woman in White' was a great book, 'No Name' was not. The independent public bought the former largely because it was well worth buying. 'No Name' you forced in even greater numbers on the libraries, and the libraries forced it on their slaves the genteel public. But the great public are not crushed under machinery, and they had a judgment and a will of their own. That is my reading of the affair.

"Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) "CHARLES READE."

Mr. Reade had a very high opinion of Mr. Wilkie Collins—one of his rivals. He placed him first of all for literary ingenuity in building up a plot. Of Hardy and Blackmore he said to an interviewer, "Big men, Sir! almost as big as they are made nowadays."

Charles Reade was born June 8th, 1814, and after education at a private school, went to Oxford as demy of Magdalen. In 1843 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. He died of bronchitis on Good Friday, April 11th, 1884, at his residence,

Shepherd's Bush, just twenty years ago. He was a most interesting man. It was a custom of his to make cuttings of matters likely to be interesting or useful to him from newspapers and other publications, and to paste them into large folios, of which I have seen scores in his workroom at Chelsea. He was tall and stout, of a fine florid complexion, and with large wide-opened eyes, gentle and mild, as I think he himself used to say, "like those of a cow." His voice was rather husky, and gave one sometimes the idea that he was speaking with suppressed passion.

JAMES PAYN.

It was in 1864 that we published "Lost Sir Massingberd." This work, long since known to have been written by Mr. James Payn, was at first published anonymously. It so happened that it is the only work we ever had the pleasure of publishing for Mr. Payn. It was, I think, his first novel. It appeared in "Chambers's Journal" first, and being of a very sensational character, it was said to have sent up the circulation of that journal very largely. In book form it was not at first a conspicuous success, having come out without an authoritative name.

In treating with us for this work, Mr. Payn used not to write as the author but as commis-

sioned by the author; an expedient which gave him a freer hand in describing its merits. He insisted on this anonymity, which told very much against the book. I should have been glad to quote from some of his interesting letters, but as they were mostly written under seal of privacy, I must so regard them. I may, however, quote a few lines:

“If you still prefer to advertise the work as a *romance*, it will be better that you add of *real life*; as every incident recorded in the volume is *true*, although the events occurred to two persons and not to one. I could even tell you who ‘Sir Massingberd’ is, or rather *was*, which some day I hope to do, as well as to introduce you to the author.”

Of course I have long since known, indeed from the very first I had a shrewd guess as to who the mysterious author was, but up to this time, that is to say for forty years, I have remained in profound ignorance of the original of “Sir Massingberd,” that “some day” never came. It had always been a matter of regret to me that after this publication Mr. James Payn drifted away from our house; perhaps it was because his first, but anonymous, work did not prove so brilliant a success as he had predicted, and so we were not as enthusiastic as we ought to have been about his next book. No doubt he was able to make a better bargain elsewhere; he soon became one of

the most popular authors; he was, at all times of his life, one of the most genial of men.

It interests me to add that some years ago Mr. Payn wrote an article on "Old Age" in the "Nineteenth Century," published by my firm. It thus happened that we who were his first publishers in the days when we were young, became, after an interval of forty years, the publishers, I think, of one of the last things he ever wrote. The subject of his essay interested me, for I ought to be conscious, as he puts it, at least of "the gradual attenuation of life, a thing like a copper wire, which grows the narrower by going further"; and now that I reflect on it, I can hardly escape from the fact that the period of "attenuation" has caught hold of me, though physically I am still able to leap lightly over a good broad ditch when I go a-fishing. Let me be thankful.

DR. CUMMING.

In 1864 there appeared in "The Times" a series of very interesting articles on "Bee Culture" by a writer signed "Beemaster." It occurred to Mr. Low that a collection of these essays brought together would form an interesting and useful volume. He accordingly addressed a letter to the "Beemaster," to which he received the following reply:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your friend and customer is the 'Beemaster' of 'The Times.' A five shilling volume such as I could write, with beautiful wood engravings, would be a lasting book. You have no idea what a widespread interest the 'Beemaster's' letters have drawn out. . . . The book should be by 'The Times Beemaster.'

"Yours truly,
(Signed) "JOHN CUMMING."

As it has long since been known who the "Beemaster" was, there can be no impropriety in my mentioning now that he was the celebrated divine, Dr. John Cumming, the great preacher of Crown Court, where at one time he attracted very large congregations. One of his regular hearers was the late Lord John Russell. Dr. Cumming was also a voluminous writer of works on Prophecy. He had retired from his church, I believe, at the time I refer to, at all events he had gone to reside at Tunbridge Wells, where he occupied his learned leisure in the cultivation of bees.

When the Bee book came out it was violently attacked by a portion of the press, as the work of an amateur; it held its own for some years, but has long been out of print, and is now doubtless quite forgotten.

Dr. Cumming was an old friend of Mr. Low's, and a constant visitor at Lamb's Conduit Street,

where I have often seen him in the old days. I remember him as of a mild and genial aspect, with a gentle voice and a decided Scotch accent.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Among the many other finely illustrated books produced by us was a volume edited by Walter Thornbury, entitled "Two Centuries of Song." On the production of this work we expended over £2,000. It was profusely illustrated by men who have since become famous in the world of art; among these were Millais, Tenniel, F. Walker, Marks, Calderon, G. Thomas, W. Small, J. D. Watson, Holman Hunt, Pickersgill, and others, of whom some remain unto this day, but many have finished their work on earth and have departed.

The production of this book brought me into constant communication with the late Walter Thornbury. We had much correspondence, and some occasional sparring, for if he was very clever, he was also very careless, and wholly unreliable as to time. I once drew his attention to these little failings, and he replied thus: "I admire your incisive good sense and business-like promptitude, but you must also be reasonable," the word *reasonable* I fancy had reference to our pecuniary arrangements. I might quote more were his handwriting not so illegible—but here is a bit of some interest.

Comparing his work with some one else's, he writes:

"It will fall before us, for it is as Irving used to say of the natural man, 'the nateeral mon is to the speeretooal mon what the child is to the giant, and is as easily overcome.'"

Whilst Thornbury acted as literary editor of "Two Centuries of Song," Joseph Cundall took the part of art editor. Thornbury's "Gainsborough in Green Lanes," is one of the most delightful and sympathetic books relating to art in existence, and his "Tales for the Marines" is the forerunner of the detective literature of to-day. We were not the publishers of these works, but we published a volume of his entitled "Cross Country" in 1861. It is a collection of most amusing and interesting Essays. They represent a campaign of some ten years in periodicals. "The scenes," says he, "I have sketched are to me pleasant reminiscences of artist tramps in various English Counties (especially Wiltshire, my foster mother), of many enjoyable walks on the coast of Antrim and round the arbutus woods that fringe with evergreen the beautiful shores of Killarney." His Somersetshire rambles carry him back to the time when he was sub-editor of "Felix Farley's Bristol Journal," a publication which in its time had nursed the genius of Chatterton and nearly all the later poets. "Cross

Country" has long been out of print. It is certainly a most amusing and fascinating work. There is a charm about it which one looks for in vain in the profuse periodical literature of to-day, so at least it appears to my old-fashioned way of thinking.

JOSEPH CUNDALL.

From the earliest time of my publishing career I have had some sort of connection with Joseph Cundall, so well known to everybody connected in any way with publishing and fine-art work. He was a man of exquisite taste and wide knowledge in all matters relating to art in its application to the production of illustrated books, and he assisted us in bringing out many of the finely illustrated works for which our house has been well known. I am glad to recall his name and cheerful presence to the memory of many old acquaintances. Of late years he had been confined to his house, chiefly on account of chronic asthma. His fine head, flowing white beard, and velvet skullcap gave him a strong resemblance to an "old master."

Joseph Cundall died two or three years ago.

VICTOR HUGO.

In 1865 we first entered into negotiations with M. Victor Hugo, with respect to his work, "Les

Travailleurs de la Mer." Our correspondence with M. Hugo's agent and the French publishers would make a volume of itself. I shall select a bit here and there having some reference to the great man and his work. M. Hugo seems to have changed his French publishers pretty frequently; those with whom we had to deal concerning this book were Messrs. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven and Co., whose head quarters were at Brussels, but who also had a house in Paris.

We naturally desired to see something of the work before making it a matter of large speculation, but this was found to be impossible with so great an autocrat as M. Victor Hugo: we had to content ourselves and buy a "pig in a poke," or, as the French publishers said, "a cat in a bag" in this case. Our Paris agent whom we had commissioned to get information about the forthcoming work wrote:

"It appears that Victor Hugo, although his works are bought and paid for in advance, never sends the manuscripts themselves, but has them copied, and at the last moment, so that the publishers have only just time to print the work and be ready for the fixed day of publication. M. Lacroix himself told me that all he knew was what Victor Hugo had himself told him, viz., that the scene was laid on the coast of England and in the Channel Islands, and that the plot was interesting and connected, not

breaking out into episodes like 'Les Misérables.' M. Lacroix added that his firm had bought what is called here 'a cat in a bag,' on the mere strength of the reputation of the author."

Victor Hugo himself told his agent, "que ce serait le roman le plus dramatique, le plus palpitant qu'il aura fait, où il n'y a point de longues digressions en dehors de l'intrigue."

As the result of endless discussion and correspondence we purchased the right for the English language, and an agreement was signed 25th January, 1866, but this did not end our difficulties. The French publishers insisted that we must not send any of our proof sheets to America until five days before publication. This ridiculous stipulation would have quite upset our American rights, or rather our priority, for we had no *rights* in America in those days. This caused much correspondence, and it became necessary that I should go to Paris to put the matter on a proper footing.

Of course it is well understood that neither Englishmen nor Frenchmen had or could hold any copyright in America; but the French publisher had received a very large order for the French edition in the United States, and he did not wish a scrap of the book, even in English, to get out there before he had safely landed his own edition.

We paid what at the time we considered a bold

and venturesome price for "The Toilers of the Sea," but the work ran through ten or twelve editions, and was generally regarded as a marked success; just the kind of success which frequently leads rash publishers into a pitfall.

At this time Gustave Doré was at the height of his fame as an *Illustrator of Books*. We asked him to make two drawings for this work; these he made most promptly. He sent us two large drawings, each about three feet by two feet, dashed off in black and white in his happiest and most vigorous style. The engravings appeared in the book, but the drawings we parted with, much to my regret, to an American enthusiast.

When "Ninety-three" was announced, in 1873, it became almost a duty, so it seemed to us, that we should again become Victor Hugo's publishers; but the great success of "The Toilers" was still green in the memory of all, and the consequent competition of many publishers, English and American, sent the price up with a bound. We only succeeded finally in buying the English rights for £1,500, nearly four times as much as we had paid for "The Toilers of the Sea," a far better book.

After running this story through "The Graphic," and covering the American market and our own home and colonial sales, we wound up with a very narrow margin of profit. This again taught us the

ever-recurring lesson of the extreme uncertainty of the results of publishing.

When, therefore, M. Hugo's next work, "By Order of the King," was announced we were not very anxious to get it; we had paid far more than the real value of the last book, and had come perilously near a loss in the venture. We stood aloof and allowed Messrs. Bradbury and Evans to carry off this prize. I know not what they paid, or how the work fared in their hands; it was not well spoken of by the press in a literary sense, and they do not seem to have been inspired to speculate again; so that when M. Hugo's next book, "The History of a Crime," came before English publishers there did not appear to be any anxious bidders. It was an immense work in four volumes. We walked over the course, but we had to pay the round sum of £500, which the sales in various forms ultimately brought back to us but with very little over.

This brief story of these four books fairly illustrates the ups and downs which authors and publishers alike have frequently to encounter.

In visiting Paris in January, 1878, I had a double motive: first to negotiate with M. Victor Hugo for "The History of a Crime." For this purpose I had many interviews and unlimited correspondence with M. Victor Hugo's *alter ego*, M. Paul Meurice, but, after much discussion on

various points, I brought the matter to a satisfactory conclusion.

M. Paul Meurice was the intimate friend of M. Hugo, and certainly an enthusiastic admirer of his work. He was, besides, an excellent man of business, and in this respect relieved M. Hugo of all trouble and responsibility.

I will give one quotation from the many letters I received from him, showing his desire to impress me with the value and importance of "L'Histoire d'un Crime":

"It was written at Bruxelles in December, 1851, January and February, 1852. Victor Hugo was, as you know, *Président du Conseil de Résistance*, and he has told all that he and his friends did, everything he saw from day to day, hour by hour; it is dramatic as a romance, *saïssissant* as reality, and it has all the interest and grandeur of one of the most important events of the century, which has had such an enormous influence, not only over France, but over the whole of Europe."

The other reason for my being in Paris at that particular time was that I might meet Mr. H. M. Stanley, then making a sort of triumphal progress through France on his way home from "The Dark Continent." Of my interviews with him I have given some account further on.

G. F. MASTERMAN.

"Seven Years of an Eventful Life, or Paraguay and the Paraguayans," by G. F. Masterman, was published in 1869. The book has long been out of print, and is now quite forgotten. It was received with welcome, and excited much interest by its very truthful account of the author's personal adventures and of the cruelties practised on him. I have not seen the book for many years, but I remember his description of one method of torture to which he was subjected by Lopez and his officers which struck me as being as ingenious as it was diabolically cruel. He was made to sit, his head was forced down between his knees, a musket was passed under them and over his neck, and in that position he was left for some hours.

THE CLOWES FAMILY.

From my earliest days as a publisher I have had more or less intimate relations with various members of this house, which was for many years regarded as the largest printing concern in London, or perhaps in the world. The first members whom I knew were Mr. William Clowes and Mr. George Clowes, sons of William Clowes, who founded the business in 1803.

Of Mr. William Clowes the only recollection I have is, that about thirty years ago he did me the honour of proposing me as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. He departed this life many years ago, but I have no record of the actual date of his death. With Mr. George Clowes I had more intimate relations, but I think it was to both of them that I am indebted for having once only in my life witnessed Epsom races on the Derby day; from the grand stand too, for Mr. William Clowes had a box there. This was at the time when they were printing for us one of Stanley's great books, probably "Through the Dark Continent."

I went down with Stanley to Mr. George Clowes's residence at Surbiton, and thence we were driven to the races. When we had seen all there was to be seen from the stand, Stanley proposed that I should walk round with him.

We soon came to a grand waxwork exhibition, which we were invited to enter, there to behold most beautiful and lifelike waxwork models of the great African explorer, Henry M. Stanley! We did not enter, but gazed curiously at the splendid outside pictures of Stanley in a succession of tragic situations. He was immensely amused.

Messrs. Clowes have long been famous for their hospitality. It was their annual custom, at that time, to invite a large number of their friends

to a Whitebait dinner at the famous "Ship" at Greenwich. The guests and hosts sat round a huge round table, like King Arthur's knights. There was no head or tail, top or bottom—all were placed on an equal footing. Herein is the advantage of a "table round"—a table of any other shape must necessarily have a top and bottom, and thus a sensitive guest might think himself slighted if he found himself at the bottom, or be too elevated and proud if he found himself at the top! These gatherings always passed off with dignified propriety, it is true, but at the same time with the pleasantest joviality and goodwill, and no one contributed more to this result than the late genial George Clowes.

This member of the family was born in the year 1814; he lived for seventy-three years in this world of vanity, and he left behind him an honoured and greatly respected name. In the year 1837 he married the eldest daughter of Charles Knight. In Mr. Knight's schemes for the diffusion of knowledge Mr. Clowes took the greatest interest, and he was invariably consulted by his father-in-law in all his large undertakings.

Since the death of George Clowes that "table-round," to which I have referred, has lost many of its old friends. Not long since his youngest son, Edward A. Clowes, a young man of splendid

physique, was called away to "that strange country, the beyond," only a few months after his third son, Winchester Clowes, had been carried off quite suddenly. It had been said of his father, "his temper was so good and his bearing so genial, that I doubt his ever having made an enemy." The same may be said of Winchester Clowes.

The present heads of the house, who so well sustain its high reputation, are the cousins, W. C. Knight Clowes, son of George Clowes, William, son of William (II), and his son, William Archibald, representing the fourth generation. May they flourish long.

BARON TAUCHNITZ.

This is a name which must not be omitted from my reminiscences. He was a fine old gentleman, tall, handsome, excessively polite, and very dignified. As everybody knows, his speciality in publishing was reprinting the works of all English authors of importance, for sale on the Continent only. There was a time when English books might be published on the Continent without any consideration for the rights of the authors with impunity—this lawful piracy was eventually put a stop to, and I believe it is true to say that from the time of Baron Tauchnitz's starting his "collection" in 1840, he never published without the author's consent and adequate remuneration. It was far back in the eighties

when we published for him his *two thousandth* volume, which was written by the late Mr. Henry Morley. It is entitled "Of English Literature in the reign of Queen Victoria, with a glance at the past." It had a large and continuous sale. One of the peculiarities of this work is that it is preceded by about forty pages of *facsimiles of the signatures* of authors in the Tauchnitz collection.

I should have mentioned that so far back as 1869 we published his *one thousandth* volume. This was "The New Testament, the Authorised Version, with introduction, and various readings from the three most celebrated manuscripts of the original Greek Text." By Constantine Tischendorf. The peculiarity of this volume is that it is annotated from the three most ancient Codices, viz., the Vatican, the Alexandrian, and the Sinaitic: a part of the latter was discovered by Tischendorf himself in the monastery of St. Katharine on Mount Sinai in 1844 and the second part in 1859.

Of the nearly 3,000 works which the series by this time includes, I think the two volumes above named are the only ones that were legally entitled to be sold in British Territory, and it is well known that Baron Tauchnitz has always most honourably done everything in his power to prevent the importation of copies into this country; but let us suppose that there has always been a recording angel perched up aloft on every steam-



JOHN FRANCIS
BORN 1811; DIED 1882

boat, who has taken note of the contents of every passenger's baggage, and to count the number of smuggled Tauchnitz volumes; how many scores of thousands of these contraband luxuries would that recording spirit have had to report to have crossed the Channel and found homes in respectable libraries?

We also published for Baron Tauchnitz a series of non-copyright English classics, and a series of translations from the German—all uniform in size and style with the "Collection."

JOHN FRANCIS, of "The Athenæum."

I have put him in the sixties, but I might as well have put him back into the forties, for as the publisher of "The Athenæum," he must have been familiar to me so far back as 1849 at least. I fancy that in those younger days I used to regard him as stern of manner, and always fully aware of the dignity of his position as the controller, on the commercial side, of a great and powerful literary journal.

I never knew John Francis well, but I soon came to know enough of him to make me recognize in this stern and authoritative manner the mask that covered a very kindhearted and genial nature. I was but a youth when he knew me first and I am inclined to think that for thirty years at least

he continued to regard me as still a youth. He was on very friendly terms with old Sampson Low and young Sampson too, for each was a philanthropist in his way. They differed in this respect, that John Francis was a vigorous nonconformist, the other two were churchmen of the Evangelical order. Outside his business as manager of "The Athenæum," John was always occupied in originating and managing one scheme after another for the good and benefit of his fellow creatures—Secretary of Sunday School Union branches, Sunday school teacher, etc.; and apart from all this he also earned the gratitude of all classes by his persistent labours in the removal of taxes on knowledge.

In the year 1830 "The Examiner" thus printed its price:

Paper and print . . .	3 <i>d.</i>	} 7 <i>d.</i>
Taxes on knowledge	4 <i>d.</i>	

He was mainly instrumental in forming a committee for obtaining the repeal of the advertisement duty. Then he worked for the abolition of the compulsory stamp, and formed the Society for Promoting the Repeal of the Paper Duty.

To tell the whole story would be outside of my purpose. We all know now that our newspapers are free of the invidious stamp, and that advertisements are free of the obnoxious duty. Papers once published at 7*d.* came down to 3*d.*, and 3*d.*

papers to a penny and a halfpenny, and John Francis was one of the moving spirits who brought about this great change.

In 1831 he first became connected with "The Athenæum," when he was twenty years of age. In a very few months the business department was placed in his hands, where it remained to the time of his death, which occurred in 1882.

A full account of the work done by John Francis will be found in the life of him by his son John C. Francis, the present universally esteemed publisher of "The Athenæum." This work may also be called "The Life of 'The Athenæum,'" for it tells its story from the beginning—and, in this sense, it embraces a summary of the literary history of the period.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

It seems but as yesterday that I had a chat with young Niles, brother and agent for Mr Niles of Roberts Brothers of Boston, about Louisa M. Alcott, but in truth it must be at least thirty-five years ago. "Little Women" had just been published in America, where the book attained immense popularity at once. We imported an edition through Mr. Niles, and this was the beginning of our connection with Miss Alcott, which continued up to the time of her death. Thirty years ago and more

my children were delighted with "Little Women," "Little Men," "Old-Fashioned Girl," etc., and now, in the beginning of the twentieth century, their children are equally fascinated by them. Children all the world over are the best judges of children's books, and Miss Alcott's have as much vitality in them now as ever: they bid fair to stand in the same rank as "Robinson Crusoe" or "The Vicar of Wakefield." Books that have stood the test of two generations will not be allowed to be forgotten by generations yet to come.

The first story published by us, although Miss Alcott had written much before, was "Little Women"; it made its own way in the world, it crossed the Atlantic and came to this country as a wanderer, unprotected by any law, and so it soon became a prey to whomsoever was pleased to seize upon it. The fact of our having imported an edition from the American publisher conveyed no legal right to us: the work was soon taken up by other publishers and many editions appeared. Our publication of the authorized, though unprotected, edition brought us into direct communication with Louisa M. Alcott, and thenceforward we published all her books.

In those days, for an American to get copyright in this country, it was thought desirable that the author should be resident in British territory at the time of the first publication of the work in

England. In order to effect this, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Alcott, and many other American authors crossed the border to Montreal or Toronto, where they would stay for a week during the issue of their book in London. This was done to make assurance doubly sure; but it was quite unnecessary, as many of us thought who had faith in what may be called the *obiter dicta* of Lord Cairns and other law lords, in the case of *Routledge v. Low*. Messrs. Routledge had disputed the right of a foreigner to copyright, even if temporarily resident in British territory, and they were defeated. Lord Cairns had gone further, and expressed his strong opinion that even residence was unnecessary.

I think it must have been about the time of the first publication of "Little Men," in 1871, that Miss Alcott came to England with her sister, Miss May Alcott, who was an artist of very considerable repute. They also made a long stay on the Continent. During their stay in London they frequently called upon us in Fleet Street. I have a clear remembrance of them both, for it was a great pleasure to have a chat with them. They were very bright and cheerful, and with good reason, for just at that time Miss Alcott was at the height of prosperity, and the artist had been highly complimented by Ruskin on her reproductions of some Turner pictures. Subsequently, and after Miss L. M. Alcott had returned to America, Miss

May was married in London to M. Nieriker, a young Swiss artist. They called on me just before they left London for Paris, the happiest couple that could be imagined. Their marriage had taken place March 22nd, 1878; sad to say, their happiness was of short duration, for Mrs. Nieriker passed away December 29th, 1879, leaving behind her an infant.

Miss Louisa Alcott was very proud of her artist sister, and they were greatly attached: her grief was profound.

"Little Women" was first published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, in October, 1868: she said of this book, "We really lived most of it, and if it succeeds that will be the reason." Its success was prompt, and was not confined to America and England; it was translated into French, German, and Dutch. In June, 1872, the author wrote in her diary, "Twenty years ago I resolved to make the family independent if I could. At forty that is done. It has cost me my health, perhaps, but, as I still live, there is more for me to do, I suppose." She did not regain health, but neither did she relinquish her work. During her remaining sixteen years she produced many books. The following is a list of those issued by my firm: "Little Women," 1869; "Old-fashioned Girl," 1870; "Aunt Joe's Scrap Bag," "Work," two volumes, 1871; "Beginning Again," sequel, 1873;

"Shawl Straps," 1875; "Rose in Bloom," 1872;
"Eight Cousins," 1876; "Silver Pitcher," 1875;
"Under the Lilacs," 1876; "Jack and Jill," 1878;
"Jimmy's Cruise," 1880; "Joe's Boys," 1879;
Lulu's Library; "Proverb Stories"; "Recollections of my Childhood"; "Spinning Wheel Stories."


Miss Louisa M. Alcott was born November 29th, 1832, and died March 6th, 1888, in her fifty-sixth year.



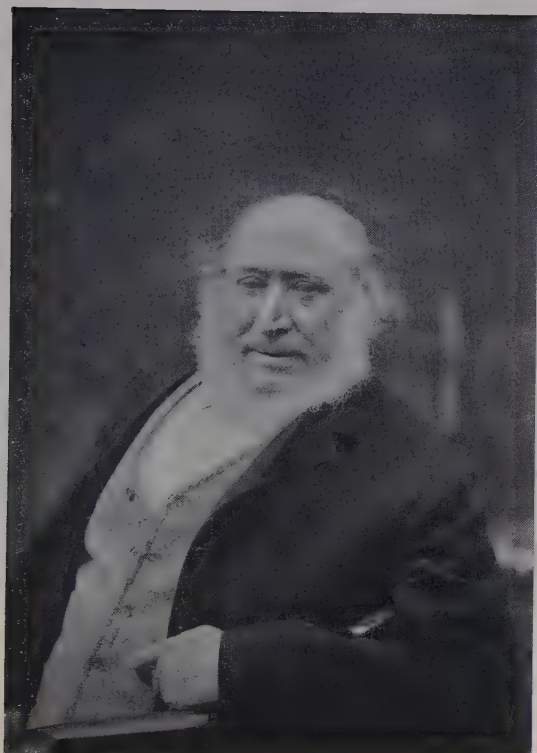


CHAPTER V

R. D. BLACKMORE

URELY one of the greatest pleasures of a publisher's life is that of being on terms of intimacy and friendship with the authors with whom he has to deal ; this helps to counterbalance the chagrins that weigh him down when books don't sell.

I became acquainted with Mr. Blackmore more than forty years ago. I have a clear recollection of his coming into our place of business at 47, Ludgate Hill—a fine spacious old place now to be sought for in vain, for the Chatham and Dover Railway bridge occupies the site of it—he was very tall, and of a large muscular frame, but not so broad-chested and portly as he became in after years. He dressed very plainly, and altogether looked very much like what he actually was by choice, a gardener and a vine grower. His voice was gentle, deliberate, almost timid and yet manly.



R. D. BLACKMORE, M.A.
BORN JUNE 7, 1825; DIED JANUARY 20, 1900

He brought with him a small manuscript poem, which was in fact a translation of the first part of Virgil's *Georgics*, which he called "Farm and Fruit of old." We published the little book for him, and I may say we continued to be his publishers from that time to the present.

In Mr. James Tregaskis' Catalogue a copy of this little volume in the original stiff paper wrappers with the *author's autograph*, was offered recently for the very modest sum of £4 14s. 6d. It has long been out of print, and must be scarce in the original form. Mr. Blackmore subsequently completed his translation of "The *Georgics*,"—this was the first part—and we published it.

I have now before me a photogravure portrait of him in a handsome frame which he presented to me, and underneath in a panel is the following quaint note :

"Teddⁿ, June 19, 1895.

"MY DEAR MR. MARSTON,

"I was launched into this vale of tears on the 7th of June, 1825, at Longworth in Berkshire. Before I was four months old, my mother was taken to a better world, and so I started crookedly.

"Very truly yours,

"R. D. BLACKMORE."

I myself had already been launched into this vale of tears just four months before him.

I have no thought of writing a biographical sketch of my old friend: that I know would be the very last thing he would have wished me to do, for he had expressly stated in his Will that no biography of him should be published: it would be altogether beyond my province to attempt to write a literary appreciation of his high qualities as a writer.

I have in my possession many of his letters; in almost every one there is some quaint touch of humour, some curious or laughable suggestion.

I had long ago Mr. Blackmore's permission to make any extracts from these letters I might wish to make. I shall now exercise that discretion very sparingly, and must also do so without any attempt at chronological order. The dates range over many years.

One day in 1894, when writing to him on another matter, I told him of the illness of my son, R. B. M., whom he always called *Piscator*. In his reply he says

“I am anxious to hear what the opinion of *Piscator*'s condition may have been. The finest fellows in London told me that I should never walk again, a year and a half ago, but lo, though not like you, I can ‘feel my feet’ again!”

Then comes the following *jeu d'esprit*.

DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Though gravel runneth in a pile,
And rheumatism revel,
With Calomel and Chamomile,
Thou shalt defy the devil.

SPECIALIST OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

Don't listen to that poor old muff,
Quite different your plight is;
Pure science shows you clear enough—
'Tis Osteo-Arthritis."

R. D. B.

What thumping fees they charged. Oh laws!
For "best advice procurable,"
But now my hopes revive, because
I am pronounced incurable.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

My son, Mr. R. B. Marston, relates a narrow escape which Mr. Blackmore had about sixteen years ago. I think the story is of sufficient interest to quote here. He and Mr. Blackmore were going fishing together to Shalford, near Guildford.

"Mr. Blackmore," says Mr. R. B. M., "took the reins from the groom, and we started, but had not gone many yards before I felt the dogcart was turning over on its side. Being young and active, I jumped instantly, and, luckily, landed on my feet, and turning quickly round, I saw Mr. Blackmore coming down head

first. Being but a yard away, I sprang forward and threw my arms round his back and chest, and so broke his fall, for in another second he would have fallen with all his weight right on to his head on the road. But he was a big, broad-shouldered man, and I could not avoid bending under his weight, so that his head, which was under me as I bent over clasping his back to my chest, came to the ground, and his nose and forehead were scratched rather severely by the gravel. Luckily, the horse stood still, and the groom rushed up and held it, while we picked ourselves up. Mr. Blackmore's face was bleeding a good bit, and of course I wished him to return home, but he would not hear of it, saying that he would not on any account do so as it would upset his wife. He assured me he felt all right, and explained that in consequence, as he believed, of the groom having given him the reins crossed, he had driven the wheel against a stout timber strut supporting the high fence. So, with some misgivings on my part (for I could see my friend was both shaken and nervous) we got the groom to lead the horse out into the main road, and then drove off. Mr. Blackmore had continually to wipe the blood from his face, and when we had gone a few miles I persuaded him to stop at an inn and have a wash and a rest and some brandy. Although suffering much more than he would tell me, he most pluckily drove right on to Shalford, where we arrived without further mishap, and after lunch we went fishing, or rather I fished and he looked on; he would have a turn next

day, he said. . . . He thought it best to start for home soon after lunch, I returned by train later."

Mr. Blackmore wrote next day to tell Mr. Marston that, on arriving home, he found one of the shafts half broken through.

BITS FROM R. D. BLACKMORE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

"Little rebuffs do good, enlarging one's stock of humility, which is not too abundant with any author of my acquaintance, including self. . . . There is such a thing as humble pride, and self-doubt increases self-reliance when it is met courageously. . . . My vines are going on gloriously, white bunches hang like water-spouts, and black ones like far thunder-clouds. All things know my hand, and say (not without self-seeking) how much better is the grape than the gall, the fruit of the vine than the famine of the pen."

". . . Many thanks for the portraits, the good Professor¹ is capital, but the expression of his eyes is (to adopt the slang word of the day) too 'incisive'; he looks as if he were cutting into a tough megatherium. I have known him look so also when mate in two moves confronted him at the hands of your most obedient."

"I have taken to trowel instead of pen, and am now what nature made me for, a lyer (not in books) but among potsherds. Wings of silver

¹ The late Professor Owen.

and gold have I none, but grub away rather like a beetle, one of the stercoraceous order. Any-one looking at my vines would say 'this is your rôle my good fellow, stick to it; any ass can write novels (at least in the opinion of the publishers); but to make a vine needs intellect.' "

"It will give me great pleasure to spin a little yarn for the F.G. . . . I will try a cast for your good son . . . as he is at Dulverton he may learn something of the assistant curate there . . . who scarcely hopes to see me 'at the Throne of Grace' on account of the profanity of L. D.!"

With reference to a printer's reader he wrote:

"That man has mistaken his avocation. Perhaps it is better that he retired to his tent. I hoped that he was gathered to his fathers—the wisest of whom carried Balaam, or was of posthumous service to Samson—but no, he leaped out of his grave, and corrected Britannia about ruling the waves—all wrong."

On another occasion he wrote:

"What a narrow escape for the printers! they must have had the d——l after them; and with all the long score he has against them no wonder they put steam on, but sooner or later . . . catch them he will, and may I be there to see it! But I will try to feel sympathy for their destiny if they will keep up this flash in the pan."

"I wonder if the Slowcomes would quicken step if their offices were on fire. I believe they would sit down on their block like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Despairing of any impression whatever (for I believe your deepest sympathies are with them, and that you keep a running—no, that is too fast a word—a standing, or rather lying down account with them to square sleeping losses), I remain, &c. &c."

But the following avalanche of humorous abuse surpasses them all:

"DEAR MR. MARSTON,

"Some idiot (hatched out of an addled egg) has put his curdled brains to work (——'s vacuum press) at that ancient institution the title-page—Behold the squash! Of such is the kingdom of fools, a realm and republic everlasting—see my remarks which are much too mild. I cut off strong language from bottom last time, *stet* everything beginning with a D now.

"Truly yours,

"R. D. B."

All this assumption of wrath was over a title-page, and it so happened that I was the culprit. I had struck out all the stops as is the good custom now, for in my humble opinion they disfigure and destroy the symmetry of a title-page to no purpose. What is the full point after "Lorna Doone.", for example, but a big blot? I confessed to him

that I was the interesting party so vigorously described above, and he was mollified, as the following letter shows:

“MY DEAR MR. MARSTON,

“I made sure that I had my old foe (the printer) doing despite to me, and so let out at him with strong expressions, but find that my own knuckles have come to grief against a stronger head than my own; anything that *you* do must be thought of many times, for there is sure to be good sense in it; and I beg pardon both for overlooking that, and for confounding (and I did indeed *confound*) a true friend with an inveterate foe. At first I passed his overrulings mildly; but when he renewed them, I consoled myself by confiding my sense of the wrong to you, with hearty denunciations. No doubt there is wisdom in your words . . . however, I am quite content to accept your authority with the deference of a true Gladstonian, who knows no stop, neither shadow of query, although abolished punctuation lands me in compunction deep.

“Believe me truly yours,

“R. D. B.”

I trust printers and printers' readers will appreciate at their true value these little tempestuous, but humorous and harmless sarcasms.

The following has reference to an arrangement for one of his books with an American publisher; the odd volume referred to was, I think, a volume

of poetry which he had published before I knew him:

"The American offer is scarcely enough for a good hurdy-gurdy, as regards cash down, and royalties are as the king's evil to me. But several London publishers have been prospecting vaguely; one in particular, who picked up an odd volume of my early days in Birmingham, and thought it worthy of a better form. If he make me a definite offer, I *may* take it; for I could not ask you to incur any outlay upon a spec. so doubtful. But, likely enough, he will expect me to share in the toss-up or the pot at the foot of the rainbow."

"The Custom House people at Liverpool have got a packet of books from New York, addressed to me (said to be 'Lorna Doone') from some purloining publisher desirous to seethe this kid in his own milk. I am told that 'feelings of delicacy' prevented all these pirates from showing me the plank they walk me over, but my groans have enlarged their cheek."

"Many reviewers—for there are no critics now—are a little bit piqued at not having hit the truth of the *dénouement*; though there are several sub-indications which they would have noticed if they ever read carefully. . . . It is amusing to see how flatly they contradict one another, saving their author the trouble of reply; and above all, in my case, exalting to the skies a book themselves, or their fathers, had not a

good word for, when it had to be transported to Botany Bay, for want of a friend in England."

"Everything languishes with heat and drought, no fruit swells, and much of it shrivels—shall we never have a lucky season? We gathered ripe peaches, about the size of nutmegs, from the open wall on Midsummer Day! . . . Strawberries (like the 'Dead Sea Apples' of the novelist) powdered into ashes. I have a fine crop of *standard* peaches—a new sight in this country. I wish you would spare time to come and see them."

Once on a time when Lorna was a little toddler of two or three years old (I mean my granddaughter, not Lorna Doone), we went a-fishing together in Dove Dale, and "The Amateur Angler" dedicated his "Days in Dove Dale" to Lorna. That dedication tickled Mr. Blackmore, and he was delighted that my grandchild had been christened Lorna. As she grew up, he always took a special interest in her, and not long before his lamented death he sent her a beautifully bound copy of "Lorna Doone" with a charming inscription, as a birthday present.

One glorious summer afternoon, which we all look back on with singular pleasure, Mr. Blackmore invited me and my son, his wife, and his whole family of youngsters to spend the day with him and his two charming nieces at his house at

Teddington. It was a time when his beautiful gardens and lawns were at their best, with fruit trees laden with apples and pears, strawberries and cherries in luscious abundance, apricots and peaches as plentiful as blackberries. He was very proud of a small orchard of *standard* peaches. These trees, laden with fruit and standing in rows like apple trees, were, he said, at that time quite a novelty in this country. They certainly thrived well there and then, for fruit of all kinds was superabundant that year. Here it was, in the midst of all these glories, that Mr. Blackmore romped with the children on the lawn. He had a beautiful little pony, and it was a sight to see him mounting the children one by one, or a pair at a time, on the pony, and leading them about and all round the grounds. He seemed to be perfectly happy and he made us all happy. Everything combined on that delightful day to shed simple pleasures all round; the bright sunshine, the trees laden with fruit not yet ripe, the luscious strawberries and cherries, quite ripe and ready for consumption. Our festivities over, he walked with us to the station (this was his invariable custom whenever I have visited him), I think, with one of the young ones on his shoulder much of the way. All was so simple, natural, and pleasant. The youngsters often talk of that bright day, and I shall never forget the grand old man as he stood bareheaded on the platform bidding

us all good-bye, and waving his black straw hat as the train moved away.

Here is another little character sketch:

“DEAR MR. MARSTON,

“Having finished my job (K. and K.), I feel like one of the fish you have caught, or mean to catch, when laid on the bank with his gills flapping.”

In January, 1879, Mr. Blackmore wrote me a long letter with reference to “Mary Anerley,” which was then in preparation; this letter refers also to “Lorna Doone.”

“DEAR MR. MARSTON,

“When I get such letters as I received yesterday from a brother angler, I care not a fiddle-string for all the Harpers that ever harped on instruments of brass and tinkling cymbals. . . . M. A. seems, as you say, to be at a discount without anybody having seen her, and I suppose ‘Erema’ (which was mauled by some of the critics) has pulled down my value. . . .

“The story is cast on a large scale and written with more than my usual care. A page a day is my maximum.¹ It is a very quiet tale so far, but will have plenty of incident. It will bear more resemblance to ‘Lorna Doone’ than my other works. I take to the poor thing all the

¹ Mr. Blackmore’s page, however, written in his peculiarly small writing and very close, would make about six ordinary pages of type.

more for her evil fortunes. But for you, 'Lorna Doone' might never have seen the light. All the magazines rejected her, and Smith and Elder refused to give £200 for the copyright.

"Thank heaven, I have plenty of self-confidence, simply because I know good work when I see it, and pretty soon condemn work—though my own—when it is scampish. You will say I am like the old woman whose illness was attributed to too much gin, and who proved *instantly* that it was caused by *too little*.

"And I certainly do sympathize with unmitigated defiance—the which I hereby hurl at all who despise *M. A. without seeing her*.

"Yours ever truly,

"R. D. BLACKMORE."

"LORNA DOONE."

I have been asked frequently to give some detailed account of the history and origin of "Lorna Doone." I am not aware that I can give any better account of it than that which has already been given by Mr. Blackmore himself in a prefatory note to the illustrated edition which was published in 1882, which, for the benefit of those who do not possess that edition, I will quote here. I may mention that the first edition in three volumes was published in 1869. The next edition, in one volume, did not appear till 1872. His first novel, "Clara Vaughan," was published in 1864 by Messrs. Macmillan; I remember that Mr. Daniel

Macmillan was very enthusiastic about it. It first ran through "Macmillan's Magazine"; we subsequently purchased their interest in this work.

"PREFACE TO THE TWENTIETH EDITION.

"What a lucky maid you are, my Lorna!

"When first you came from the Western Moors, nobody cared to look at you; the 'leaders of the public taste' led none of it to make test of you. Having struggled to the light of day, through obstruction and repulses, for a year and a half you shivered in the cold corner, without a sun ray. Your native land disdained your voice, and America answered 'no child of mine'; knowing how small your value was, you were glad to get your fare paid to any distant colony.

"Still a certain brave man¹ felt convinced that there was good in you, and standing by his convictions, as the English manner used to be, 'She shall have another chance,' he said: 'we have lost a lot of money by her; I don't care if we lose some more.'

"Accordingly forth you came, poor Lorna, in a simple pretty dress, small in compass, small in figure, smaller still in hope of life.

"But, oh but, let none of the many fairer ones, who fail, despond; a certain auspicious event occurred just then, and gave you golden wings. The literary public found your name²

¹ The late Mr. Sampson Low, the younger.

² This refers to the Marchioness of Lorne, now Duchess of Argyll.

akin to one which filled the air, and, as graciously as royalty itself, endowed you with imaginary virtues. So grand is the luck of time and name, failing which more solid beings melt into oblivion's depth.

"This you too must do, ere long; meanwhile, be proud of success beyond merit, and rejoice yet more, that fortune showers fresh delights upon you. To shine with adornment, as a female should, to find your words made pictures of bright beauty, from pure love of you,¹ and thus to venture forth, to those who will receive you kindly, through the force of habit and of nature. October, 1882."

The illustrations containing the figure subjects are by Mr. William Small; and Mr. W. H. J. Boot did many of the landscape initials.

I have always thought that Mr. Blackmore looked with a kind of jealousy on "Lorna Doone." He certainly did not regard it as his best or even his second best work. Undoubtedly, from a purely literary standpoint, there is better writing to be found in several of his later works, and he could never understand why they did not sell as well. From the popular standpoint the great public is the ultimate judge, and it has decided unquestionably in favour of "Lorna Doone." It should be said, however, that all his works have had a large and continuous sale.

¹ This unwise lover is Mr. F. A. W. T. Armstrong, of Bristol.

He said to a correspondent, "In none of my books have I satisfied myself. There is something rather childish in 'Lorna Doone,' I think. Perhaps, taken altogether, 'Alice Lorraine' is the best."

The death of Mrs. Blackmore in February, 1888, was a blow to her husband from which, I think, he never recovered. He wrote to me on that occasion: "At present I am lost and wandering, having nothing to live for. . . . My wife died of inflammation of the lungs, after seven days' struggle. Up to the last I hoped and hoped, and now have nothing more to fear, I am cast into the wilderness at 62. Forgive my selfishness."

Again he wrote a few months afterwards: "All the spring of my mind seems gone, if ever there was any. I cannot write or betake myself to any recreation, and the pleasure of gardening is gone. I thought of going away, but dread the void of return to this empty house. . . . I hope you will take a fishing trip, and give us the pleasant share of it which you have the power of imparting."

I began this imperfect sketch by mentioning the date of Mr. Blackmore's birth from his own handwriting; and I will conclude by simply mentioning the date of his death, after many months of intense suffering, borne heroically. He died January 20th, 1900.

On April 26th, 1904, a memorial window was erected by some friends and admirers, in Exeter Cathedral, by the kind permission of the Dean and Chapter. Underneath the window is the tablet: I am pleased to be able to give the exact inscription. There were thirty-five members on the committee. Mr. Eden Phillpotts was the originator of the design. Among the members of the committee were several of Mr. Blackmore's literary contemporaries, viz., Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Rowland E. Protheroe, Mr. W. Clark Russell, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bristol, and others. Mr. James Baker was Chairman, and Mr. R. B. Marston Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

THIS TABLET AND THE WINDOW ABOVE ARE A
TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION AND AFFECTION
TO THE MEMORY
OF
RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, M.A.
SON OF THE
REV. JOHN BLACKMORE.
EDUCATED AT BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON:
AND EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD, (SCHOLAR):
BARRISTER OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, 1852;
AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE," "SPRINGHAVEN" AND OTHER WORKS;
BORN AT LONGWORTH, BERKS, 7 JUNE, 1825;
DIED AT TEDDINGTON, MIDDLESEX, 20 JAN., 1900.
"INSIGHT, AND HUMOUR, AND THE RHYTHMIC ROLL
OF ANTIQUE LORE, HIS FERTILE FANCIES SWAY'D,
AND WITH THEIR VARIOUS ELOQUENCE ARRAY'D
HIS STERLING ENGLISH, PURE AND CLEAN AND WHOLE."¹
"HE ADDED CHRISTIAN COURTESY AND THE HUMILITY
OF ALL THOUGHTFUL MINDS, TO A CERTAIN GRAND
AND GLORIOUS GIFT OF RADIATING HUMANITY."
Cradock Nowell.

¹ These are the first four lines of some *In Memoriam* verses which his friend Mr. Munby contributed to—"The Athenæum."

The window is the work of Messrs. Percy Bacon and Brothers, of Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, and the tablet that of Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter, who has given a wonderfully successful portrait of Mr. Blackmore in marble.

The sum collected was sufficient to defray the expenses of the above-mentioned tablet and window. There was a surplus of £20, which was handed over to the Authors' Society's Benevolent Fund.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in his address on the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial, so happily described the nature of the man and the character of his work, that I am glad to add his pleasant words.

He said

“Those high lessons which Blackmore taught as spontaneously as the bird sang and the flowers shed fragrance were never more needed than in this restless, self-assertive, vulgar-minded time; never had that distinguished charge to be reserved and modest, patient and thorough, called for utterance more loudly than to-day. He showed—as every supreme dramatic artist has showed—that goodness is man's only hope; that evil, sooner or later, reaps the whirlwind. . . . He indicated the virtue of courage and humility, the propriety of tolerance, the value of self-reliance, the distinction of patience—that rarest modern

gift. Those who knew him could attest how these qualities of fearlessness and modesty and respect for the wonderful gift intrusted to his keeping were a part of himself. His splendid generosity, his genius for finding out the worth in others, his charity and his humour, made Blackmore a man apart—a personality unique in that literature for whose highest traditions he always stood. He beat no drum, clamoured at no corner of the market-place, permitted no curiosity to pry into the sacred privacy of his life and his home; and so it happened that a generation, suckled on modern journalism, supposed that he had retired from the van of the fight; but there he was to the end, and there he laboured, watchful, zealous, and jealous for his beloved art. It was not true to say that Blackmore was the author of many good books and one great one. He enriched the language with many great works, works inspired by his own wealth of head and heart, proceeding from his own abundance as an artist and a man. There was in his broad sweep, like the roll of an ocean wave, something Elizabethan. His manliness, insight, glorious humour, were a tonic to the mind, and heartened a man at every page to purify his own motives and ennoble his ambitions. Lifted above the least shadow of selfishness by his human sympathy, Blackmore surveyed mankind with mercy, but also with justice. He rated men not by their achievements, but by their desires, by the things they held good and strove for. Absolutely fearless, he answered only to his own ideals, and not the most arrogant critic

of literature dared to handle his work as severely as he did himself."

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

It was in the sixties that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Clark Russell; he has been a most interesting correspondent for many years. When I first knew him he was a young sailor just home from the sea; he came with the MS. of a wonderful novel under his arm. This was in the year 1867. We published it, and the best that can be said of it is that it was *not* a failure. At his special request it was not reprinted, and it has long since been out of the market. A few years later he wrote, "since I sold you my first book I have got married and have three children to support."

Now in this year of grace, 1904, he is the grandfather of at least as many. He is still young, and although a great sufferer and confirmed invalid, he writes with the cheerfulness and buoyancy of a boy.

I had got thus far in my recollection of him when it occurred to me to ask Mr. Clark Russell to write for me his impression of our first interview. Although he was only partially recovering from one of the severest attacks of illness he had ever had, he complied at once, and sent me a long article which, coming as it does from a man of high literary

standing, I shall quote almost verbatim, although I should like to annotate it with occasional exclamations against its altogether too extravagant laudation. If the reader will discount the eulogies which come from the goodness of the writer's heart and are due to the fertility of his imagination, by say sixty per cent., he may be nearer the true mark.

“RECOLLECTIONS OF EDWARD MARSTON.”

“I believe it was in the year 1866-7 that I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Edward Marston. In those days a man long since dead, a lively, pleasant, good-hearted fellow named Dr. Edward Fennell was a friend of mine. . . . He introduced me to Sampson Low. I had written a novel. I would not for thousands proclaim its name; but enough that I then thought it a masterpiece, and based on a new idea in literature, namely a combination between the style and method of Jane Austen and the style and method of Victor Hugo. I was little more than twenty-three, to which age the experienced will forgive much. I gave my friend Fennell the MS. to read, and eventually Sampson Low was advised to publish it. I was much astounded and delighted when one afternoon I received a letter from Sampson Low stating that they were willing to publish the novel and offering me twenty-five pounds for it. I lost no time in calling at Ludgate Hill. I asked for a member of the firm, and I was con-

ducted, if I can clearly recollect, to a small office in the centre of the building. Here was a gentleman to receive me. I was struck by his good looks, his soft, dark intelligent eyes, his agreeable manner, and a pleasant reserve which as I afterwards came to know, easily thawed when you gained his acquaintance or friendship. I was too young at the time to think much about his age. He was probably slightly over forty. I understood that he was Mr. Edward Marston, partner in the firm of Sampson Low. After commenting on my book in a very kindly manner he said, 'Twenty-five pounds is not much to offer for a three-volume novel.' I smiled, and answered, 'it is not,' but without emphasis. 'But,' said he with an arch look, 'we can do without it.' I gazed about me at the clerks, the richly lined bookshelves, the countless illustrations of a flourishing business, and thought to myself, perhaps you might *not* be able to do without it. But I held my peace on that score, for I should have been very much humbled and mortified had Mr. Marston, understanding that I agreed with him, handed me back the manuscript.

"It was, however, in their new premises, Crown Buildings, Fleet Street, some time after the foregoing interview, that my acquaintance with Mr. Marston really began; for I do not remember that I saw him above once in Ludgate Hill.

"If ever an author has reason to speak well of his publisher I am that man. From the beginning Mr. Marston honoured me by exhibiting



WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL

confidence in my work. He took everything I sent him, much of which I am glad is forgotten, and in his correspondence I never failed to meet with the same old encouraging note. I was delighted with the success of 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor,' quite as much for my dear old friend's sake as for my own. He again and again extended his hand, when most publishers, as I now understand them, would have turned their backs.

"His family, when I had the pleasure of knowing them, lived in Highbury Crescent, as pleasant an old town retreat as can be dreamt of by the lover of suburban London . . . a more hospitable man never existed, his table was full and abundant with no claim to elegance or ostentation. You came away well pleased, for who, like Dr. Johnson, does not love to dine? . . . I also remember a very pleasant little room fitted up for a miniature billiard table, and I have a cheerful recollection of Mr. Marston playing with his sons, Robert and Arthur, often pausing to break into a roar of laughter over some good story, the father and sons looking like brothers, and in the best sense acting as brothers. Another characteristic of my old friend's career I cannot overlook. I do not know a better father, a man who has more unswervingly devoted himself to his children's interests, and I cannot but think that their love, loyalty, and the honour in which they hold him is just such a reward as the upright, genuine, and in the best sense of the word, simple nature of Mr. Marston could wish. He is happy in his tastes, he loves the angler's

pursuits, and in his charming books, proves the possession of a very delicate, rare and sweet capacity of interpreting the works of nature to which his love of the rod carries him. He is now eighty and I am sixty, and I would say that he is twenty years my junior, if it had not pleased God to wreck my life by a disease, which has been with me since 1881, keeping me in bed for months, rendering me silent and hopeless with pain, and withdrawing me from the communion of many to whom it would have been my pleasure and pride to be personally known. I say that Mr. Edward Marston would be twenty years my junior, even if I were, to use the sailor's expression, a well man. I heartily trust that God may continue to bless him, and that he may attain a far greater age than he has yet reached, that he may delight the fastidious and curious reader with charming books, revered by the friends who know him best, and honoured and loved by his children and grandchildren."

And this is how history is written ! A substratum of truth, for the facts mentioned coincide with my own memory but the decorations, are due, as I have already warned my readers, to the writer's kindness of heart and too vivid imagination. I wish that the humble individual on whom so much eloquence is lavished could feel himself to be in the least degree worthy of it.

One good turn deserves another ; here the author has almost exhausted the language in laudation of

the publisher. The publisher only needs the like facility in writing to enable him to return these compliments tenfold, and with far more truthfulness. I can only say that as to hospitality I have received far more from him than he has from me. As for his character, I am not an artist to paint any man's character; that is largely to be discerned in his absolutely pure and pleasant writings. When it is remembered that for more than twenty years he has been physically a complete wreck, never able to move about without the help of crutches or a bath chair, and yet always possessing a bright and cheerful nature, and exhibiting in his stories the vigour of mind and clearness of intellect that not many writers can equal and few surpass, surely he is worthy of all praise that can be bestowed upon him.

It had been my intention further to illustrate my friendly connection with Clark Russell by short quotations from many old letters, but the above document has come upon me as a pleasant surprise. It shall serve a double purpose; for although its object was in all kindness to paint my portrait, he has, in doing so, with characteristic exaggeration of the good points, painted one phase of his own generous nature in delightful colours.

ELIHU BURRITT.

It is impossible to give a word to many friends and acquaintances of the days gone by, but I must

devote a small space to one of the most genial, simple-minded, warm-hearted men I have ever met, I mean Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, as he was called, of Vermont, Mass.

It was in 1865 that I met him. He was a most interesting character; he was self-educated, and had attained the mastery over forty languages; several of these he spoke fluently, and he could translate any of them with ease. He made several walking tours in England, and wrote accounts of them, which we published under the titles "Walk from London to John o' Groat's," "Walk from London to Land's End," and "Walks in the Black Country." These were written with charming simplicity, and all favourably reviewed and well received by the public. He subsequently acted as United States Consul for Birmingham.

The following sketch of the characteristics of our "Country Footpaths" is a fair sample of the author's pleasant style:

"Most of them are centuries old. The footsteps of a dozen generations have given them the force and sanctity of a popular right. A farmer might as well attempt to barricade the turnpike road as to close up one of these old paths across his best fields. . . . Blessings on the men who invented them . . . they run through all the prose and poetry and romance of the rural life of England, permeating the history of green hedges, thatched cottages, morn-

ing songs of the lark, moonlight walks, meetings at the style, harvest homes of long ago. . . . They will run on for ever, carrying with them the same associations. They are the inheritance of landless millions who have trodden them in ages past, at dawn, noon and night, and in ages to come the mowers and reapers shall tread them to the morning music of the lark, and through spring, summer, autumn and winter they shall show the fresh checker-work of the ploughman's hob-nailed shoe. . . . Those pleasant and peaceful paths through park and pasture, meandering through the beautiful and sweet breathing artistry of English agriculture, are guaranteed to future generations by an authority which no legislation can annul."

EDWARD CAPERN,

the Devonshire Postman Poet, was introduced to us in 1865, so far as I remember, by Elihu Burritt, who discovered him on the memorable walk so pleasantly described in his book "From London to Land's End." Capern's little volume, called "Wayside Warbles," attracted a good deal of attention in those days. Burritt thought he had unearthed another Burns. I am unaware whether Mr. Traill would allow him to rank amongst his minor poets; possibly he never heard of him. Certainly his verses possess the merit of simplicity, of sweetness, and they have a genuine ring of the woods and fields. We have many of his letters,

but I find nothing that I can quote as characteristic; I may give the following bit from a long letter addressed to Elihu Burritt.

“I was glad to see you were at Richard Cobden’s funeral, it was a touching scene. I admire the loving tribute to the great man which you gave at Leeds, and thank you heartily for it. I have been reading your ‘Walk from London to John o’ Groat’s’ with immense pleasure. I don’t know whenever I enjoyed a book more to my taste, so fresh and sunny, and full of wise and loving teaching.”

I refer to this author and his work not as a great writer but as an interesting character. As a postman his beat lay between Bideford and Buckland Brewer, a distance of more than six miles, which he travelled twice every day, and warbled his woodland songs as he went, as happy and cheerful as the birds. It is thirty-three years since I saw him. He died many years ago. Burritt said of him, “Edward Capern is a poet, and he is a postman, and both at once, and good at each.” The following four lines from “The Blackberry Girl” will give an idea of his style as a “Wayside Warbler”:

Her voice was sweeter than the brook
That warbled through the dale,
And every linnet came to woo
The maid of Cherry vale.

Lord Palmerston, after he had read several of the poems, granted Edward Capern a pension of £40 a year.



RT. REV. BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH
BORN JANUARY, 1825



CHAPTER VI

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH



ALTHOUGH the name of Bickersteth had been familiar to me from my boyhood, it was not until the year 1869 or 1870 that I became personally acquainted with the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, who was then vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead. He was the son of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Vicar of Watton, a very well known leader of the Evangelical party in the Church of England, and editor of the hymn-book known as "Bickersteth's Hymns," whose name was necessarily familiar to all booksellers from the large demand for his works that had always existed. It so happened that Dr. Bickersteth preceded me on the stage of human existence by just three weeks, so that each of us has, in widely different ways, a long road to glance back upon, whilst our forward outlook must necessarily be brief. The Bishop had not travelled over much more than half this road

when I became acquainted with him. He had been for years engaged upon the compiling and editing of a new Hymnal. This work was prepared, as he modestly says, "by a committee of friends," but unquestionably the compilation of the hymns, and the selection and arrangement of the tunes, were due almost wholly to his own undivided care and attention—an immense labour it must have been. Having completed his works he sought a publisher, and eventually an agreement was come to with my firm for the production of the work. This was a very great, and, to some extent, a very speculative undertaking; it involved the outlay of thousands of pounds. Its intrinsic merit was soon discovered, and the book proved an immense success; many editions have since been printed, and it would be hazardous, without minute investigation, to say how many millions, in its various forms, have been issued, or indeed how many churches all over the world have adopted it. Fifteen years before my acquaintance with Mr. Bickersteth, he had been vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, 1855-1870; for fifteen years more he continued to be vicar of Christ Church, 1870-1885; then for fifteen years he was Bishop of Exeter, 1885-1900, when, at the age of seventy-five, he resigned the bishopric. At the time of my present writing, he is in his eightieth year, and, subject only to the infirmities of age, is in the enjoyment of a healthy and happy retire-

ment. It is not for me, in such a work as this, to speak of the good work which he has done in the world. I will only say that the enjoyment of his friendship for so many years has been to me a source of pleasure and happiness. Apart from our business connection I have had much correspondence with him of a most pleasant character.

Of the Bishop's literary labours, apart from the Hymnal, I will only say that he was the author of many works which were very popular, but one of his works, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," an epic in twelve books, has made for itself a distinct niche in the temple of fame. Rarely has an epic poem on a sacred subject taken so distinct a hold on two generations of readers; it was published in 1873, more than thirty years ago; it has gone through several editions, and the demand for it to-day shows no diminution.

Respecting Bishop Bickersteth's travels abroad, I shall only mention one long journey to Japan, which he made in the summer of 1891, on a visit to his son, sometime Bishop of Tokio. That journey must surely have been an exceptionally pleasant and happy one; and the story of it was graphically told in a volume entitled "Japan as we saw it," written by his daughter, Miss M. Bickersteth, who, together with Mrs. Bickersteth, had accompanied him. This work was published in 1893; it forms a handsome illustrated volume of 350 pages. It was

unanimously praised by the press, and the edition was sold off promptly. It has never been reprinted. The memory of that happy journey was clouded not very long afterwards by the death of the young Bishop, whose brother subsequently wrote a biography of him. The Bishop of Tokio was the author of a volume entitled "Our Heritage in the Church."

WILLIAM BLACK.

In the decade ranging from 1870 to 1880, many things occurred of momentous interest to me. Out of the abundance of matter it is difficult to select, not what interested me personally, but what I may hope to make interesting to my readers. On looking back, for the last fifty years, I find that I have had dealings with eight or ten thousand authors. It may be equally surprising that I am able to say that neither as plaintiff nor defendant have I appeared in the law courts more than twice in my life. Indeed, the only case in which I remember to have figured as defendant was an action brought against us by an indignant author because, having provisionally agreed to publish a pamphlet for him, we declined to carry out our contract, for the reason that it was found, on examination, to contain scurrilous abuse of all our judges, asserting that they were altogether corrupt. The case was



WILLIAM BLACK

promptly decided in our favour. Another was the question of copyright already mentioned in the celebrated case of "Haunted Hearts," by Miss Cumming, which was carried to the House of Lords and there decided in our favour.

To omit the first name that comes before me in this decade would be to leave Hamlet out of the play. It is that of my time-honoured friend, William Black. Our connection with him carries me back to 1870. From that remote period to the date of his death I have had much pleasant correspondence with him and many delightful entertainments.

Mr. Black had already made a good literary reputation before we became his publishers. It was in 1871 that we published "A Daughter of Heth." That novel, first issued anonymously, lifted him at once into the highest rank as a writer of fiction. I remember well the generous enthusiasm with which Black wrote and spoke about the attractive way in which that book was advertised, and that, with his usual modesty, he attributed much of its success—really due to its intrinsic merits—to that fact.

"A Daughter of Heth" ran into eleven editions, that is, separate impressions from the same type in three volumes at 31s. 6d. In the one-volume form it has been running ever since.

Among Mr. Black's artist friends was the late Fred Walker. He drew for us a most charming

picture as a frontispiece to the first one-volume edition of "A Daughter of Heth," an illustration, of course, well known to a number of readers. Coquette had begun to play one of Mozart's sonatas, when Leezabeth banged the door open and advanced into the room, exclaiming, "Preserve us a', lassie, do ye think what ye're doing? Do ye no ken this is the Sabbath, and that you're in a respectable house?" Mr. Walker was so justly proud of this delightful drawing that he expressed a wish to buy it back, and we, regretfully, felt compelled to part with it.

It is unnecessary to enter into details respecting Mr. Black's other novels. They are all before the world in various editions. Next to "A Daughter of Heth," "A Princess of Thule" has been most approved by that ultimate and infallible judge, the great public.

February 27th, 1872, was memorable as Thanksgiving Day for the restoration to health of the Prince of Wales, and the procession of the Queen and all the Royal Family to St. Paul's.

Our Fleet Street house, Crown Buildings (now occupied by the Linotype Company, was admirably situated for viewing the procession from Temple Bar westward, to far along Fleet Street eastward. On that occasion the house was crowded from top to bottom, and it brought together in our rooms many "dear friends" whom

we had scarcely heard of before and have never seen since ; but, of course, there were many whom we were most glad to see ; among these were Mrs. Craik, author of " John Halifax," and Mr. William Black. Mrs. Craik had expressed a wish to meet Mr. Black, and here, for the first time, these two well-known writers conversed with each other.

We had published for Mrs. Craik a series of books for girls, called " The Little Sunshine Series " ; she wrote to me afterwards :

" ' Thanksgiving Day ' was a real enjoyment for which my friends wish to thank you much."

It may interest some of her admirers who have never seen Mrs. Craik to be told that she was a very tall lady, somewhat inclined to stoutness, of very benevolent aspect, and warmhearted and genial in her conversation.

Mr. Black sat in a corner, in the midst of a very noisy crowd of young people, by whom he did not appear in the least disturbed, and wrote for " The Daily News " a very amusing account of the procession under the title " In a Balcony."

Of course I had much to do with Mr. Black, and much correspondence, always of the most pleasant character, during the publication of nearly all his novels.

I have, however, a peculiar interest in " Green Pastures and Piccadilly." When Mr. Black heard

that I was about to take a holiday in the Rocky Mountains, he wrote me a humorous letter about Cheyenne. I told the story in my book, "Frank's Ranche," but I will venture to quote from it now, for my book was published, alas! twenty years ago, and, although it went through five editions at the time, it may not be much remembered now.

"In Mr. Wm. Black's 'Green Pastures and Piccadilly' there is a description of Cheyenne as it was twelve years ago (now over *thirty-four* years ago). There was a time when this now thriving city had earned for itself the name of 'Hell upon Wheels,' and I was told by an inhabitant who lived there then, that when the Union Pacific Railway was being made, bowie knives and six-shooters were freely used, and that three or four murders a week were the average, to say nothing of fights with Sioux Indians. Cheyenne had settled down from those exciting times when Mr. Black arrived there, and he found nothing about its appearance to entitle anyone to call it 'Hell upon Wheels.'

"'Certainly,' he says, 'the Cheyenne we saw was far from being an exciting place; there was not a single corpse lying at any of the saloon doors, nor any duel being fought in the street.'"

* * * * *

"As I have a personal interest in the matter, I will venture to give another extract from 'Green Pastures and Piccadilly.'

"Mr. Black says that—

“ ‘As he was unanimously requested by his party to pay a tribute of gratitude to the clean and comfortable inn at the station, he must now do so; only he must also confess that he was bribed, for the good-natured landlord was pleased, as we sat at supper, to send in to us, with his compliments, a bottle of real French champagne. Good actions should never go unrewarded; so the gentle reader is most earnestly entreated, the first time he goes to Cheyenne, to stay at this inn and give large orders. Moreover, the present writer not wishing to have his conduct in this particular regarded as being too mercenary, would wish to explain that the bottle of champagne in question was, as was subsequently discovered, charged for in the bill and honestly paid for too; but he cannot allow the landlord to be deprived of all credit for his hospitable intentions merely on account of an error on the part of the clerk.’ ”

“Just before I left England, and knowing that I contemplated a visit to the Rockies, Mr. Black was good enough to request me to look into his book and to see, from the circumstances as quoted above, whether I was not fairly entitled to have that bottle of champagne produced; he also desired me to present his compliments to a ‘pretty Scotch lassie’ at the hotel.

“Of course I pursued the inquiry: I had by chance stayed at this very hotel, but I ascertained, alas! that poor old Jones, the good-natured landlord, had long since made his pile in the good old times, when he could charge crowds of passengers a dollar and a half for their

meals, instead of (as now) seventy-five cents only; had retired to a farm somewhere in Idaho; had died, and left an enormous fortune to his widow. I may also inform Mr. Black that 'the pretty Scotch lassie' is now the mother of a large family somewhere up in the mountains.

"The inn has become the property of the Union Pacific, and is, in fact, one of the dining stations of that enterprising company. I regret to say that the intelligent and civil manager, though perfectly acquainted with the circumstances (through having read 'Green Pastures' in a ten-cent edition), did not feel it to be a part of his duty to his employers to hand over to me the bottle of champagne, notwithstanding the credentials I presented. He did not, however, raise the slightest objection when I invited him to join me and my friend M. in drinking to the health of the writer of 'Green Pastures,' to the wealthy widow of the departed Jones, and to 'the pretty Scotch lassie,' wherever she may be."

A local newspaper thus, somewhat erroneously, recorded our visit to this city:

"A. B. and C. D., two Englishmen who have been travelling around the world, stopped off yesterday morning and are guests at the Pacific. They had letters of introduction to Jones (!), the former landlord of the hotel, and had been told that Cheyenne was 'Hell on Wheels.' They are disappointed."

Mr. Black was always one of the first to write me

most kindly about my books as each was published; he sent me a cutting from "The Daily News," and wrote:

"I have been greatly pleased with 'Frank's Ranche,' and the atmosphere of vivid reality you have introduced into the narrative. I say 'ditto' to the remarks in the 'Daily News' this morning.

"Yours very faithfully,

"WILLIAM BLACK."

Here is a pleasant letter for a publisher to receive from his natural enemy!

"DEAR MR. MARSTON,

"I have now had leisure and quiet to get peaceably through the pages of 'Fresh Woods and Pastures New,' and I cannot forbear from sending you a line to say what an enjoyment it has been to me. The prevailing good humour, the transparent honesty, the constant literary charm (the last a quality that is usually absent from natural history studies), combine to make the book simply delightful; and if 'The Amateur Angler' goes on in this way, where is he to stop? Well, no one will want him to stop, that's one thing certain.

"But such a gross misstatement of fact as there is on p. 27! You say you've never met any one who has eaten plover, have you never met me? I've eaten the common green plover or peewit dozens of times; and though it is not as delicate as the golden plover, it is not a bird to be despised. Moreover, though it is very

fond of swampy places near the sea coast, it never gets fishy in flavour like the curlew.

"This is a criticism with a vengeance!! But all the same I give you my hearty thanks for so altogether pleasant a book.

"Yours very faithfully,
"WILLIAM BLACK."

The above is an example of many a generous letter that I have and prize greatly.

I remember a very pleasant gathering to which I can only now refer with a feeling of sadness. It was a banquet presided over by the genial J. R. Osgood, and was given in celebration of Mr. Black's Jubilee Birthday in 1891. Many literary, artistic, and journalistic friends were present. Mr. Black was joyous, almost boisterous, and presented a singularly ruddy and youthful appearance on this his fiftieth birthday, which gave promise, alas! not fulfilled, of a long and happy life. Osgood was genial and pleasant, and Du Maurier was there, full of life and spirit. Now all three have gone. Osgood was the first to depart; he died in 1892, to the grief of all who knew him. Du Maurier rests under a spreading yew in Hampstead Churchyard, and above him is a tablet bearing this singular inscription:

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing, and so good-bye.

William Black lies at rest in the churchyard at



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. F. BUTLER, K.C.B.

Rottingdean, where he had spent so many hours of quiet happiness in other days.

His name will live long in his charming works.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. F. BUTLER, K.C.B.

Another name which I must not pass over, for it is one with which I feel proud that my firm's name should be associated on the title-page of many books, is that of Lieut.-General Sir William F. Butler. I first had the pleasure of making his acquaintance more than thirty years ago, when he was a very young and I may say remarkably handsome Lieutenant. It was immediately after his return from the Far West that he brought to us his first manuscript, "The Great Lone Land," many long years before the Canadian Pacific Railway opened up that great country, when Manitoba was little more than a name, and Winnipeg City was unheard of, and the great Saskatchewan River had scarcely yet been explored. That most charming of travel books has gone through several editions, and is still in steady demand. I possess a whole budget of Sir William Butler's most interesting letters, written to me from various parts of the world, and covering a long period.

I am sure Sir William will forgive me for quoting a passage here and there.

About three years ago he wrote a humorous letter, in which he recalled his first interview with me. It is sometimes well that we should "see ourselves as others see us."

"It is all but thirty years since I first ventured to intrude myself within the, to me, hallowed precincts of a publisher's office (yours). I say advisedly 'hallowed,' because . . . I had come to regard a producer of books as a very high, solemn, and sacred personage, and I will tell you now, that the measured manner of your reception on that occasion quite upheld and continued my old belief.

"A few days later I came up from Chatham to see you again, and this time I was accompanied by a brother officer, whose mind in the matter of mental images was of more iconoclastic mould. You were not in your office. We adjourned to a neighbouring tavern for lunch. You were there. It was, I think, the historic 'Cock.' I pointed you out to my friend, and I well remember that as we recrossed Fleet Street to your office he had come to share my views as to the sacred status of a publisher. 'You won't be in it with him, old fellow,' was about the substance of his summing up—all that is far off now."

All I can now say about this incident is that if that tavern was "The Cock,"¹ I never lunched there, and he had mistaken me for some one else,

¹ We have since discovered that it was at "The Rainbow," not "The Cock," that I was seen and "summed up."

but I may also remark that had it really been "The Cock," the gentlemen would not have had to *re-cross* Fleet Street; for our house and the famous "Cock" were on the north side. The "Cock Tavern," and the houses adjoining, including the house or at least the site of *Izaak Walton's* house, and the whole block up to Bell Yard were pulled down in 1882. The *Bank of England* branch house now covers nearly the whole site.

Here is a bit from a letter dated February, 1872. After the lapse of nearly a third of a century, it reads like a prophecy.

"A very considerable amount of attention is now being bestowed upon the subject of emigration to Manitoba, and the unoccupied territories lying to the west and the north-west. I think you will agree with me that no time should be lost in the publication of a work which treats not only upon the great unknown regions of the Saskatchewan, but also carries the reader through the prosperous States of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, those young outliers of the American Union."

I think it may be fairly said that Sir William's book had much to do with the settling of these great, unknown "Lone Lands."

Writing to me from Toronto, July, 1872, Lieutenant Butler suggested a journey, which if he had carried it out might have anticipated the rush for gold by a quarter of a century.

“I have an idea of descending the Mackenzie River to its mouth, then crossing to the Yucon in Alaska, and afterwards working on towards Europe via Mongolia and Southern Siberia.”¹

In 1875 we published “Akim-foo, the history of a failure.” We had a long correspondence about this book; in one of his letters, Lieutenant Butler says:

“Your letter makes an addition to the list already in my possession—a list which may one day form the groundwork of a readable paper, entitled, ‘Letters from my publisher.’”

Having thus taken the liberty of making excerpts from his letters, I must not complain if sometime or other he carries out the promise suggested.

In January, 1874, Stanley wrote to me from Cape Coast Castle concerning the *Akim-foo* expedition.

“Poor Butler of ‘The Great Lone Land’ has been very sick, almost run under, but he has quite recovered, and has a special work assigned to him in a different part of the country, of which I have no doubt he will be able to write something interesting.”

Stanley says “he has quite recovered,” but my impression is that Butler had a relapse on his homeward voyage. I think this illness must be

¹ Instead of this trip Lieutenant Butler turned from the Mackenzie into the “Great Peace River”—an account of that journey is given in “The Wild North Land.”

the same that is mentioned in the long letter already quoted, and in which he goes on to say :

“I remember, a couple of years after that time, when I was lying ill of African fever in Netley Hospital, being told one day that a gentleman was outside the door of the sick room who had come a long distance to ask for the sick man in it—You were that kind visitor.”

I need not say that I was very glad to receive so pleasant a reminiscence after so long a time, and of so small an attention on my part.

The work on Akim-foo has long since been out of print.

In connection with Sir William's other works I may mention his account of the expedition for the relief of General Gordon. The title of this book is, “The Campaign of the Cataracts,” *being a personal narrative of the great Nile Expedition of 1884-5, with Illustrations and Drawings by Lady Butler.*

In his preface the author says :

“Although the Nile Expedition stands alone in the magnitude of its effort, the immense theatre of its operations, and above all in the heroic name which will be for ever associated with its object and its failure, history will nevertheless regard all that relates to the tragic chapter of Khartoum as incidents in the train of events which first assumed visible form before

the eyes of men on the 11th of July, 1882, at Alexandria."

The writer concludes the story, which is told in most graphic style, with these words :

"The man we had 'come out to seek in this desert' was gone, and only the echoes of his voice, 'Crying in the Wilderness' reached us through the darkness. 'I have done the best for the honour of our country. You send me no information, although you have lots of money. I am very happy. I have tried to do my duty. God rules all. His will be done. Good bye.'"

Sir William was born October 31st, 1838. His career has been a brilliant one, I may say, in a literary as well as a military sense. I trust there are many pleasant years yet in store for him.

COLONEL FRED BURNABY.

Colonel Burnaby was one of the most popular men of his time; he was one who made friends wheresoever he went, and in every grade of society. His first book, "A Ride to Khiva," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., brought his name prominently forward as a writer, and it was in this capacity that I became acquainted with him, I think, in 1877. Well do I remember his splendid gigantic figure as he used to stroll into our office when he had some grand literary project in view,



COLONEL F. G. BURNABY
BORN MARCH 3, 1842; DIED JANUARY 17, 1885

his hearty grip of the hand, his twinkling eye, and loud ringing laugh! There was a sort of magnetism about him which made us all jolly in his presence. Notwithstanding his joviality, however, he had a keen eye to business, was a fine hand at striking a bargain, and by no means under-estimated the value of his literary work. He seemed to take more delight in vanquishing a publisher than in winning a battle! However unpromising his project at first sight, he managed to cast over it a rose-tinted hue that made it assume an attractive aspect, and in this way he carried his point. In the result he was generally not far wrong, for he made his influence redound to the profit of his new book wherever he went, and, it is right that I should add, in case of failure he was always as generous in the end as he was exacting at the beginning.

He was somewhat fidgetty about his proof sheets: "Two days! and I have received nothing; this makes me swear—puts my liver out of order, and does away with the effect of the waters." On one occasion, when a slight inelegance of style was pointed out to him, he wrote:

"You are probably right about the repetition . . . I write as I talk, and do not pretend to have any style. You are not the only person who has remarked about the repetition of the word. I have let two or three people look at

the proofs, they are not connected with the press, but are average mortals. I call them my *foolometers*. They like the book. I think they represent the majority of the reading public! . . . You will make a success!"

He never would admit the possibility of failure in any literary venture he undertook, and therefore he insisted on being well paid beforehand. Writing about a certain picture of himself, he says, "I do not like it, it makes me as ugly as nature has. The artist reminds me of a Chinaman who sketched old K. The admiral complained that the likeness was not flattering. The Chinaman replied, 'How can handsome face make when handsome face no have got?' I am like K., I wish for a little more flattery."

On one occasion he proposed that he should cross the Channel in a balloon, and write an account of his experiences on the trip, if we would pay him £2,000! I replied that his price was too high, and added that I would undertake to do the trip myself, write an account of it, and be content with half the money. He was amused at this offer, but the trip never came off.

When he was lying dangerously ill with congestion of the lungs, Colonel Burnaby sent for me. "Ah! my friend," said he, "I'm glad to see you; how are you?" I expressed my sorrow at seeing

him in such a sad state. "Yes," said he, "I am ill; but I *mean* to get over it; I have done it before and I shall do it now: my doctor shakes his head, but I shall be all right soon." After a terrible fit of coughing, he added, "Go to that cupboard, you will find a box of splendid cigars, and come and sit down here and have a smoke." I felt that the smoke of ever so good a cigar could hardly be congenial to that fearful cough, or in accordance with the doctor's wishes, so did not comply with this kind request. I left the gallant colonel with a sad foreboding that, notwithstanding his confident determination to get well, there was little chance of his recovery.

The last letter I received from him is dated June 6th, 1884. In it he says:

"I am still suffering from my left lung, which is congested, and *later on mean to make one more big travel through Morocco to Timbuctoo*, when I will write you a book—such a book, Khiva nothing to it—that will make your fortune." That journey to Timbuctoo was not a joke; it was a serious project: he had often spoken about it at an earlier period, and it would in all probability have been undertaken, had not the Soudan war broken out. Then the scent of battle was too strong for him, he abandoned his projected journey, and started on what was to him, with his somewhat shattered constitution, one equally perilous into

Central Africa, to meet a soldier's honourable fate in the "Dark Continent."

On June 10th, 1884, he started without leave for Egypt. He joined General Baker at Suakin as a volunteer. On January 17th, at Abu Klea, he was in command, performing Brigadier-General's duty, and while rallying his men was killed by a spear wound in the throat.

My mention of the name of

GENERAL VALENTINE BAKER

reminds me that a few years before this disastrous expedition, we had published a work for General Baker entitled "The War in Bulgaria: Personal Reminiscences," 2 vols. 8vo, 1879.

I had frequent interviews with General Baker at that time, but I only remember him as a very stout, heavy looking man, and slow of speech. His style possessed no particular brightness or animation; but the material of his work was sound, honest, and straightforward.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

"The Prince of Wales' Tour in India" was one of the most important books on our list of works of travel in the seventies. It was published in 1877. It is now out of print. The full title is, "The Prince of Wales' Tour. A Diary

in India; with some account of the Visits of His Royal Highness to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain, and Portugal. By William Howard Russell, with Illustrations by Sydney P. Hall, M.A., artist to the suite of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales."

The work had a large sale and is very well known, but the prodigious amount of labour expended by Dr. (now Sir W. H.) Russell in writing it is not known or, I imagine, suspected. It may be said to have been re-written four or five times, and the press corrections were innumerable. Sir William was determined that the book should be as perfect as he could make it: he worked most conscientiously, and spared no expense in the way of correcting and revising. I am sure he will forgive me for quoting from a letter which I received from him December 30th, 1876:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Would to heaven I could send you my greeting of a happy new year, and feel that I had done all my share of the work in contributing a completed volume to the realization of my wish: I have worked incessantly for months and have spared neither time nor money . . . but somehow or other when I think all is straight and clear in the course for a finish, there comes the terrible printer with notes and queries and bullfinches and ten-barred gates. . . . If it were to do again I would not build the ship

on the same lines. . . . You may depend on my doing all that in my power lies to enable you to keep faith."

"Yours very truly,
"W. H. RUSSELL."

I may add that among his other accomplishments, Sir William is an expert and enthusiastic angler, and in that capacity has written many pleasant letters to my son, R. B. Marston.

JAMES BONWICK.

In 1870 we published a very curious book entitled, "The Last of the Tasmanians; or the Black War of Van Dieman's Land," by James Bonwick. An interesting feature of this volume is that it gives a full account of the life and death of the last male aboriginal of Tasmania, William Lanné *alias* King Billy. He was of "royal blood," but had an unfortunate propensity for beer and rum, and was seldom sober when on shore. He died at the age of thirty-four, in March, 1869. "'the last man' has gone," says Mr. Bonwick. "'The last woman' is no less a person than Trugamina, or Lalla Rookh. The woolly-headed Tasmanian no longer sings blithely on the stringy bark tiers, or twines the snowy clematis blossom for his bride's garland. The concern awakened for his condition came too late."

HENRY MORLEY.

About thirty years ago we published in our "Bayard Series" a charming little volume of Cavalier and Puritan song, called "The King and the Commons," selected and edited by Henry Morley. I single out this volume because it contains a poem by John Milton, printed for the first time, with a facsimile. This poem was discovered in the way described by Mr. Morley in his introduction as follows:

"It stands in what I believe to be the handwriting of Milton himself, on a blank page in the volume of 'Poems both English and Latin,' which contains his 'Comus,' 'Lycidas,' 'L'Allegro,' and 'Il Penseroso.' It is signed, I believe, with his initials, and dated Dec., 1647 (just 237 years ago). It was discovered in this way . . . desiring to represent faithfully the authors here quoted, where I do not myself possess original editions . . . I looked for them in the British Museum . . . There are two copies of Milton's 'English and Latin Poems' in the Museum, one in the general library, and the other in the King's Library, which was the copy I referred to. The Latin poems end on page 87, leaving the reverse of the leaf blank; and this blank I found covered with handwriting, which I took to be the handwriting of John Milton. It proved to be the transcript of fifty-four lines, entitled simply, 'The Epitaph,' and signed, I

think, though the first letter of the signature being much faded and obliterated by the Museum stamp, which covers it, is open to some doubt. 'J. M., 10^{ber} 1647.'"

Here is one stanza from the epitaph :

Think not, reader, me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That bee was happier far than men,
Who busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered to the golden flood,
Which from the amber weeping tree
Distilleth down so plenteously;
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself,
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

The manuscript created much controversy at the time. I think, however, it has been generally admitted that the poem really is by John Milton.





Jules Verne
Amiens, octobre 1902

JULES VERNE



CHAPTER VII

JULES VERNE

IT was in 1871 that we made the first agreement with M. Hetzel, of Paris, for the publication of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." That work had a very large success from the beginning; it went through several editions in an expensive form, from 10s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.; it has been published in several cheap editions since, and it is still in demand. Strange and marvellous as is the story told in this book, written forty years ago, the truth of its science is being singularly realized in the submarine developments of to-day. Other works of this author had been previously published by other English publishers, but from the time we became his publishers he poured out one and frequently two works annually for more than thirty years. We had purchased the copyrights of all we published, and during this long

period the total number of volumes issued must have amounted to hundreds of thousands.

Jules Verne's books fascinated the boys of thirty years ago, and they still continue, notwithstanding the recent enormous output of other books for boys to fascinate the sons and daughters of those old readers. A mere list of the books with their full titles would occupy too much space, so I must content myself by saying that the total number of separate works bearing our imprint is *fifty-five*, covering the period I have mentioned.

Of course, as may be said in the case of every author, these works are not all of equal merit; it may also be said that not one is devoid of merit: all are the result of the constant and persevering labour of a man of genius, of high attainments in the realm of science. On this scientific foundation he has written many of his semi-scientific books in which, while the science has the semblance of mathematical accuracy, the results are sometimes amusingly strange and grotesque and sometimes terribly tragic, but always of enthralling interest.

It appears that M. Verne has, or had in his younger days, a great passion for the sea. In an old number of the "Musée des Familles" there is a sketch of the career of the great *romancier*, from which I quote the following record of his love of the sea:

“ ‘Le Saint Michel’ is a small yacht of eight or ten tons, after the style of the fishing boats of the Bay of Somme; it was built in the docks of Crotoy. It is fitted up with a large chest which contains the boat’s library, comprising ‘l’annuaire des marées,’ a few charts, three or four large dictionaries, and a few books of travel. On the bridge is a gun which they never fire without commending their souls to God, so great is their fear that it will burst. M. Verne devotes all the time that he can steal from his work to this yacht, and the ‘library’ above mentioned, incomplete as it is, enables him to continue his researches.—Aboard the ‘Saint Michel,’ whether he directs the working of the boat or whether his mind wanders through the worlds that people the starry firmament—Verne has conceived a good half of his works. The ‘Saint Michel’ does not limit its ‘course’ from Crotoy to Havre. Sometimes the master takes in provisions and gains the high seas; he has visited the coasts of England, and of Normandy and Brittany.”

One might think, from the extent of his imaginary travels, that M. Verne must really have visited most parts of the habitable globe; as a matter of fact, however, his journeying has been mostly limited to these little trips of the “Saint Michel,” and even these have been abandoned for many years. In the beginning of 1886 he was badly wounded through the accidental firing of a pistol by his nephew. The ball struck M. Jules Verne,

inflicting a wound which has lamed the good old gentleman for life.

M. Hetzel, the publisher, has sent me the manuscript of a most interesting account of an interview with M. Verne, by M. Adolphe Brisson, occupying many pages, from which I can find space for only a few extracts.

“I had never seen M. Jules Verne,” says M. Brisson, “but having imbued myself with this story of the ‘St. Michel’ and his love of the sea, I had represented his physiognomy to myself as that of a sort of *loup de mer*, jack tar, bold, decided, a little brusque, with the air of one used to command, trained in all kinds of sport, a mixture of ‘Captain Hatteras’ and of ‘Michael Strogoff.’ On leaving the railway station I made inquiry for the domicile of the writer; when the person of whom I inquired understood my destination he at once put on a respectful air, and I argued, therefrom, the popularity of our friend to be at least equal to the gothic towers, the *toiles de Puvis*, and the *patés de canard*, on which the capital of Picardy prides itself.

“On my ringing the bell of a fine house in Rue Charles Dubois, the door opened of itself and admitted me into a gravel walk, bordered on the left by a smiling garden; in front was a kitchen, bright with shining coppers and exhaling delightful odours; on the right was a veranda in the form of a greenhouse. Some one hastens down the steps. It is he, and I was surprised at his slight stature; he did not in the

least present the figure I had imagined. He led me into the parlour, where Madame Verne joined us.

“ ‘ Our dining-room is too large, and we usually dine in this small room *en tête-à-tête*; a cover has been added for you,’ said Madame Verne. M. Verne lives mostly on eggs and herbage, as though he were a vegetarian, and Madame Verne has the appetite of a bird. Whilst I hasten to partake of the good things which have been provided for my sole attention, my hosts entertain me with talk of the present and the past. M. Verne has been a town councillor for many years, and is very zealous in attending all meetings. Madame Verne divides her time between the duties of charity and the pleasures of the theatre. M. Verne rises at five and settles down to his work. Their existence passes without *ennui* and without excitement. For wellnigh half a century have they dwelt in this house, and lived this tranquil life, and they trust that no accident will come to trouble them. Amiens is only separated from Paris by a two hours’ journey, but they never feel the least desire to accomplish this journey, or to contemplate Paris from the Eiffel Tower! ‘What for?’ says M. Jules Verne, smiling, ‘the air we breathe here is salubrious, it appeases the nerves and fortifies the brain; and you know I am not ambitious in the least!’ ”

M. Jules Verne was born at Nantes, February 8th, 1828. He was educated in that city, and then

studied law in Paris. He began his literary career as a dramatist, in 1850, by producing a comedy in verse, "*Les Pailles Rompues*," which was played at the Gymnase; after this he composed many *opéras comiques*. It was in 1863 that he carried his first book, "*Cinq semaines en Ballon*," to M. Hetzel, the father of the present publisher, who was well known not only as a publisher but as a charming writer of juvenile stories under the pseudonym of *P. J. Stahl*. From that date they continued to be very good friends to the time of his death in 1886. It was owing to the accident that M. Jules Verne had met with, just at that time, that he was quite unable to attend the obsequies of his old friend.

M. Verne is Officier de la Légion d'Honneur.

JAMES HAIN FRISWELL.

Although the name of James Hain Friswell is almost perhaps forgotten, there was a time, in the sixties and seventies, when his works attracted a good deal of attention. Personally he was kind-hearted and generous; he was very good-looking, of a ruddy countenance, strong and robust frame, and he seemed destined for a good old age. He was born in 1827, and died March, 1878, after a long and trying illness.

We published many of his works, the most suc-

cessful of these was "The Gentle Life," which was exceedingly popular, and went through many editions; even at the present time there is a small demand for it. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria was greatly interested in "The Gentle Life," and it was by her desire that a special edition was dedicated to her. Volumes containing popular essays such as this series of Mr. Friswell's were highly appreciated in those days. The Rev. Charles Kingsley wrote to Mr. Friswell, "The Essays deserve to be printed in letters of gold."

DR. SCHWEINFURTH.

In 1873 we published a work which, next to "How I found Livingstone," was perhaps the most popular, and certainly the most interesting, work of travel and adventure in Africa that had been published since Dr. Livingstone's own great works appeared. This was "The Heart of Africa: Three Years' Travel and Adventure in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa from 1868 to 1871," by Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, in two octavo volumes. This work was translated by Miss Ellen E. Frewer, with an introduction by Winwood Reade. As an explorer Dr. Schweinfurth stands in the highest rank, he is also a scientific botanist and a most accomplished draughtsman. The drawings from which the illustrations in his book were made are

exquisitely drawn and mostly by himself; they are perfect little pictures.

WAR, FAMINE, AND FOOD SUPPLY, 1871.

It would hardly be proper, in this imperfect record, to pass over an event in which, at the time, all the publishers and booksellers of London were deeply interested. In 1870 occurred the Franco-Prussian War, which resulted so unhappily for France. When Paris was in a state of siege, and the inhabitants bordering on starvation, it occurred to my old friend Joseph Whitaker (of almanack fame) that the trade generally might do something to alleviate the existing distress. I have already written on this subject in various papers, and I shall probably repeat here what I have already written elsewhere; indeed, this remark must apply to much that has gone before and that may come afterwards.

Thirty-three years have passed away since that catastrophe befell the French people. It may interest very many of the younger members of our worthy profession, if not so much the outside world, to be told as briefly as possible what was done. The first step taken was that Joseph Whitaker, in "The Bookseller," and Sampson Low in "The Publishers' Circular," simultaneously put forth an appeal which resulted in the formation of a committee composed as follows:

Mr. Butterworth.	presenting Messrs.	Mr. H. Sotheran.
Mr. F. Chapman.	Hachette, of	Mr. E. Stanford.
Mr. Chappell.	Paris).	Mr. Stewart.
Mr. Galpin.	Mr. Thos. Longman.	Mr. Trübner.
Mr. Hudson (Hatch-	Mr. Sampson Low.	Mr. J. Whitaker.
ard and Son).	Mr. John Miles.	
Mr. W. Kent.	Mr. J. J. Miles.	Mr. E. Marston, <i>Hon.</i>
Mr. H. Kleinau (re-	Mr. John Murray.	<i>Secretary.</i>

Of these eighteen six still survive—the remainder rest with their forefathers.

The sum of £600 was subscribed at the first meeting, and after consultation with Messrs. Hachette and Co. and Firmin Didot and Co., it was decided to send out a quantity of provisions comprising rice, flour, cheese, bacon, plum puddings, hams, beans, preserved meats, tea, coffee, etc.

The various packages were addressed, under M. Fouret's directions, as follows:

VIVRES.

Aux MM. les libraires de Paris.

au soins de

MM. HACHETTE & C^{IE}

Libraires.

Boulevard St. Germain,

PARIS.

Messrs. Hachette and Co. undertook the distribution of these provisions, and offered their vast establishment for the purpose, under the care and superintendence of Monsieur René Fouret; so that

for the time being the great publishing house became a great victualling establishment. The sum total of subscriptions amounted to £1,392 19s. 6d.

Mr. Thomas Longman, acting as chairman of the English committee, was indefatigable. He, Mr. J. Whitaker, and I did the marketing: we purchased largely from Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell. The French committee was equally energetic in seeing that every item was properly disposed of.

The distribution was admirably managed by Messrs. Hachette, their organization was perfect. M. Fouret, then a young and very active member of the firm, who speaks English perfectly, took upon himself all the correspondence as well as the distribution.

The only *contretemps* that occurred was that in the midst of the distribution, the terrible Communistic civil war broke out, and the *Octroi de la Commune* imposed a monstrous duty amounting to about £40 on the last 143 packets still undelivered. This was not paid, and the goods were sent to a warehouse at Villette, and remained there until the following June. All attempts to get the duty reduced were of no avail; it was eventually paid, and the goods, uninjured by the delay, were duly distributed.

This was a singular and remarkable episode in the bookselling fraternity, and one which I think deserves passing mention in such a record as this.



Photo by Nadar, Paris

MONS. RENÉ FOURET

The French are a generous people; their expressions of gratitude at the time were unlimited. They struck medals in gold and silver in commemoration of the event. As an active agent in the business they did me the honour of presenting me with a gold medal and a diploma conferring on me a life-membership of the Cercle de la Librairie. A similar medal was also presented to the Chairman, Mr. Thomas Longman, to Mr. Sampson Low, and to my *collaborateur*, Mr. Joseph Whitaker. That medal, which I regard as a great treasure, has been to me an *open sesame* whenever I have visited Paris since that time.

M. RENÉ FOURET.

It affords me pleasure to be able to say that now, in 1904, M. René Fouret still flourishes. He is, if not the doyen, one of the most popular and most respected of French publishers; and I may add, one of the pleasantest and best looking men in the profession. His joyous and cheerful welcome always comes upon one like a refreshing breeze.

M. Fouret was born in Paris in 1842. His father and grandfather were solicitors, and held a very honourable and important position at the bar of Paris. He was destined to succeed them, but had the misfortune, when he was only seventeen years of age, to lose his father, whose practice was

sold without the possibility of his son's taking it up. On completing his classical studies, he applied himself to the study of the law. He took his degree as *licentiate*, and at the same time worked practically with his father's successor and with other notaries, purposing to become a notary. At the age of twenty-four he married Mdlle. Bréton, granddaughter of M. Hachette, and daughter of one of the other partners of the house. After four years' experience in the business he became a partner, a few months before the breaking out of the war of 1870. Thus for thirty-eight years he has taken a very active part in the business of the house.

M. Fouret was a member of the International Jury at the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876, at Paris in 1889 and 1900, and at Bruxelles, and he was president of the Cercle de la Librairie from 1899 to 1901.

I may add that almost from the time when M. Fouret entered the great house of Messrs. Hachette, certainly long before the war of 1870, I have enjoyed his friendship. Whenever I have visited Paris I have been most hospitably entertained by him, introduced to his business friends, and am indebted to him for innumerable acts of kindness. He has many friends among London publishers, and I am sure he has no enemies; they, I think, will be well pleased that when writing an account

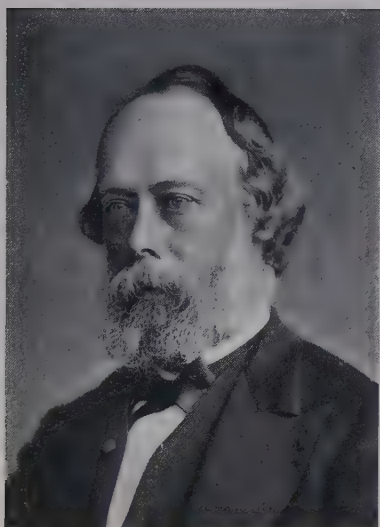
of my doings I have not omitted this slight and imperfect testimony to him who is now the head of one of the most important publishing houses in the world.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE.

It is unnecessary to say that as a publisher of books peculiarly adapted for circulating libraries I had to make the acquaintance, at an early stage of my career, of the great arbiter of the fate of books; at whose nod a book was made or a book was lost in the sense commercial. Charles Edward Mudie, the "Colossus" under whose huge legs authors and publishers alike were supposed "to walk and peep about," sometimes, to find for themselves "dishonourable graves," and sometimes great good fortunes, was, in point of fact, *not* a Colossus. On the contrary, he was one of the gentlest, meekest, most kindly of human beings. When I came to town in 1846 he had a small circulating library in Upper King Street, Southampton Row. He was only twenty-two when he established that business in 1840. He was of slender build, with a broad and thoughtful brow. I know nothing of his boyish days, but I can well imagine him as a Sunday school teacher, and I think I have heard of him as an occasional preacher.

He was an earnest thinker, and he drew a group of thinking men around him by his magnetic influence. When he started his library in King Street his reading friends well supported him, and he determined they should never want a book to read : he started the original system of obtaining and supplying every book that was asked for, and lending one volume at a time for an annual subscription of a guinea a year. He lived in his business, and nothing pleased him better than to discuss the merits of new books, and various literary problems with his customers. His library soon grew too large for his King Street premises, and he removed to the palatial premises in New Oxford Street. There, in one of the first floor rooms, was his sanctum, and there I have had many a battle with him when I have taken a new book and he had to subscribe the number he would take; for that number was really a guide for others to follow. He was by no means arbitrary, as one who should say "so many will I take, no more and no less." On the contrary, he was rather fond of arguing the point; and if I have sometimes gone away with a smaller number than I asked him to take, frequently he has taken more than he at first intended.

I never heard of Mr. Mudie as a prose writer, though possibly he may have written anonymously—he was a poet of no mean order. Early in the



CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE
BORN OCTOBER 18, 1818; DIED OCTOBER 28, 1890

seventies he published a charming collection of hymns and sacred songs, one or two political pieces and songs of nature, all of them written with very delicate, even fastidious literary taste. The volume was entitled "Stray Leaves." In 1870 he was elected a member of the School Board for Westminster District. He remained on the Board for three years.

It must have been some time in the late seventies that Mr. Mudie invited Sampson Low and me and a few other friends to dinner to meet the American Ambassador, the late J. Russell Lowell, whose poems were first published by him in this country in 1844. It could not have been very long afterwards that he lost his eldest son, Charles Henry Mudie. "A sorrow," as he wrote to me in January, 1878, "which would be altogether too heavy to bear, if it were not for the wonderful consolation which comes to us, not only from the all-availing words of our Lord but from the heart of so many sympathising friends. Our sorrow is indeed overwhelming, and our loss much greater than we ourselves can for the moment realise." This son, Charles Henry, was born in 1850, and died January 23rd, 1879. He is described as "Tom Holcombe," by Mrs. Craik, in a story called "A Garden Party" in "Good Words." I have always thought that the loss of this amiable and clever young son, himself a poet, had a permanent effect on Mr. Mudie's

subsequent life. This son had taken part in his father's business on his coming of age.

I think the last time I met Mr. Mudie was at Stationers' Hall on the occasion of a proposed Memorial to the late JOSEPH JOHNSON MILES. He and I were on the committee. After the meeting we walked down Ludgate Hill. He was far from well at the time, and extremely nervous, and I had very great difficulty in getting him across the street; he clung to me so closely that we both narrowly escaped being knocked down by an omnibus. He lived in retirement for some years, and his genial and vigorous son, Arthur Oliver Mudie, has for many years reigned in his stead.

JOSEPH JOHNSON MILES.

The mention of the name of Mr. Joseph Johnson Miles leads me to say a few words about him. I was given a letter of introduction to him by a cousin of his in Liverpool in the year 1846. I have known Mr. Miles from that time to the close of his life in 1884. I may well call him my friend, because he was the good friend of every one who knew him. He was for many years the near neighbour and intimate friend of Sampson Low, Jun. He was the head of the firm of Hamilton, Adams, and Co., but when I first knew him old Mr. Hamilton, founder of the house, was living. Mr. Hamilton,

who lived, I think, to over ninety; he was regarded as the father of the trade, and his mantle fell very worthily on the shoulders of Joseph Johnson Miles, who for many years was the benevolent patron and kind helper of all who sought his advice or assistance. His benevolence was not limited to the trade. He was a governor and almoner of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and took very active interest in the conduct of its affairs.

The proposed Memorial to Mr. Miles resulted in a monumental brass, 3 feet by 2 feet in size. The cartoon in the centre was enlarged from an exquisite drawing made by Millais. The background is diapered in low relief, and at the base is inscribed:

To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of
JOSEPH JOHNSON MILES JP.
for 21 years Churchwarden of this Parish.

In one of the side panels is the following inscription:

This Tablet has been placed here to perpetuate the memory of one whose life was devoted to works of charity and usefulness, and who, after seventy-three years spent in the service of his Master, was called to his rest on All Saints' Day, 1884.

MISS CONSTANCE F. GORDON-CUMMING.

Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, sister, or niece of the great lion hunter, was a charming lady and

a great huntress, not of wild animals, like her relative, but of wild scenery; she must have travelled over a large part of the habitable globe in search of the picturesque, which she described and painted so admirably. In 1875 we published a beautiful volume, written and illustrated by her, under the title of "The Hebrides and the Himalayas." During this time I had many very interesting interviews with her, and one is particularly impressed on my memory. She had asked me to tea to meet Mr. W. Simpson, of "Illustrated News" celebrity. Just as I was leaving our house a telegraph boy handed me a telegram, informing me of the death of my dear old father; with this sad story in my pocket I paid my visit. Her book did not meet with the pecuniary success to which it was fully entitled. Soon after the publication of her book, Miss Cumming sailed for Sydney, and thence with Sir Arthur Gordon, to the Fiji Islands, where she wandered for some time, and wrote a book entitled "At Home in Fiji."

MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

I cannot pass over in this record a name so well known in the whole literary world as that of Mrs. Cashel Hoey, who has been my constant correspondent and friend for more years than I can remember. We published for her many of her

charming novels; all of these were fairly successful; they were too high and pure in style and character to become very popular. Mrs. Cashel Hoey, who, I am happy to say, is still living, is well known as a literary correspondent and as a critic.

In the latter capacity she acted for a long time as our reader; being a lady of high culture, and literary skill and taste, her opinions were infallible on all works of history, travel, or fiction that came before her. But her judgement was purely *literary*; she sometimes urged upon us the publication of a work on account of its purely literary interest, and so, by listening to her "'witching voice," we have sometimes made mistakes; for experience has long ago taught us that a work may be well written and with admirable literary taste, and yet prove to be of little or no commercial value.

It should be added that Mrs. Cashel Hoey has translated many works, both from the French and Italian; in this capacity she has few equals.

JOHN THOMSON.

One of the most important books of travel published by my firm in 1875 was "The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China," by JOHN THOMSON, F.R.G.S. This work was the result of ten years' travels, adventures, and residence abroad. It was beautifully illustrated from the author's own

designs and photographs. One of the points of interest just now is the charming account which Mr. Thomson gives of Siam and the Royal Family. The book contains an engraving from a photograph taken by Mr. Thomson of the King, Chulalongkorn (then a small boy), who recently visited this country.

CAPTAIN A. H. MARKHAM.

In 1873 we published for Captain Markham his work entitled "The Cruise of the Rosario." This cruise among the New Hebrides was for the purpose of suppressing the traffic in what was really slave labour, namely, kidnapping natives under pretence of hiring them for a term of years to assist in the sugar plantations of Queensland. We also published for him "A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay in 1874." Captain Markham subsequently accompanied Sir George Nares in "The Alert" on the great Polar Expedition; he had the honour of leading a sledge party over the ice towards the Pole, and succeeded in planting the British flag in latitude $83^{\circ} 20' 26''$ N, the nearest approach to the Pole which had been accomplished up to that date.

SIR GEORGE NARES.

A full account of the expedition is recorded in the work of Sir George Nares, K.C.B., which we

published in 1878 under the title "A Voyage to Polar Seas in 'The Alert' and 'Discovery.'" This great work formed two octavo volumes, fully illustrated with views and maps. It is now out of print.

J. A. MACGAHAN.

In writing these recollections I have perforce confined myself to matters with which I have personally had something to do. Amongst the many travellers whose books bear the imprint of my house, one of the most interesting of men and most delightful of writers, was the late J. A. MacGahan. In 1874 we published "Campaigning on the Oxus and the Fall of Khiva." This work is too well known for me to describe it here. It went through several editions, and in a cheap form it is still in steady demand. "Under the Northern Lights," was another work by him, subsequently published by my house. MacGahan was war correspondent of "The New York Herald," and he wrote for "The Daily News," during the Russo-Turkish War, a series of letters which, as "The Athenæum" said, "brought the Eastern Question to a crisis." A friend of his and mine, writing to me about him at the time of his death, says: "I had the greatest regard for him, he was the gentlest as he was the bravest of men," a sentiment with which I fully agree.

GERHARD ROHLFS.

In 1874 we published "Adventures in Morocco and Journeys through the Oases of Draa and Tafilet," by Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs, with an introduction by Winwood Reade. Mr. Reade had undertaken to make the translation, but from serious illness he was unable to do more than write the introduction. The translation was completed by my son, Mr. R. B. Marston.

L. M. D'ALBERTIS.

I will only refer to one other book of travel which we had the pleasure of publishing in 1880, viz., "New Guinea: what I Did and what I Saw," by L. M. D'Albertis, two vols., octavo, illustrated with many beautiful coloured plates after the author's own designs. M. D'Albertis, a Genoese, was, I ought to say is, an enthusiastic naturalist. He discovered several species of birds and insects, and described all that he saw and did in a most interesting and vivid manner.





CHAPTER VIII

. . . but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY, G.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.

MY personal acquaintance with the late Sir Henry M. Stanley extended over nearly a third of a century, and my correspondence with him is the most voluminous I possess. I do not think it has often happened in the long story of English publishing, from the earliest days till now, that the relations between author and publisher have been more congenial and more unique than those which subsisted uninterruptedly between Sir Henry M. Stanley and myself. I need not say that I feel some pride in having been so long associated with a man whom the world hath delighted to honour as one of the greatest travellers and explorers of the last century. Nor has his record of those exploits been excelled in all the voluminous literature of discovery. No greater proof of this need

be adduced than the triumphant receptions he always met with on his return home from his several missions; the honours that were lavished upon him from all classes of the community, from our late Queen, our present King, and other potentates throughout the civilized world. His works, in their succession, were received with enthusiasm by the press of almost every political creed or literary pretension : no more emphatic testimony could be borne to the real greatness of his character. His greatest monument is to be found not only in the books he has written, but on the face of the map of Africa, not long since so largely blank but now covered by the lines of his travel. Although I cannot pretend to add any new facts to Mr. Henry M. Stanley's published works, I may, from the abundance of private correspondence extending over so long a period, make many quotations of a personal nature, which, as being characteristic of the man, may be of some general interest.

I have Sir Henry's full permission, given me long ago, to publish any of his letters in my possession, or to make extracts therefrom. I, accordingly, have selected such as seemed to me to possess general interest, taking them chronologically from 1872 onwards.

It was in the month of August, 1872, that I became acquainted with Mr. H. M. Stanley. He had then just returned from his first expedition into

Africa. He had been sent by Mr. James Gordon Bennett to the Dark Continent, with instructions to "*go and find Livingstone!*"

In January, 1871, he started from Zanzibar, and on November 10th of that year he had fully accomplished the object of his commission: he had grasped the hand of Dr. Livingstone on the shores of the Tanganika. After he had spent some months in his company, and vainly endeavoured to induce him to come home—for he always received the same reply, "No, I should like to see my family very much indeed. My children's letters affect me intensely, but I must not go home, I must finish my task"—he finally parted company with Dr. Livingstone on March 14th, 1872, never to meet him again.

The task to which Dr. Livingstone had inexorably devoted himself, was to *discover the sources of the Nile*. Having solved that great question, then, and not till then, would he gratify the dearest longings of his heart, and return home to the bosom of his family.

And so the good old man went back alone to the wilderness, in the brave hope of finding the mysterious fountains; eighteen months afterwards, October, 1873, he died, but success had not rewarded his efforts. In the sunset of his noble life he had dimly foreseen and prophesied that the young explorer who, as he told him, "had already done

what few men could do, and far better than some great travellers," would one day accomplish more in African travel than he himself had done; would be the first to discover both the eastern and western sources of the Nile, and to localize and delineate the hitherto fabulous "Mountains of the Moon."

Livingstone returned to the wilderness to die, while Stanley hastened, full of life and hope, to the coast, to announce to the astonished world that Livingstone lived, that he had found him, and had brought letters and journals from him. He had fondly hoped that, bringing home this glorious news, he would have been received everywhere with open arms, or, at the very least, that his statements would have been believed; but he was speedily undeceived.

No sooner had he reached the coast than the impression was conveyed to him that English easy-chair geographers did not want Stanley to find Livingstone. "Not find Livingstone!" exclaimed Stanley, "what does it matter who finds and helps him, so long as he is found and relieved?"

This, he says, was the first shock he received, and from this moment he looked upon himself as a doomed man with the English people. That any one could have been so inhuman as to desire his failure because he led an American expedition, was an idea he could not have entertained. Until this moment he had never given a thought as to

how his success or failure would be regarded; he had been too busily employed in his work to think of a thing so wild and improbable as that any people would rather hope that David Livingstone might be irrecoverably lost than that an American journalist should find him.

He had not been long at Zanzibar before he was made aware of the animus against him. Several newspaper comments had been shown to him in which the American expedition was ridiculed. One writer had even said that it required "the steel head of an Englishman" to penetrate Africa. The truth of Stanley's plain unvarnished narrative had been challenged, and suspicion was aroused that the letters he had brought from Livingstone were forgeries. He was told that Livingstone had discovered Stanley, and not Stanley Livingstone! In short, while conscious that he had performed his task well, he was made to feel bitterly and sorrowfully that he was being received only with coldness, doubt, and suspicion.

It was in this unmerited plight that Stanley sought a publisher for his book "How I found Livingstone."

Dr. Livingstone had given him a letter to his friend and publisher, the late Mr. John Murray. That letter, I believe, was presented, but for reasons unnecessary for me to explain, nothing came of it.

Mr. Stanley decided upon seeking another publisher. At that time he was staying at the Langham Hotel, and there he made the acquaintance of Mr. Wm. Bradford, the celebrated painter of Arctic scenery, for whom we were just then publishing a very sumptuous twenty-five guinea volume, illustrating "The Arctic Regions." Mr. Bradford advised Mr. Stanley to bring his work to our house; but we were more emphatically indebted to the good offices of Dr. Hosmer, who accompanied Mr. Stanley on his first visit, and introduced him to Mr. Sampson Low, sen., Mr. W. H. Low, and Mr. Searle. I was at that time spending my vacation at Weymouth, and there I received the following telegram, dated August 2nd, 1872.

"Stanley been here, wants an offer for England and America, will wait till Tuesday, manuscript 500 pages octavo, sixty illustrations. John Camden Hotten offered one thousand pounds for England and America."

I immediately replied,

"Secure Stanley at any price."

Next morning I received a letter from my friend Searle.

"Your telegram is to hand, and your suggestion approved of. Livingstone's book will not be published, so far as we can learn, for a considerable time."

Mr. Searle adds at the foot of his letter,

“Mr. Bradford has had a successful interview at Osborne.”

This meant that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to accept the dedication of Bradford's great work.

I replied to Mr. Searle as follows. I hope that the interest of the subject will be regarded as a sufficient excuse for my quoting so largely from my own letter.

“Weymouth, Aug. 5, 1872.

“MY DEAR SEARLE,

“Assuming that Mr. Stanley has got some information in his book that is worth telling (and I am sure he has), I do not think £—— would be too much to offer him. . . . The total result of his journey which has yet come out is, that Dr. Livingstone is *alive*, and that he means to remain in Africa at least two years longer. Scarcely a scrap of information seems to have come out as to what the Doctor has been doing the last four or five years. If Mr. Stanley's book is to furnish reliable information on this point it will certainly be most valuable, but there is, as intimated before, an evident disposition to snub Mr. Stanley's doings, and jealousy that the first letters of Dr. Livingstone should have gone to the ‘New York Herald.’ . . . There seems even to be an ungenerous suspicion as to the genuineness of these letters, being (as they are said to be) so different from

Dr. Livingstone's usual style. Of course it was hardly to be expected that Dr. Livingstone would make a present to the world, through the 'New York Herald,' of the information which has cost him so many years of toil, and he seems to have been annoyed with the Royal Geographical Society for their apparent neglect of him, he is therefore equally uncommunicative to them. I think you should endeavour to ascertain from Mr. Stanley what his book is really made up of; the venture is too heavy a one to admit of our being kept in ignorance on this point. It may be (and most probably is the fact) that Mr. Stanley has astutely managed to allow only these unsatisfactory scraps of information to ooze out, in order to whet the public appetite for something more in his book. . . . The two letters to the 'New York Herald' seem to confirm this view, being mostly about the slave trade, and avoiding very carefully the main points upon which the public are most interested. . . . I assume that Mr. Stanley's book will be an expansion of the material supplied to the 'New York Herald,' and sundry additional Chapters which may be arranged for publication simultaneously in the book and the paper, together with other information more suitable for a book than a newspaper; this made up into 500 pages, with fifty or sixty illustrations, would make a book which there would doubtless be a large public ready to buy, especially *if brought out at once*. I cannot help noticing in all the papers I have seen a disposition to give Mr. Stanley credit for his pluck *very grudgingly*, and also to

sneer at his style, and to look upon the whole affair as nothing more than a bit of 'New York Herald' bounce. This is certainly *most unfair*, but it manifests the disposition with which Mr. Stanley's book would be received, especially if it is made up of such material as I have assumed; but of course I am writing in ignorance. According to my present lights I would prefer adhering to the first suggestion of giving Mr. Stanley £0,000 and a share in the profits beyond a certain number. This, I think, would be a really fair speculation on our part, and would, if Mr. Stanley's book is a good one, give him as good a chance as could reasonably be expected. . . . Do not hesitate to spend a few shillings at the telegraph office, if you want anything; don't spoil an explanation by studying brevity. . . . I have not been able to get across country to Exford, consequently I have not seen Robert and Arthur since they left home.

"I hear they are having splendid sport fishing, and have come across Mr. R. D. Blackmore, who is staying within two miles of them with Mrs. B., on a fishing and sketching excursion in the 'Lorna Doone' country. If I had known this earlier I would have gone over there to see them, but it is a day's journey. . . . I remain,

"Yours very truly,

"E. MARSTON."

"P.S.—Lord Granville's letter to Mr. Stanley is a very valuable one, and will give much *go* to his book; I have just seen it in the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'"

The following is the letter referred to.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S DESPATCHES.

"SIR,

"August 2, 1872.

"I was not aware until you mentioned it, that there was any doubt as to the authenticity of Dr. Livingstone's despatches, which you delivered to Lord Lyons on the 31st of July. But in consequence of what you said, I have inquired into the matter, and I find that Mr. Hammond, the Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Wylde, the head of the Consular and Slave Trade Department, have not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of the papers which have been received from Lord Lyons, and which are being printed. I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing to you my admiration of the qualities which have enabled you to achieve the object of your mission, and to attain a result which has been hailed with so much enthusiasm both in the United States and in this country.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"GRANVILLE.

"Henry Stanley, Esq."

The result of our inter-communication was the following letter from Mr. Stanley :

"'New York Herald' Office,

"46, Fleet Street, London,

"August 7, 1872.

"Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.,

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have received your letter containing your proposals for the publication of my forthcoming

book upon my 'Travels and Adventures in Search of Dr. Livingstone,' and have considered the terms you offer for its publication. In reply I beg to state that I accept your offer . . . upon the understanding that I furnish you with sufficient original matter to make a volume of five hundred pages, and also with sketches, not less than thirty, necessary for the illustration of the work, together with an authenticated map of the progress of my journey, and provided that the offer communicated to me yesterday by Mr. Charles Welford (Messrs. Scribner's), through you remains in force. Upon such terms herein communicated to me in a letter of this day's date you have full and entire control of my work for the English and Continental market, and the firm of which Mr. Charles Welford is a member can have control over the American market. I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your Obedient Servant,

(Signed) "HENRY M. STANLEY."

The result of this correspondence was that my firm became the publishers of Mr. Stanley's first work, "How I found Livingstone." I have but an imperfect recollection of my first interview with Mr. Stanley. In all probability when I first met him I doffed my hat, politely bowed and said, "Mr. Stanley, I presume!" It fell mainly to my lot to conduct his book through the press, and in the course of that process I had frequent occasions to visit him at his modest lodgings in Duchess

Street. I also met him frequently at lunch and dinner, and I am happy to record and remember that during that intercourse our acquaintance gradually ripened into a personal friendship, which never diminished to the time of his death. It was remarkably characteristic of Stanley that he always expressed warm, almost exuberant, gratitude to me, for the very small and trifling assistance that I was at any time enabled to render him. This fine trait manifests itself in the following extracts from his correspondence.

Early in November, and just before the publication of "How I found Livingstone," Mr. Stanley sailed from Liverpool for New York. His start was preceded by a grand reception and a banquet, given to him by the Mayor and Corporation of Liverpool. I had the pleasure of being present. On the 16th I wrote to him in New York:

"By this time you will, I hope, have arrived, or nearly arrived, at New York, and before you get this letter you will have had some experience of a New York reception. I have no doubt it will be a glorious one. . . . I have now the pleasure of informing you that your book has been received with a burst of enthusiasm everywhere. On Tuesday last it received an ovation seldom, perhaps never before accorded to a book of travel. I have already got together an immense pile of newspapers; all, without exception, contain long and most flattering reviews,

many of them, however, point out some blemishes, especially as regards certain personalities which in some future edition you would do well to take note of. With the various criticisms before me, I really think I could expunge from the book every line that exception could be taken to, and an admirable and enduring narrative would remain. . . . There can be little doubt that the book will have a splendid start in America, and our English press notices will help to give it an impetus. . . .”

A few days after writing the above letter I received the following from Mr. Stanley, evidently written before mine was received.

“DEAR MR. MARSTON,

“I have received several of the notices in the English press, and I am glad to see they take it so kindly; they are not half so severe as I would have been on *it*, though some have stooped to downright falsehoods, but the majority of them have been very gracious indeed. I suppose I must prepare myself for attacks from certain weeklies, but I can bear them without flinching. Let me know what they say. . . . I wish you success with the book, and remain,

“Yours very truly,

“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

DEATH OF KALULU.

When Mr. Stanley returned to England in the spring of this year (1873), he asked me to take

charge of his little black boy, *Kalulu*, and I accordingly placed him at school with the late Rev. J. Conder, New Wandsworth, and there he remained about a year during Stanley's visit to Spain and afterwards to the Coomassie War. This bright little fellow subsequently accompanied Stanley "through the Dark Continent," until he was accidentally drowned in the Congo. The following is Mr. Stanley's description of that event :

"While delivering my instructions I observed Kalulu in 'The Crocodile.' . . . When I asked him what he wanted in the canoe, he replied, with a deprecating smile and an expostulating tone, 'I can pull, sir, see!' 'Ah, very well,' I answered. . . . The first, second, and third canoes arrived soon after, and I was beginning to congratulate myself on having completed a good day's work, when to my horror I saw 'The Crocodile' in mid river, far below the point which we had rounded, gliding with the speed of an arrow towards the Falls over the treacherous calm water. Human strength availed nothing now, and we watched it in agony, for I had three favourites in her, Kalulu, Mauredi, and Ferajji. . . . It soon reached the island which cleft the Falls, and was swept down the left branch. We saw it whirl round three or four times, then plunge down into the depth, out of which the stern presently emerged, pointed upwards, and we knew that Kalulu and his canoe-mates were no more."

Kalulu was at the same school as my son Arthur, who had assumed a sort of protectorate over him; this will explain the allusion to my son in the following quotation from a letter to me, dated, "Pamplona, Spain, June 11, 1873:

"I enclose a letter for your son, Arthur. I fear from the hearty, friendly way in which your son speaks of Kalulu, that he will get too many high class ideas into his head, and will be spoilt. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness, and shall ever remember it.

"The Carlist War keeps me rambling over the country so that I can hardly find time to write a line of 'My Kalulu' (a book for boys). I have slept but ten times in a bed since I came to Spain (nearly two months ago). B—— has been so liberal to me in every way that my conscience compels me to make extraordinary exertions for him as a small way of showing my gratitude. Give my respects to all who may ask for me, especially Robinson ('Daily News'), Parkinson, and your own firm.

"Ever yours sincerely,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

Mr. Stanley passed some months in Spain watching the Carlist War. Most unfortunately he lost the whole of his correspondence on this subject, which had appeared in "The New York Herald," and this can hardly now be replaced.

On February 2nd, 1874, I wrote to Mr. Stanley as follows:

“ . . . Long before this you will doubtless have heard of the death of your (and everybody else's) good friend Dr. Livingstone. The news comes now with such a weight of evidence that it must be accepted as true, ‘and pity ’tis ’tis true.’ So after all you are the last white man who ever saw, or alas! who ever will see him. I *know* you will feel this keenly. I suppose the sealed packet will now be opened, and what he did before and what he has done since you left him will, in course of time, be made known to the world. . . .”

DEATH OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The death of Dr. Livingstone was, as I anticipated, a great shock to Mr. Stanley. He writes in the first chapter of “Through the Dark Continent”:

“Livingstone had fallen! he was dead! He had died by the shores of *Lake Bembá*, on the threshold of the dark region he had wished to explore! The work he had promised me to perform was only begun when death overtook him.”

The next letter in order of date had reference to the funeral of Dr. Livingstone; he says: “I will get tickets for you and all your friends, if you

give me their names. Kalulu ought to have a suit of dark grey, half-mourning."

The funeral of Dr. Livingstone took place in Westminster Abbey on April 18th, 1874. This is a copy of the entrance ticket—

FUNERAL OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18TH, 1874.

At 1 o'clock precisely.

Admit the bearer at 12.30 p.m. to the South Aisle of NAVE.

Entrance by the West Cloister Door in Dean's Yard.

A. P. STANLEY (*Dean*).

N.B.—No person will be admitted except in mourning.

Shortly after this Mr. Stanley started on that great expedition, commissioned by the proprietors of "The Daily Telegraph" and "The New York Herald," which resulted in the publication of "Through the Dark Continent." On August 15th, 1874, he wrote to me from Paris, "I shall not see you again, so therefore wish you the KINDEST FAREWELL. . . . Ever yours faithfully,

"H. M. S."

His next letter is dated September 23rd, 1874: it informs me of his arrival at Zanzibar on the 21st; then, on November 16th, he wrote me a private letter, having reference to his Will, etc., from this

I will quote *only* these few words: "Continue sending my letters to Zanzibar until the end of May, 1875, then cease until you hear from me again, which will probably be *viâ the Nile*." He accomplished a far greater thing, and reached a grander goal.





CHAPTER IX

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY—*continued*



Y next letter from Stanley is dated about ten months later: during that interval no communication respecting his travels had reached England.

“Uganda, Central Africa,

“Sept. 29, 1875.

“500 yards from Ripon Falls!!!

“DEAR MR. MARSTON,

“How are you, my friend? How goes the world? Is it turned topsy turvy? or does it keep on its usual course? It is nearly a twelve-month since I left Zanzibar, and between here and there I have seen lots of strange things, and many which I have not recorded. All the most beautiful scenes I have photographed, aye, even the Ripon Falls, whence the Victoria Nile issues from Lake Victoria. Few of the photographs are as nice as those of Rohlf's which you showed me in your office, as the water here is very greasy, and the nitrate of silver has not been pasted firm enough to the glass, the greatest

trouble I have is to keep it from tearing from the negative. . . . (Portion missing here.)

"They will not doubt my meeting Bellefonds, will they? I mean the British and American people.

"On Lake Albert I hope to meet other whites, so that there may be many witnesses of my being in Africa. I wish I could meet with some of those doubting Thomases here, in some wilderness. Has Cameron emerged from Africa yet? If so what success has he had? If I come through, his journey will be a mere tour compared with mine; though if he arrives in England safe he will well deserve all the applause he can get. I am, however, not labouring for applause, I am labouring to establish a confidence in me in the minds of right-minded people, which my vicious foes robbed me of."

(The remainder of this interesting letter has been mutilated by some friendly autograph hunter.)

In the early part of 1876 I received an interesting letter from Colonel Gordon, from which I may be pardoned for making some extracts, as it refers to the then lost Stanley. Inclosed was an envelope in Stanley's own handwriting; the following is a copy:

The words in the right-hand corner, *To Sir Cunell G.* (meaning Colonel Gordon), are clumsily written in pencil, and are supposed to have been written by M'tesa, or one of Stanley's boys.

*From Uganda
Central Africa*

TO SIR CUNELL G.

HENRY M. STANLEY, ESQ.

Care of

E. MARSTON, ESQ.

188 Fleet St.

England.

London.

Received 8 March,
1876.

"Laboré, 9 March, 1876.

"MY DEAR MR. MARSTON,

"I shall take it for granted that you are the Mr. Marston . . . to whom this envelope is addressed: the history of it is this. Yesterday the post came in from my most southern station, M'rooli. This station is five days from M'tesa, among the letters was this envelope, opened, and in the envelope was a pencil scrawl in English, purporting to be from M'tesa to me, the subject of which ill-written and ill-expressed note was a proposal to fight Kabba Rega of Unyoro, and a wish to go to Bombay, its date is 6 Feb'y, 1876. At that date I was close to M'rooli, but could hear nothing of Stanley or his party. However, I suppose either Stanley or some of his party are at M'tesa's, for otherwise who could have written the letter (not that it could ever have been written by Stanley). I have sent up to M'tesa the 'Daily Telegraph' sent to my care, and a lot of other papers, but since Linant came down in August last I have

heard nothing of Stanley. The letters I sent him, and which were forwarded by me to a Mr. Moore, never fell into the jungle as described. Linant arrived safely and was with me 3 days before his death.

"I cannot understand why Stanley does not write to me, though he uses me as his postman. It is too late now: but otherwise it would be as well to tell him that as far as my standing in his way in exploration, I would gladly help him: as it is I have been obliged to send a somewhat inexperienced man in charge of two lifeboats to explore Lake Albert. The steamer, 38 tons, is nearly completed, but it will never be of much use, as it can carry only two days' fuel (wood). You will see, I say, 'it is too late now to write to Stanley.' I hope to get away from this country soon. . . . Stanley will run great risks in vicinity of Egyptian posts, for the natives have not a nice discrimination.

"Believe me, yours very truly,
(Signed) "C. E. GORDON."

The envelope referred to, addressed to H. M. Stanley to my care, was evidently left by Stanley with M'tesa for the purpose of inclosing any letters that might arrive after his departure, but M'tesa sent it on to Colonel Gordon.

My next letter from Stanley was one of the earliest received after a long interval of anxious suspense.

"Ujiji, District of Kawele on Lake Tanganika.

"August 14th, 1876.

"DEAR MR. MARSTON,

"A somewhat long absence has taken place already, and some months more must elapse, even with the best of fortunes before I shall be able to greet the Ocean. But I do not think that this absence, to whatever period it may be stretched, will tarnish or lessen the friendship for you my memory cherishes. Inspired by my friendly feelings I let you know I often think of you, remember the delight with which I saw you, and while in Africa, am not very likely to forget you. Besides, Ujiji, Livingstone and Marston are names associated together. . . . Think of the time when you first brought a splendid bit of pasteboard cover, rich in green and gold, whereon was stamped cunningly enough the pictures of two human atoms in gold, saluting each other with doffed hats under the waving palms of Ujiji. Think of the reams of paper you have handled on which was printed the word Ujiji. Can I think of Ujiji without thinking of Livingstone? Can I think of either without thinking of Marston? Indeed I am in so many ways obliged to you, I have so many times received favours from you, both when in England and while abroad, and before my departure from the Ocean, that your name in my mind is strongly associated with goodness, and often affords me very pleasant thoughts, until I am fain to bless the hour I ever became acquainted with so amiable a friend.

"So far our Expedition has been a grand

success, and the interest which every new moment creates, does not appear to lessen, but rather to increase. Since I wrote to you from Uganda, you are perhaps aware through the 'Daily Telegraph' what fields opened before me for exploration; it is needless to repeat what you know already. The voyage round the Tanganika has been exciting and interesting. Some of its Geographical success I send by this mail, but oh! if Ruskin could have only seen the series of magnificent landscapes, views, etc., I have seen, how he would have revelled and rioted in these glorious scenes! I have seen no less than 33 Waterfalls on this Lake journey. In one Bay, there were five, some were as much as 400 feet in fall, some were like Cables bound with an immense thickness of cotton, others seemed to stand like an upright wall of snow, others like an enormous white horse tail, if you can imagine such a thing. Where these waterfalls were most seen was in Goma, the northern half of the Tanganika, a country whose shores excel in magnificence of scenery. I fancy that what I have sent the D. T. lately will please them, yet they do not compose a tithe of what I could write of the new and the wonderful, lately viewed or discovered. Shortly I am about to move across the Tanganika to begin completing Livingstone's work. Cameron has . . . diverged South, leaving the question in dispute, as much a problem as ever. It is the right bank of the Lualaba that must be travelled, but whether I shall strike north and reach Munza's (Schwein-

furth) or for the Congo, will be decided only after I reach Nyangwé. Give my best respects to the Messrs. Low, Mr. Sampson Low and Mr. William Low, and their ladies, also to Mr. Searle, and measure out a large proportion of friendship for Mr. Edward Marston, and bid him think that a sincere man subscribes himself as

“His very truly,

(Signed) “HENRY M. STANLEY.”

I did not hear from Mr. Stanley again, nor indeed did any one else, until he had reached the Atlantic after that long, perilous, and continuous fight against almost every kind of obstacle by which a human being could be opposed, so graphically described in “Through the Dark Continent.”

“Kapunda, near the mouth of the Congo River,

“Aug. 17, 1877.

“MY DEAR MR. MARSTON,

“I have arrived at the Ocean after scores of unprecedented experiences. Will you write to me at once, and give me all the news? Send to me, care of American Consul, San Paul de Loanda, ‘Livingstone’s Last Travels,’ Baker’s last book, Cameron’s book, Schweinfurth’s ‘Heart of Africa.’ . . . How is Mr. Low and how are his son and Mr. Searle? I shall wait 80 days and you will have to be spry, if you please. What is the general impression respecting our success? for we have done what our friend Cameron left undone. Heavens, be quick

and give me a shake of the hand across the Ocean.

“Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) “HENRY M. STANLEY.”

This letter of August 17th, 1877, was the last I received, written from the Dark Continent, on his memorable journey. Many months afterwards, I happened to be in Paris in January, 1878, and I was present at the railway station when Stanley arrived in Paris. An enormous crowd awaited his arrival at the Gare de Lyon. When the train came in he singled me out at once, and stretched out his hand from the carriage over the heads of the people to give me a welcome grip. Then I lost sight of him. He was spirited away by some enthusiastic friends, and could not be found for some hours. I had taken rooms for him at the Grand Hôtel by previous telegraphic arrangement, but he was not there. Meanwhile he had sent a messenger to all the most likely hotels in search of me. I was found at last, and received a pencil message:

“DEAR MARSTON,

“Come over now if possible to 8 Place de L’Opéra, at Mr. Clarke’s, 4th story.

“STANLEY.”

Thither I hastened, dusty and tired, and found him in the midst of a crowd of French fashion-

ables, in evening dress, all anxious to get a grasp or a word from him. I had a long chat with him, for I had matter of much and serious import to communicate, not, I regret to say, calculated to make him, in his worn and wearied condition, look upon life from an agreeable standpoint.

He had taken up his quarters at the Hôtel Meurice, where I frequently sat with him till the small hours of morning. He had been fêted and banqueted by the French Geographical Societies throughout France. He was the "lion" of Paris; all the *élite* were invited to meet him at a reception in the Park Monceau, which he certainly did not enjoy; he was led down through a long alley lined with "fair women and brave men," and he looked like a chained lion on exhibition. The reception was certainly well-intentioned, grand, and imposing, but it was not quite the kind of thing to touch the heart of a traveller, just arrived, gaunt and grim, from the perils of "The Dark Continent." This reception was given by the late M. Menier, of chocolate fame. He had called one night when I was sitting with Stanley, and obtained a reluctant promise to attend this reception from him, and he had included me in the invitation. I am sure Stanley felt very much bored, for he soon whispered to me, "Let us go!"

A brilliant banquet in his honour was given at

the Hôtel du Louvre; but, notwithstanding all the honours showered upon him, he seemed very lonely and depressed. He was evidently suffering acutely from a bitter disappointment; what that was I could well guess, but need not disclose. "What is the good of all this pomp and show?" were his words. "It only makes me the more miserable and unhappy." It was not easy to arouse him out of this melancholy mood.

On this occasion I concluded arrangements with him, satisfactory to both of us, for the publication of "Through the Dark Continent." He said, "I speak to you as my friend, and not as my publisher, and I tell you that if (mentioning another publisher) were to offer me £10,000 down, I would not leave you!"

During my stay in Paris I settled terms with Messrs. Hachette and Co. for the French edition, and the following June, 1878, "Through the Dark Continent" was published simultaneously by ourselves in London, and Harper Brothers, New York. I may be pardoned for quoting a few lines from a letter about that remarkable book from the late Sir Edwin Arnold:

"MY DEAR MR. MARSTON,

"I most sincerely congratulate you on Mr. Stanley's book . . . it will take the public by storm; the work itself is an Odyssey of travel, admirable, gallant, unique, with a

style *sui generis*, like the swing of a traveller's stride. . . ."

"Yours ever most truly,

"EDWIN ARNOLD."

Not long after the publication of "Through the Dark Continent," Mr. Stanley was actively engaged in arranging affairs with the King of the Belgians. He wrote me a long letter from Brussels with reference to his going out to the Congo for the purpose of founding the Congo Free State; in this he said, "If my plans are followed The International Expedition may expect to perform good work in opening up Inner Africa."

In August, 1879, he arrived at the mouth of the Congo; he founded that "Free State." In August, 1882, he left Loanda, and reached England in September.

On July 3rd, 1882, he had written to me from Congo River:

"Your letter finds me just able to move about after another desperate attack of sickness incurred by exposure and semi-starvation. I had been out exploring, and pressing on briskly to finish the task we had ventured upon, took no heed to the failure of provisions, which, with constant wetting, induced a violent fever. However, we got out of our straits, and I reached camp, an extreme case. I am thinking of going to Loanda, and perhaps Madeira, to recruit, but I shall have to be carried every step, as I am

utterly unable to move even a few yards, and this is the second month since the commencement of my illness. . . . I am in the vein to write lengthily to you, but unfortunately I cannot."

On November 3rd he wrote to me from Brussels:

"I am going to Spain, but not until I get my teeth set right by my dentist here; besides, I have a short business to do here concerning the Congo, then I shall be free unless some desperate news from the 'Dark Continent' which compels the king to petition, implore, beg me to set it right, arrives in the meantime; but my honest intention is to bury myself in Southern Spain, in a genial climate, and get rid of bronchial affections, and the misery of chest uneasiness. . . . With much love I am always yours,
"HENRY M. STANLEY."

The next news, so far as I can find, is written from Vivi Station, Congo River, and is dated December 31st, 1882. In this letter he says:

"Being very ill at Paris of gastritis, inflammation of the stomach, I went to Spain to seek a warmer climate and repose. But I had no sooner felt myself able to move about than I observed in the newspapers in Southern Spain that some calamity had overtaken our expedition, and the same day I received a letter from Brussels praying me to start for the Congo to

see what the matter was, and put things to rights again if it were possible. A steamer just then starting for the Congo was ordered to call at Cadiz, and though my state of health, according to my doctor, was not assuring, I had no help for it but to go. I arrived on the Congo the middle of December, and truly the reports I heard were sufficiently startling and serious to convince me that I had not arrived a moment too soon. The chief of the expedition had been shot in the arm, and this it seems had caused him to withdraw in all haste from Africa, though he had quite recovered and the wound healed before he arrived at the mouth of the Congo. The chief of our base, Vivi Station, had also gone away. The chief of Isangila, our second station, had also gone. The chief of Stanley Pool station was away from duty at the mouth of the Congo. The sub-chief of Stanley Pool had also gone away. The captain and engineer of our steamer on the Lower Congo had deserted their duty and gone no one knew whither. There had been three wars on the Congo since I left, though nothing of the kind had taken place when I was there for $3\frac{1}{2}$ years. In short, not a moment too soon did I arrive at the old scene of my labours. Already there has been a change for the better, and efforts have been made to re-establish native confidence, in which I do not anticipate great difficulties.

"I thought that I would write this short note to you to explain what may perhaps appear strange to you."

After that second visit to the Congo, Stanley returned home, and wrote "The Founding of the Congo Free State"; the second volume gives terrible details of the troubles he had to encounter, and which the letter I have quoted only hints at.

In connection with this new work I paid a visit to Paris, and, having completed negotiations with Messrs. Hachette, I went to Leipzig, and arranged with Mr. Brockhaus, who accompanied me to Berlin: there I had the pleasure of introducing him to Mr. Stanley, who had taken a room for me next his own at the Royal Hotel. We resided at that hotel for some days, and finally settled difficulties about the American edition and the question of copyright there. I received other letters from him—but these I need not quote—during the years of that Congo Expedition which he employed in breaking the rocks and constructing roads; labours that earned for him the native name of *Bula Matari*. That name has descended with him to his grave.

I will add here a letter written to my son, and dated May 30th, 1885. It is curiously characteristic, and to me very interesting.

"To R. B. MARSTON, ESQ.

"The tender regard I have for your father, who has always shown himself to me as a true man and sincere friend during 14 years acquaintance with him, and the large promise

I see in yourself to emulate his sterling virtues, impels me, as a lover of a good and noble man, to crave that I be remembered by you with the same kindly feelings as your dear father, Edward Marston, has always manifested towards the African traveller, who subscribes himself as your sincere well wisher,

“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

A time came when Stanley again went to Africa under the auspices of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee. Why the Congo route was adopted in preference to that *via* Zanzibar and Uganda which was obviously more direct, has never been fully explained, and it is needless for me to discuss the matter. The result of the choice of the Aruwimi route made the story of one of the most tragic and exciting adventures ever told by a traveller.

Stanley disappeared in that great dark forest, and he and his gallant attendants were looked upon as lost.

In a long letter which appeared in “The Times,” September 18th, 1888, the late Joseph Thomson wrote:

“I unhesitatingly express my conviction that he and his entire party have been annihilated to the west of Albert Nyanza.”

This belief was very general, and the public anxiety about the fate of the expedition was not

relieved until, in November, 1889, I received a letter, dated September 3rd, 1889, which I gave to "The Times," "Standard," "Daily Telegraph," "Daily News," and other papers, on account of its extreme actual interest. This letter, with an official one received by Sir William Mackinnon about the same time, brought the first information of the safety of Stanley and his party:

"C.M.S. Station, South End Victoria Nyanza,
"Sept. 3, 1889.

"MY DEAR MARSTON,

"It just now appears such an age to me since I left England. Ages have gone by since I saw you, surely. Do you know why? Because a daily-thickening barrier of silence has crept between that time and this; silence so dense that in vain we yearn to pierce it. On my side, I may ask, What have you been doing? On yours you may ask, And what have you been doing? I can assure myself, now that I know you live, that few days have passed without the special task of an enterprising publisher being performed as wisely and well as possible, and for the time being you can believe me that one day has followed the other in striving strife-fully against all manner of obstacles, natural and otherwise, from the day I left Yambuya to August 28, 1889, the day I arrived here. The bare catalogue of incidents would fill several quires of foolscap; catalogue of skirmishes would be of respectable length; catalogue of adventures, accidents, mortalities, sufferings from

fever, morbid musings over mischances that meet us daily, would make a formidable list.

"You know that all the stretch of country between Yambuya to this place was an absolutely new country, except what may be measured by five ordinary marches. First, there is that dead white of the map now changed to a dead black—I mean that darkest region of the earth confined between E. Long. 25 deg. and E. Long. 29 deg. 45 min., one great, compact, remorselessly sullen forest, the growth of an untold number of ages, swarming at stated intervals with immense numbers of vicious man-eating savages and crafty under-sized men, who were unceasing in their annoyance. Then there is that belt of grass land lying between it and the Albert Nyanza, whose people contested every mile of our advance with spirit, and made us think that they were guardians of some priceless treasure hidden on the Nyanza shores, or at war with Emin Pacha and his thousands. A Sir Perceval in search of the Holy Grail could not have met with hotter opposition. Three separate times, necessity compelled us to traverse this unholy region, with varying fortunes. Incidents often crowded fast. Emin Pacha was a prisoner, an officer of ours was his forced companion, and it really appeared as though we were to be added to the list; but there is a virtue, you know, even in striving unyieldingly, in hardening the nerve and facing these ever-clinging mischances, without paying too much heed to the reputed danger. One is assisted much by knowing that there is no other course,

and the danger somehow, nine times out of ten, diminishes.

“The rebels of Emin Pacha’s Government relied on their craft and the wiles of the heathen Chinese, and it is rather amusing now to look back and note how punishment has fallen on them. Was it Providence or luck? Let those who love to analyze such matters reflect on it. Traitors without the camp and traitors within were watched, and the most active conspirator was discovered, tried, and hanged; the traitors without fell afoul of one another, and ruined themselves. If not luck, then it is surely Providence, in answer to good men’s prayers far away.

“Our own people, tempted by extreme wretchedness and misery, sold our rifles and ammunition to our natural enemies, the Manyema slave-traders’ true friends, without the least grace in either their bodies or souls. What happy influence was it that restrained me from destroying all those concerned in it? Each time I read the story of Captain Nelson’s and Surgeon Parke’s sufferings, I feel vexed at my forbearance, and yet, again, I feel thankful, for a Higher Power than man’s severely afflicted the cold-blooded murderers by causing them to feed upon one another a few weeks after the rescue and relief of Nelson and Parke. The memory of those days alternately hardens and unmans me.

“With the rescue of the Pacha, poor old Casati, and those who preferred Egypt’s flesh-pots to the coarse plenty of the Province near the Nyanza, we returned, and while we were

patiently waiting the doom of the rebels was consummated.

“ Since that time of anxiety and unhappy outlook I have been at the point of death from a dreadful illness ; the strain had been too much, and for twenty-eight days I lay helpless, tended by the kindly and skilful hand of Surgeon Parke.

“ Then, little by little, I gathered strength, and ordered the march for home. Discovery after discovery in the wonderful region was made—the snowy range of Ruevenzori, the ‘ Cloud King ’ or ‘ Rain Creator,’ the Semliki River, the Albert Edward Nyanza, the plains of Usongora, the salt lakes of Kativé, the new peoples, Wakonju of the Great Mountains, the dwellers of the rich forest region, the Awamba, the fine-featured Wasongora, the Wanyoro bandits, and then the Lake Albert Edward tribes, and the shepherd race of the eastern uplands, the Wanyankori, besides the Wanya-ruwamba and the Wazinja—until at last we came to a church, whose cross dominated a Christian settlement, and we knew that we had reached the outskirts of blessed civilisation.

“ We have every reason to be grateful ; and may that feeling be ever kept within me. Our promises as volunteers have been performed as well as though we had been specially commissioned by a Government. We have been all volunteers, each devoting his several gifts, abilities, and energies to win a successful issue for the enterprise. If there has been anything that clouded sometimes our thoughts, it has been that we were compelled by the state of

Emin Pacha and his own people to cause anxieties to our friends by tedious delay, and every opportunity I have endeavoured to lessen these by despatching full accounts of our progress to the Committee, that through them all interested might be acquainted with what we had been doing. Some of my officers also have been troubled in thought that their Government might not overlook their having overstayed their leave; but the truth is, the wealth of the British Treasury could not have hastened our march without making ourselves liable to impeachment for breach of faith, and the officers were as much involved as myself in doing the thing honourably and well.

“I hear there is great trouble, war, &c., between the Germans and Arabs of Zanzibar. What influence this may have on our fortunes I do not know, but we trust nothing to interrupt the march to the sea, which will be begun in a few days.

“Meantime, with such wishes as the best and most inseparable friends endow one another, I pray your partners, Mr. Searle, Mr. Rivington, and young Mr. Marston to accept, and you to believe me,

“Always yours sincerely,

(Signed) “HENRY M. STANLEY.

“To Edward Marston, Esq.”

Of this letter “The Times” said:

“Mr. Stanley’s letter to Mr. Marston, though it does not enter into details, holds out the hope of very remarkable and valuable additions

to our knowledge of Africa. Hardly anything, even in the heroic annals of African Exploration, is on a par with Mr. Stanley's march back from Yambuya, where he found his camp a total wreck, through an unknown country, famine-stricken and covered with a dense forest to Fort Bodo."

The editor of "The Standard" wrote me a personal letter, thanking me for "the very interesting letter from Mr. Stanley."

"The Daily News" said:

"Mr. Stanley writes with his accustomed vivacity, and in his accustomed good spirits, especially in the letter to Mr. Marston, which, in our judgment, will be read both before the letter to the Committee, and after, for its charm as a revelation of the man."

On Stanley's return I went to Egypt to meet him, at his special request by cablegram, and I spent a delightful time with him: while there I wrote that curious little book "How Stanley wrote in 'In Darkest Africa.'" It tells the whole story of my visit, and I shall not attempt to tell the story over again. I carried away from Cairo a large portion of the manuscript of "In Darkest Africa." The competition which I had to encounter, and the correspondence which it involved with publishers over the whole of Europe and a good deal of Africa, Asia, and America, would fill a large volume. I successfully overcame them all. I arranged for publication in America, Italy,

France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Hungary. I am not sure that there were not two languages in the latter country.

The competition for the American issue of this work was very great: it narrowed down eventually to the bids of Messrs. Harper Brothers and Charles Scribner's Sons. I was placed in the invidious position of being obliged to arbitrate on the competition of two friends. The simple method was to fix a time and accept the highest bidder. Before it was known by Messrs. Scribner that the settlement was wholly in my hands, young Mr. Scribner had started for Cairo, determined to win by a *coup de main*. We passed each other in the Mediterranean almost within hail, he outward bound and I homeward bound. Mr. Scribner's visit to Cairo though unnecessary as regarded arranging for the book, was as pleasant as mine had been.

On opening the sealed offers of Messrs. Harper and Messrs. Scribner, I found that Messrs. Scribner had won. Their offer was a magnificent one, amounting to many thousands of pounds, and Messrs. Harper's was not very far behind it.

Besides the letter I have quoted, I received during these years many others from Stanley which were, and are, of the greatest interest to me, but they are of too personal a character to be of like interest to any one else.

In June, 1890, we celebrated the publication of "In Darkest Africa" by a banquet to Mr. Stanley, over which I was called upon to preside. Among our guests were Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Sir Ford North, Wm. Black, Thomas Hardy, H. H. Johnston, the Bishop of Ripon, G. A. Henty, H. R. Haweis, Joseph Hatton, Bram Stoker, A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, Paul du Chaillu, F. A. Inderwick, Moberley Bell, Dr. Keltie, the late Mr. Bates of the Royal Geographical Society, and very many others. I occupied the chair, Stanley on my right, the Bishop of Ripon on my left. Then it was that I made the longest speech I have ever made, but I am not going to print it here. The whole affair was fully reported in that invaluable journal to which I have more than once referred, "The Publishers' Circular," July 1, 1890. Any one who cares to pursue the matter may do so by looking into this number in the British Museum.

If, in writing the uneventful story of my long life, I have devoted more time and space to Henry Morton Stanley than to any other author with whom I have had to do, that is because my relations with him lasted longer and were more intimate than any others in my record.

It is right that one should speak of a man as one has found him. I hope I am not blind to any faults that others may have found, or sought to find, in him, by the fact of his great partiality

and friendship for me from our earliest acquaintance to the hour of his lamented death. I certainly can speak no ill of him, for I know nothing but good. Of his public life let his works speak. In his private life, and in his dealings with me he was always scrupulously true and just: he was tender-hearted, gentle and kind, and most generous and open handed when any charitable object was presented to him. I state that which I know, for I have more than once been the medium of conveying his gifts to friends in distress. I will venture to quote one exemplary instance. Writing to me from the Congo, in 1879, he says, "I enclose you the sum of Fifty pounds by a draft on my Bankers, Messrs. Smith, Payne and Smiths, that you may perform for me a charitable action. I wish you would draw this money, purchase a draft on New York and send it to . . . He is now in distress in America, has a wife and three sons without resources. . . . Let me in the name of charity help him a little." Truly applicable to Stanley are Shakespeare's lines:

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

King Henry IV.

The following is a brief summary of Sir Henry M. Stanley's achievements from the commencement of his career down to the Emin Pasha expedition, a period of twenty-seven years. It is

taken from a letter written by Colonel J. A. Grant, in "The Daily Telegraph" of April 28th, 1890, before "In Darkest Africa" was published. The object of the letter was to suggest that "something great must be done for Stanley when he comes among us again. Never has he received a shadow of reward from our Government. . . . What man has ever achieved such deeds without some acknowledgment from his native country?"

"Memorandum of Stanley's Career.

"Abyssinian War Correspondent, 1868.

"Relieved Dr. Livingstone.

"Circumnavigated Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, etc.

"Named Gulf Beatrice, on Luta-Nzige.

"Discovered Gordon Bennett Mountain, 18,000 feet high.

"Descended the Congo in the 'Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald' expedition, as first discoverer.

"Under auspices of the King of the Belgians organized the Congo Free State.

"Stanley has been received at the principal Courts in Europe as an eminent explorer.

"His records of travels have been published in every European language.

"He has gained the highest award of the London Geographical Society.

"He received from the hands of the Lord Mayor of London the Freedom of the City, a few days before proceeding to relieve Emin Pasha.

“Stanley has recently traced the basin of the Aruwimi to its source, at 6,000 feet altitude; discovered a wonderful snowy mountain; and has effected a junction with Emin Pasha.

“His further researches, south of his last position, doubtless valuable, have still to be made known to us.”—J. A. G.

The honour suggested by Colonel Grant in 1890 was rather tardily conferred upon Stanley in 1899, in the form of knighthood. He represented North Lambeth in Parliament from 1895 to 1900.

Not long after Mr. Stanley's arrival in 1890 he was married to Miss Dorothy Tennant in Westminster Abbey. His health was terribly shattered at that time, and I am sure that it is not too much to say now, that she nursed him back to health and happiness. For years he seemed to enjoy very good health, and I never saw a happier man than he was when I walked with him round his lovely grounds at Pirbright. I remember with what boyish glee he pointed out to me an enormous American elk, apparently grazing quietly, at the top of the meadow under the wood. I was quite taken in at the moment, and taken aback too, for I genuinely believed the great animal was alive—it was stuffed! How he enjoyed that bit of deception!

Sir Henry was always very anxious about my health, and I have many letters giving me very

fatherly advice. Here is an example, dated December 4th, 1896 :

“ I am most sorry to hear you are indisposed. I beg of you not to allow yourself to be carried away before you are well inclined for departure, because there are so many interesting books yet to be published, and your invaluable judgment is so essential. Bronchial attacks are so easily guarded against if you make up your mind to ward them off. Keep your feet dry by all means, avoid draughts, and at night see that your windows are closed tight, etc., etc.” .

This last line I suppose is not quite in accord with the present doctrine of open air treatment. He then proceeds to furnish me with an excellent defence against the attacks which were made upon him by more timid travellers who *turned back* rather than do the great things they set out to do, for fear of causing blood to be shed. This is not the stuff that great explorers are made of. In the same letter he writes *apropos* of the earlier parts of his autobiography: .

“ *Re my Biography.* I am afraid you won't see it, if you continue to expose yourself to these bronchial attacks ! on the other hand you may see it when I am allowed to retire from public life. I have enough of it already written to enable me to complete it in four months of quiet, but it is just the most interesting part, from my 18th year to my 25th, that wants the

material which I only can supply. I have tried repeatedly to find an unbroken month, and so to add to it, but so sure as I put pen to paper, so sure does a series of engagements interrupt me, and compel me to lock it up."

This was written in 1896. Writing to me not long ago, he says:

"That great book is not a whit more advanced. The fact is that though out of politics . . . I am so overwhelmingly occupied that I cannot find time to add a line to it."

He concludes a long letter by saying:

"I live in hopes of finishing it some day, unless the obituarists suddenly claim me for their subject before the deferred day arrives. That you and I may be long spared from the obituary lists is the fervent wish of

"Yours very cordially,
"H. M. S."

In the death of Sir Henry Morton Stanley I have lost a true and constant friend; one who rejoiced with me in times of joy, and who was one of the first to sympathize with me when, oftentimes in my pilgrimage through this weary world, I have been in trouble and in sorrow. For more than thirty years I have been his constant correspondent: in this sense I accompanied him on the Expedition to Ashanti. I was present with him when he saluted Dr. Livingstone on the Banks of

"The Tanganika," I travelled with him through the Carlist wars in 1873, of which no record now remains, except one or two letters that I received from him. I accompanied him "through the Dark Continent." I was with him when he became *Bula Matari* of "The Congo Free State," and I journeyed with him on that last great and terrible expedition in search of Emin Pasha.

In Westminster Abbey I was present with him both bodily and spiritually in the year 1874, when the remains of the great David Livingstone were consigned to an honoured grave.

In Westminster Abbey, in the year 1890, I saw him married to Miss Dorothy Tennant, under the most happy auspices.

In Westminster Abbey, in 1904, May 17th, I was present at the solemn service that preceded his burial. The catafalque was surrounded by numerous beautiful wreaths. His coffin bears a brass plate with the following inscription:

<p>HENRY MORTON STANLEY, G.C.B. D.C.L., LL.D., PH.D. Bula Matari Explorer of Africa, Born 10th of June, 1840 Died 9th of May, 1904</p>
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After the ceremony in the Abbey, the coffin and the mourners who accompanied it were conveyed by special train to Pirbright, near to Sir H. M. Stanley's pleasant home at Furze Hill, and the interment took place in the little churchyard.

But far away his monuments shall be,
In the wide lands he opened to the light
By the dark forest of the tropic night
And his great River winding to the sea.

SIDNEY LOW.

A. J. MOUNTENEY-JEPHSON, LIEUT. STAIRS,
CAPTAIN NELSON, DR. PARKE.

Having devoted so much space to the great leader of the Expedition, it would be very unbecoming were I to omit mention of his worthy lieutenants.

The following quotation from Mr. Stanley's book tells what they had to undergo, and how their services and their sufferings were appreciated by their leader:

"On Aug. 17, 1887," wrote Mr. Stanley, "all the officers of the rear column are united at Yambuya. They have my letter of instructions, but instead of preparing for the morrow's march to follow our track, they decide to wait at Yambuya: this decision initiates the most awful season any community of men ever endured in Africa or elsewhere. The result is that three quarters of their force die of slow poison.

"Take the same month and the same date in

1888, Aug. 17. I listen horror struck to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banalga, and am told of nothing but death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured and scarred; while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Barttelot, barely four weeks before is simply sickening. On the same day six hundred miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer, Mr. Jephson, are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death. . . . We arrived a second time at the Albert Nyanza to find Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson prisoners, in daily expectation of their doom . . . not until both were in my camp and the Egyptian fugitives under our protection did I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher power than mine . . . not one officer that was with me can forget the miseries he has endured. . . . Lieutenant Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like the others, but the others died, and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Mr. Jephson was four months a prisoner with guards, with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me. These officers have had to wade through as many as seventeen streams and broad expanses of mud and swamp in a day. . . . They have been maddened with the agonies of fierce fevers. They have lived for months in an atmosphere that medical authority declared to be deadly. They have faced dangers every day, and their

diet has been all through what the legal serfs would have declared to be infamous. And yet they live. This is not due to me, any more than the courage with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings, or the cheery energy which they devoted to their work. . . . The vulgar will call it luck, unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains a feeling that of a verity there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy."

The officers referred to as living at that time were A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, Dr. Parke, Lieutenant Stairs, and Captain Nelson. Now, at the period at which I am writing, the only one remaining is Mr. Mounteney-Jephson, and the great leader himself has departed.

It was with Mr. Mounteney-Jephson that I had most to do, and although that was in the *nineties*, the record of it comes properly in here to follow that of Mr. Stanley, my personal knowledge of whose career begins in the seventies and covers the eighties and the nineties.

As all the world knows, Mr. Mounteney-Jephson wrote a book on "Emin Pasha," which forms an admirable supplement, and indeed completes the story of "Darkest Africa." It was published some months after Mr. Stanley's great work, and it is only second to that work in tragic interest, for Mr. Mounteney-Jephson not only has a splendid

story to tell, but he possesses the literary art of telling it well. It is a candid and vivid narrative of his four months' residence with Emin Pasha, and the troubles he had with that very eccentric and remarkable person.

I had much pleasant intercourse with Mr. Jephson about this time, and in order to look through his manuscript he invited me to visit him at Hyères, where he was staying with his cousin, La Comtesse de Nouailles. I arrived there on Good Friday, April 4th, 1890; I remained with him till the following Monday. Together we read the MS. of his "Emin Pasha." I carried the manuscript home with me, and the book was published in due course. We had some delightful drives in the neighbourhood.¹

DOCTOR PARKE.

Sir H. M. Stanley and Mr. Mounteney-Jephson were not the only members of the famous expedition which found Emin Pasha who have recorded their

¹ Mr. Jephson has just written in "Scribner's Magazine" for September, 1904, "Reminiscences of Sir H. M. Stanley," in which he vigorously defends his old leader. I quote a few lines on the subject of Stanley's "cruelty":

"Stanley has often been accused of cruelty, but I can only say that during the three years we four officers were with him in Africa, we never once saw him do a cruel or a wanton act, or anything of which our consciences disapproved. Cruelty and wantonness were entirely foreign to his nature."

experiences in print. I believe the whole of the five lieutenants whose names I have mentioned produced manuscripts which they imagined some publisher would be eager to publish, and a large public equally eager to buy; but so far as I know the only writers who succeeded in finding a publisher were Mr. Mounteney-Jephson and Dr. Parke, who had each of them a specific and distinct story to tell.

Dr. Parke's work, "My Personal Experiences in Equatorial Africa as Medical Officer of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition," was written avowedly in the interests of medical science, and is a record of his observations and experience in "Darkest Africa"; but it was not exclusively confined to his professional share in the task of Stanley and his comrades. The work had its full share of popularity, none the less assured in that its pretensions were as modest as those of the writer. He afterwards wrote "A Guide to Health in Africa." Dr. Parke was one of those men who may fitly be described as "charming"; he charmed by his modesty, his manliness, his kindliness, and his gentleness equalled his intrepidity. In his profession he was extremely clever and resourceful. Stanley speaks of his Irish colleague in the very highest terms; he attributes the safety of very many of his comrades to the skill, the energy, the self-sacrificing and untiring zeal of Dr. Parke.

Dr. Thomas Heazle Parke was born November 27th, 1857, in Drumona, and was educated in Dublin. He joined the army medical staff in 1881 and had a large experience in Egypt. He took part in the relief of General Gordon. He was in medical charge of the Naval Brigade under Lord Charles Beresford, and was present at the battles of Abu Klea and Gubat and the attack on Metamneh. Becoming weary of Egypt he asked permission to join Stanley's expedition.

He was suddenly taken ill while attending service in Christ Church, Lochgilphead, being on a visit to the Duke of St. Albans at Alt-na-Craig. On the following day he was found in his room dressed and lifeless, having apparently expired as he was about to retire to rest. He died September 10th, 1893.





CHAPTER X

GEORGE MACDONALD



HERE was a time, it does not seem so very long ago, and yet it must be nearly a quarter of a century, when I had pleasant relations with Mr. George Macdonald. I think it was through the good offices of Mr. A. P. Watt that he was introduced to us. We published a good number of his very interesting, and at the same time thoughtful, earnest, and pure novels. We paid him large sums for them, and we had no cause to regret having done so; they were, however, or rather, in process of time and change in the taste of the public, they grew to be, too good, too pure, too honest for the growing frivolity of the times, and the sale fell off: there is, however, sterling worth and vitality in all that George Macdonald has written, and his work will live when much that has since obtained a flash of popularity will be forgotten. It was a curious circumstance that the

first and, I think, the best book we published for him bore the title "MARY MARSTON"; he had adopted the title before the work came into our hands, and he could or would not be persuaded to alter it. It happened to be the name of my wife, my eldest daughter, and one of my daughters-in-law—thus I had *three* Mary Marstons already in my family, and now Mr. Macdonald insisted on bringing in a *fourth*. I may say that he never saw or knew any of the Marys in my family. As, however, Mr. Macdonald's "Mary Marston" turned out to be a very charming woman, a model of all that is good and true in womanhood, we willingly accepted the implied relationship.

"Mary Marston" was published in 1880, "Warlock of Warlock" in 1881, "Guild Court" in 1881, and "The Vicar's Daughter," "Gifts of the Child Christ," "Adela Cathcart," "Weighed and Wanting."

Mr. Macdonald was born in 1824, so that he had completed his threescore and twenty years.

JOHN BRIGHT.

John Bright was a frequent visitor at one time, for he took great interest in a work which we had published: this was "Milton's Poetical Works," with a very useful and valuable verbal concordance by an American editor, Charles Dexter Cleveland. John Bright purchased several copies, presumably

to make presents of them. We had also re-issued a folio edition of "Paradise Lost," with Martin's illustrations: this too attracted him strongly. I remember him sitting in a corner of an inner office for an hour at a time, examining those extraordinary plates. The work was very expensive: I think he purchased more than one copy, notwithstanding that the plates were much worn. I do not remember now what became of the plates; we had purchased them from Mr. Henry Washbourne, but he was not the original producer.

It was about that time that we published for the Cobden Club a volume of John Bright's "Letters." I have an interesting letter on this subject, in which he says:

"The Cobden Club are doing a large business with you. I hope they are not making a mistake. I agree with you that in times of excitement like the present books of an unexciting character are rather overlooked. Many classes and industries endure a portion of the curse which the incurable folly and crimes of our rulers bring upon the nation.

"Your angling book is amusing and interesting; some one sent a copy of it to me some months ago, and I read it with much pleasure.

"I have a son-in-law who is great and destructive among the trout. I shall send him one of the copies.

"Yours very truly,
"JOHN BRIGHT."

Everybody knows that John Bright was an enthusiastic salmon fisher. He was also a great admirer of John Milton.

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN.

Although it is fifteen years since we published the works of Captain Mahan, I was even then little less than one of the ancients, and personally I seldom came in contact with him. Fortunately he met my son, R. B. Marston, who had always been an enthusiast on the subject of the navy and of sea power, and the two soon became very good friends. Captain Mahan's writings on the "Influence of Sea Power" have had very great influence, especially in naval quarters. It is in a great measure due to his warnings that our navy and our country have been aroused to practical recognition of the fact that our strength and our support as a nation rests upon our sea power.

In the course of a correspondence of many years with Captain Mahan, my son has received many most interesting letters: one of these he has handed to me, and as it is briefly biographical, I am well pleased to insert here; for I am sure it will be read with interest:

"New York, February 19, 1897.

"MY DEAR MR. MARSTON,

"I have for some time had before me your letter of the 25th ult. asking material for a bio-

graphical sketch. I have for the most part succeeded in shunting the interviewers, but I will jot down a few notes of a life unsuccessful—beyond the literary success of the past half-dozen years.

“I was born in September, 1840, and am therefore now in my fifty-seventh year. My naval career has been marked by no incidents of special interest beyond the very cordial and distinguished reception given me by your countrymen three years ago, which I attribute to the desire to recognise the just tribute I had paid to the influence of Great Britain upon the world through her sea power.

“The manner in which I was led to take up and develop my ‘life’s work,’ which I suppose may be said so far to consist in the ‘Sea Power’ books, is sufficiently stated in the preface to the French Revolution book. I was at the time attached to a ship on the Pacific station—as her commander—in 1884 when the proposition to develop a course of naval history was made to me. Casting round for the method of treatment I reached the solution stated in the preface.

“It may be of interest to know it was when reading Mommsen’s ‘History of Rome’ in the English Club at Lima that I was struck by the non-recognition of the vital influence of sea power upon Hannibal’s career.

“The incident is to myself interesting because I attribute any success not to any breadth or thoroughness of historical knowledge but a certain aptitude to seize on salient features of an



CAPTAIN A. J. MAHAN

era—salient either by action or non-action, by presence or absence.

“It may be interesting also to know that not only the general idea but the full leading outline of the whole story, from 1660-1812, was written down by me for Admiral Luce before I put pen to paper on the works themselves—before, in fact, I had acquired the knowledge necessary to the full treatment of the subject. This illustrates, I think, the fact that my strength lies not in abundance of minute knowledge but in quick perception and broad grasp of a matter. I am, however, extremely painstaking as to the accuracy of what I insert, though less careful as to what I omit. The three last chapters of sea power in the French Revolution have, I think, received the most solid recognition of all my work. The idea was perfectly developed in my mind before—two years before—I studied up the matter. I was, of course, prepared to abandon my views if they proved erroneous, but I believe they are accepted.

“Finally, I may say that the term, ‘sea power,’ which now has such vogue, was deliberately adopted by me to compel attention, and, I hoped, to receive currency. Purists, I said to myself, may criticise me for marrying a Teutonic word to one of Latin origin, but I deliberately discarded the adjective, ‘maritime,’ being too smooth to arrest men’s attention or stick in their minds. I do not know how far this is usually the case with phrases that obtain currency; my impression is that the originator is himself generally surprised at their taking hold.

"I was not surprised in that sense. The effect produced was that which I fully purposed; but I was surprised at the extent of my success.

" 'Sea power,' in English at least, seems to have come to stay in the sense I used it. 'The sea Powers' were often spoken of before, but in an entirely different manner—not to express, as I meant, at once an abstract conception and a concrete fact.

"It may seem odd to you, but I do not to this day understand my success. I had done what I intended; I recognise that people have attributed to me a great success, and have given me abundant recognition. I enjoy it and am grateful; but for the most part I do not myself appreciate the work up to the measure expressed by others.

"As regards the work of the past year—'The Life of Nelson'—I do not care to reveal my hopes or fears to the public before it has passed its verdict upon it. Let it come to the work with open mind, incurious as yet as to the author's purposes. Some day, if the book succeed, I may tell the story of the strong purpose, the ideal, which I have had before me through its progress.

"Cordially yours,

"A. T. MAHAN."

"The Life of Nelson" was published by my firm in April, 1897: it was accorded a magnificent reception, over 6,000 copies of the 36s. edition were quickly disposed of, and although the sale of

naval war books usually languishes in time of peace, there is a continuous, steady demand for those of Captain Mahan.

There was some talk in 1892 of a renewal of effort on the part of the promoters of the tunnel between France and England to get their bill passed. Mr. Gladstone was in power and known to favour the scheme. Thanks, chiefly to the patriotic action of Sir James Knowles, the editor of the "Nineteenth Century," who obtained and published the views of our best naval and military authorities, work on the tunnel was stopped for a time. My son, knowing that Captain Mahan's views would have great weight if the promoters persisted in reintroducing the bill, asked him for his opinion. In his reply, which is too long to quote fully here, Captain Mahan said:

"Such a tunnel would be a bridge between France and Great Britain. . . . Historically, every bridge is an element of danger. . . . It may safely be predicted that once built it will not be destroyed, but that throughout any war reliance will be placed upon its defences. History teaches us again and again the dangers of surprise—the dangers of over-confidence. You will have continually in your midst an open gap, absorbing a large part of your available force for its protection. As to the effect upon the sea power of Great Britain, it is obvious that your navy, were it tenfold its present strength, can

neither protect the tunnel nor remedy the evils incurred by its passing into the hands of an enemy. . . . It is an odd kind of thing—making one lay down the pen and muse—to think of an open passage to Great Britain in the hands of a foe, and British ships, like toothless dogs, prowling vainly round the shores of the island.”

The happy fact that Great Britain and France have recently agreed to settle so many of the questions affecting their mutual relations, has already given fresh hope to the advocates of the Channel tunnel; under these circumstances it is surely well to remember that in Captain Mahan’s opinion it is indisputable that the weight of our sea power will be “immeasurably diminished” by its existence.

G. A. HENTY.

Who in the literary world did not know the late George Alfred Henty? Where is the schoolboy throughout His Majesty’s Dominions who has not read, or heard of and longed to read the books, over seventy, which he has written for their special delight and edification? My firm had the pleasure of publishing many of these books, and I have had many pleasant meetings with him, not only in connection with his books but at social gatherings, and who could be less than jovial in his presence. He was a rough diamond of the first water, hearty, sometimes boisterous, genial,

generous, sympathetic, and simple-minded as a child. In him was no guile, he was always outspoken and honest. I am afraid it does not so much exhibit his perspicacity as a critic as his kindness as a friend, to say that whenever I sent him one of my own little angling books he always wrote to me about it in very flattering terms; here is an instance:

"MY DEAR MR. MARSTON,

"I am very much obliged to you for your 'Holidays,' and shall prize it as I have prized its predecessors greatly. I cannot but think that it is a great pity that you did not take to authorship instead of publishing, for I consider your charmingly graceful and chatty books to be altogether unique in their way. . . .

"Yours sincerely,

"G. A. H."

G. A. Henty must have led a very adventurous life, and a biography of him, if he has left material, would assuredly be most interesting. He went through the Crimean war, and he acted as special correspondent for "The Standard," through the Austro-Italian, Franco - German, and Turco-Servian wars, and the Abyssinian and Ashanti Expeditions. In the two latter expeditions he was a fellow correspondent with H. M. Stanley, and they were, although rivals in the field, on most friendly terms; they always spoke of each other in the most affectionate way, and without the

least suggestion of envy on account of the one having done more than the other, both these men were too high-minded and single-minded to harbour any feeling of jealousy. Henty wrote a book called "March to Magdala : March to Coomassie," and Stanley wrote a book which we published in 1874 called "Coomassie and Magdala : The Story of two British Campaigns in Africa." Henty was born in 1832: he died suddenly last year, but, as he once told me, he had for some years been a great sufferer from gouty diabetes.

JOSEPH HATTON.

I must have known Joseph Hatton in the early seventies, and I think it well to mention his name as a very genial and pleasant friend. We once published for him a curious and interesting book called "Irving's Impressions of America." This was a work written, I think, at the request of Sir Henry Irving, or at least with his concurrence; also "Journalistic London," which, for the first time, dealt with the inner life of the editorial rooms, and gave biographies of the chief editors, leader writers, and correspondents. He is the author of many novels, among them, "Clytie" and "By Order of the Czar," which have had very large circulations, but my firm is only responsible for the publication of two, viz. "The Old House at Sandwich" and "Three Recruits"; both of them were well received

at the time of their first publication. We also published an important work by him on "North Borneo, Explorations and Adventures on the Equator," which has long since been out of print. It records much of the doings of his only son, the late Frank Hatton, who had been selected by the Directors of the North British Borneo Company as their Scientific Explorer when at about the age of nineteen; there he lost his life accidentally before he was twenty-three. He was a young man of great promise in the scientific world, and had been elected Hon. Member of several learned societies. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him.

I well remember the bitter anguish with which his good father and mother were overwhelmed on receiving tidings of his death. Young Hatton was born in 1861.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

In 1888 I had several interviews and much correspondence with the late Sir Morell Mackenzie with reference to his work, entitled "Frederick the Noble." The work was in fact a vindication of his own professional reputation from the allegations of the German physicians: those who had the greatest cause to be satisfied with the services which Sir Morell rendered to the late Emperor Frederick, felt that such a vindication was necessary. In order

to write his book in peace and quietness, and to be free from professional work Sir Morell Mackenzie took a small house near the Swiss Cottage; there he isolated himself; and I frequently visited him during the progress of the work. Of course it is in the memory of all that the book was looked for with the deepest interest by all the world. It had an enormous sale, and it was generally regarded as a crushing reply to the invidious statements of the German press.

So great was the interest which the work excited, especially in America, and consequently so great was the laudable enterprise of "The New York Herald" to tell the American people promptly all about it, that by some inexplicable, necromantic, or diabolical agency, the whole of the story appeared in that wonderful Journal two or three days before a single copy of the work was issued by ourselves. Still more wonderful is the fact that the whole of the same matter appeared in "The Standard" on the same or following day. The only reasonable theory is that some wide-awake youth had stolen the proof sheets from our printers, and that they were cabled *verbatim* to New York, and unless the same thief had stolen two copies and sold one to "The Standard," the whole of the matter in "The New York Herald" must have been telegraphed back to "The Standard."

Now the simple fact of the publication of the complete work in America before its publication here was sufficient to invalidate our copyright, for which we had paid Sir Morell a very large sum and we were absolutely floored. Had many of our keen competitors been aware of the state of things, there actually existed no reason why any number of piratical editions should not have been published, and the probability is that the Copyright Law would not have protected us. "The Standard," it seemed to us, had rushed into this thing rashly and without consideration of our rights. When their attention was drawn to what they had done they did not resort to the legal quibble, that because the work had already been published in America (by whatever surreptitious means) before it appeared in England, therefore they would maintain their rights; on the contrary, they handsomely acknowledged that they had thoughtlessly wronged us, and they paid a satisfactory honorarium in confirmation of it.

I may say that the work, notwithstanding this new method of appropriating an English author's book in his own country, had a very large sale. The subject was an enthralling one at the time, and it convinced all fair-minded people that everything that was possible had been done to save the precious life of Frederick the Noble.

THOMAS HARDY.

Hardly any incident in my publishing career troubled me more than parting with Mr. Thomas Hardy, whose works we had published for many years: this occurred, so far as I know, without any friction, or cause of friction, on either side. Mr. Hardy's books had held the market firmly for a long period, but there did come a time when the public interest in them began to flag, and a stimulant of some kind to start them afresh was needed. Mr. Hardy himself wrote to me that he had felt for a long time the need of a new departure in English fiction. He wrote "Tess" and "The Group of Noble Dames," and it seems that he entertained some doubt whether a publisher bold enough to take them in hand could be found. It was plain that he thought my firm was too old-fashioned and too conservative; at all events, not feeling inclined to run the risk of a refusal from us, or from any other publisher, he at once closed with Mr. J. R. Osgood, who was just then starting the publishing business in Albemarle Street, in connection with Messrs. Harper Brothers, and these books were not offered to us at all. The books proved an enormous success in Osgood's hands, probably in consequence of the "new departure," and the end of it all was that he took over, not without a remonstrance on our part, all the other books by Mr.

Hardy hitherto published by ourselves. Although, as Mr. Hardy said, the "Tess" was not "in the least immoral," I am sure that twenty years earlier the verdict would have gone against him. Public opinion had considerably changed even ten years ago, and now public opinion would heartily back up Mr. Osgood, who had from the first intrepidly volunteered to publish whatever the author chose to write. Mr. Hardy closed his letter by saying that he hoped "the situation which had arisen, as it were by accident, may not interfere with our old established friendship."

"AN AMATEUR ANGLER'S DAYS IN DOVE DALE,"
AND OTHER BOOKS.

It was in 1884 that I wrote and published a little book which I called "An Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale, or, How I spent my Three Weeks' Holiday." This book told the story of my beginnings as an angler; for, although from five to fifteen, fishing in the dear old river that ran through our farm was one of my greatest joys, nearly fifty years must have elapsed without my having renewed acquaintance with rod and line, and the experience was just as new to me as if I had never fished at all; yet, as a matter of fact, in my boyish days I had a special aptitude for catching fish. Our river was and is a capital trout and

grayling stream; in those days fishing clubs and preserves were unheard of, at all events in our part of the world. The river was free to all, and of course the length of it which ran through our meadows, about two miles, was my peculiar domain. I had learned to manufacture my own rods and to plait my own white horsehair lines, and eventually, taught by a neighbouring keeper, to make my own flies, and cast a fly with skill which would bring me home many a fine trout and grayling.

The charm and loveliness of the scenery attracted us to Dove Dale; the river kept us there. My son, R. B. Marston, his wife, and the nearly three-year old Lorna were with me, and at "The Izaak Walton," we spent a very happy time. My son, already well known in the angling world as an expert dry-fly angler, set me up with all the needful apparatus, and under his careful instructions I soon became, if not an expert myself, at least an enthusiastic *amateur angler*.

Twenty years have come and gone since that little book was written, and yet there is inquiry for it. It cannot, however, be supplied; for, having gone through two editions, I allowed it to go out of print.

Rarely has a tiny volume, created in a trifling mood, been taken so much notice of by the whole round of the press, and by innumerable private correspondents. Its great success must have made me a little vain, and a little presumptuous too, for



EDWARD MARSTON
BORN FEBRUARY 14, 1825

that volume has been followed by several others written in a similar strain; of these I will only quote the titles and dates: "Fresh Woods and Pastures New," 1888; "Days in Clover," 1892; "By Meadow and Stream: Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Places," 1896; "On a Sunshine Holy-day," 1892; "An Old Man's Holiday," 1900; and "Dove Dale Revisited," 1902.

In addition to the foregoing, which are almost exclusively devoted to my angling adventures, I have published the work on "Copyright," to which I have already referred, and a small book entitled "How Stanley wrote 'In Darkest Africa,'" in 1890. In 1901 "Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days" was published, and, in 1902, "Sketches of some Booksellers of the time of Dr. Johnson." With the exception of "Frank's Rancho, or My Holidays in the Rockies," from which I have quoted under the heading "William Black," the foregoing list includes all the books that I have been guilty of writing as well as publishing. It would puzzle me, perhaps above all other men, to explain why these books have been so well received; for I would be the very last to claim that they possess any purely literary merit; it may be, perhaps, that the angling books are written from the point of view of an amateur, and do not pretend to superiority of knowledge. Of the other books I can only say that they tread upon no man's corns.

The year 1885 was an eventful one for me ; in the autumn of that year, in company with Mr. Ernald Mosley, we took our holidays in the Rocky Mountains. I will not tell the story of it over again, as I have already told it in " Frank's Ranche." I hardly remember any book that was more warmly welcomed by the whole round of the press than this one. It was translated into French and published by Messrs. Hachette et Cie, Paris.





CHAPTER XI

J. A. FROUDE



It was early in 1882 that I had my first interview with the great historian. The object of my interview, a curious one, was to consult him with reference to a posthumous work by Thomas Carlyle: the manuscript of this had come into our possession. It was not one of those that had fallen into Mr. Froude's hands as Mr. Carlyle's literary executor, but nevertheless we thought it well to inform him of the MS., and to consult him upon the propriety of publishing it. He told me that he thought everything Carlyle had written ought to be given to the world, and he kindly undertook to correct the press and to write a short prefatory note.

The work is entitled "Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849." It does not appear, according to Mr. Froude, to have been a work to which Carlyle himself attached much importance. Mr.

Froude quotes in his preface from Carlyle's *Journal*, 1849, Nov. 11:

"Went to Ireland as foreshadowed in the last entry; wandered about there all through July; have half forcibly recalled all my remembrances, and thrown them down since my return. Ugly spectacle: sad health: sad humour: a thing unjoyful to look back upon. The whole country figures in my mind like a ragged coat; one huge beggar's gaberdine, not patched or patchable any longer."

Mr. Carlyle had given the manuscript to Mr. Neuberg, who was then acting as his secretary; Mr. Neuberg gave it to the late Mr. Thomas Ballantyne, who sold it to a Mr. Anderson, from whom it came by purchase into our hands. Mr. Froude concludes his preface by saying:

"Nothing which he wrote has been altered, and nothing has been suppressed. I have corrected the press as far as I have been able, but the handwriting is more than usually intricate. A few words are almost illegible, and I have not ventured on conjectural emendations."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy accompanied Mr. Carlyle on this eventful journey, and, if I remember rightly, he undertook to read the proofs and probably to fill up the gaps which Mr. Froude found almost illegible. The MS. of the text and American rights were transferred by us to the Century

Company, New York. The "Century Magazine" was then the property mainly of Mr. Roswell Smith, who had originated it.

The only other transaction we had with Mr. Froude was when, in 1890, he wrote, at our instigation, the "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," for our Prime Minister Series. For the copyright of this work, which proved a great success, we paid him a very large sum. The sale was large at the time, and it has been continuous.

SIR WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES.

During the eighties we published several books which possessed interest of various kinds, but the time is not sufficiently remote to make it desirable to enter into minute details.

There are, however, one or two works which I may particularize as being either of national importance or of widespread interest: to these any publisher may be proud to see his name attached. The first is—

"THE ROYAL NAVY. A history from the earliest times to the present, by Sir WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES, assisted by Sir Clements R. Markham, President Roosevelt, Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N., Mr. H. W. Wilson, Mr. L. Carr Laughton, etc. In seven handsome royal 8vo volumes. Price £8 15s. 0d. It contains 35 full-page photogravures, and hundreds of full-page and other illustrations, Maps, Charts, etc."

The undertaking was undoubtedly a vast one for a private company, and the outlay very great. No previous comprehensive history of the Royal Navy on a large scale was in existence, and it was felt that there was not only room, but urgent need for such a history as this one. It is one of those works which, being of essential value to the nation, ought to have been brought out under the protection of a national subsidy, but the British Government is not given to lavishness in its expenditure of the public money in the patronage of authors of such works. Whilst, however, the publishers found the necessary capital for the production of this great work, the British Government so far recognized its value and importance as to recommend His Majesty the King to confer knighthood on Sir William Laird Clowes. The book has only recently been completed, and it has everywhere been most warmly received by the press.

Captain Mahan wrote to the publishers after Vol. I was issued:

“ From the length of the period to be covered and the amount of material to be handled, you have a tremendous undertaking in hand, and I wish you all the success your nation ought to give you as a matter of patriotism.”

It is hardly too much to say that the author himself has been a martyr to this, his *magnum opus*.

In spite of a long continued and serious illness, his enthusiastic labours upon it in his endeavour to produce a work worthy of the great subject, have been incessant and unwearying, and all will be ready to acknowledge that Sir William Laird Clowes has well earned the honour which has been conferred upon him.

WORKS OF TRAVEL, ADVENTURE AND DISCOVERY.

In the course of my life as a publisher I have always been prejudiced in favour of books describing the wanderings of men in remote quarters of this small globe on which we live, and particularly of men who have ventured into lands and seas hitherto unknown and unexplored. Such works cannot, by the very nature of things, be numerous. The latter half of the nineteenth century did not find any of the four quarters, or rather the five great divisions, of the globe quite blank on the face of maps of the world. During that half century whatever blank spaces there were have been largely covered, and now it may almost be said that the occupation of the explorer on this earth is gone—he must seek for other worlds to conquer. It is true that the Arctic and the Antarctic regions have still much to disclose. In Africa there may still be a few dark spots; nor is Australia yet completely mapped out, but what is left

is mostly scrub and waterless sandy desert. As regards Central Asia, Mr. Sven Heydn has probably cleared up all that was mysterious. The blank spaces of the first half of the nineteenth century are no longer blank. They have been filled up by men with many of whom I have been personally brought into contact, and whose works describing their adventures have been given to the world by my publishing house.

These works have for many years formed a leading feature in our annual lists. The following is a very imperfect list of such of them as I can easily remember. I mean such books as in their day were of some authority and importance. I will give the name of the author only, his subject, and the year of his publication. The fuller titles must be sought for in catalogues of the dates mentioned. Most of these works are out of print.

BOOKS ON AFRICA.

<i>Ashe (R. P.).</i> Two Kings of Uganda. Cr. 8vo.	1889
<i>Burton (R. F.).</i> Two Trips to Gorilla Land. 2 vols. 8vo.	1875
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THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF PUBLISHERS IN PARIS, 1896.

I must put on record a short account of the first meeting of "The International Congress of Publishers at Paris" in the month of June, 1896, but I cannot give a detailed account of the objects of the gathering, or the business resulting therefrom.

The congress sat for three days in solemn conclave; many speeches were delivered; many resolutions passed, and the utmost harmony prevailed. "The Publishers' Circular," always alive to the interests of the trade, gave very full reports of all the speeches, and portraits of most, if not all, of the delegates. Among the speakers, at a farewell banquet, was M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE, editor of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." He is a very eloquent and admirable speaker, and I will give the following extract from one of his speeches :

"It is, gentlemen, for all these reasons that I am proud and happy to be amongst you to-day. Nobody is more proud than I of the literary profession. For the love of letters and of books, if I were not an author I would be a publisher. But I am an author, and so I could not finish without thanking you for all I have learnt during these last three days. You have revealed the existence of numerous questions of which I was ignorant; you have shown me and have made me feel the practical difficulty, the real complexity of more than one problem which I should have thought, not eight days ago, I could remove by a pen stroke, or decide by a word. You have enlightened my ignorance. For this reason, if there are certain congresses which I scarcely defend, I do not wish to name them more precisely to-day, neither would this be the place to do so; but yours is one of those which we cannot too much approve or applaud

for the motives which actuated you in calling it together and the manner in which it has conducted its labours—little noise and much work; for the consequences which will no doubt result from it; and, lastly, for the splendour of the fête which crowns it.”

Doubtless from a mere business point of view much good was derived from the fact of so many publishers of various nationalities meeting together, and so becoming personally acquainted. Thus I met several publishers with whom I had been in friendly correspondence for many years, but whom I now saw in the flesh for the first time. But after all I think the social aspect of the meeting was most interesting. Certainly the general harmony was greatly enhanced by the splendid hospitality of our generous hosts. It was indeed no small matter to entertain for many days such an assemblage of representatives speaking so many languages. Luncheons, dinners, banquets, soirées were the order of the day and every day. I will describe briefly an entertainment provided for us by our old friend, M. Fouret. He had invited us to dine with him at his charming country residence:

About a dozen of us met together at the foot of the Champs Elysées. Here was awaiting us a four-in-hand old English coach, a splendid team and a crack English driver. We made a long

circle so that we might catch a glimpse of the lovely French scenery—through the Bois de Boulogne, past Suresnes and St. Cloud, through the village of Sèvres and the Bois de Meudon, and so by many winding ways in woodland scenery until we came to the quaintest little village that ever was seen, called “Robinson.” Here, at the instance of Madame Hachette, who resides in a charming villa on the heights above, commanding one of the loveliest scenes ever beheld, we all climbed a tree, a grand chestnut, and at the top, Crusoe-like, we found a hut in which refreshments had been placed. On descending the tree we resumed our places on the coach, and finally we reached Plessis-Piquet, the rural retreat of M. Fouret, and of his relative, Madame Breton, in a most delightful house, which is not merely of picturesque interest, but may be said to be doubly interesting, historically, for it was once the residence of the principal hero of “Les Trois Mousquetaires,” a real, not imaginary hero, and later, it was occupied by Prussian troops during the siege of 1870.

For the rest, I will not speak of our pleasant reception; I will only say that we all returned to Paris, albeit in a torrent of rain, fully conscious that we had spent an afternoon and evening destined long to remain among our most pleasant memories.

But our festivities were not yet over. M. Boucher, the Minister of Commerce, did some of us the honour of inviting us to lunch with him at his splendid old mansion in the Rue de Grenelle: this, as he told me, was built for, and was once, the residence of Madame de Pompadour, in the good (or bad) old times of Louis Quinze. I sat next M. Hanotaux, the Minister for Foreign Affairs; his knowledge of English at least equalled my knowledge of French, so we got on together very well.

It will be remembered that in the year 1871—twenty-five years before—the French publishers had presented me with a Gold Medal as secretary of the Famine Relief Fund. I happened to show this to M. Boucher, and it was handed round as a curiosity. Some weeks after my return home I received a letter from the Minister, informing me that he had sent me a case, containing *une Service de Sèvres*, which reached me in due time, and I have it locked up: it is far too precious for common use. I mention this as an interesting trait in the French character, for the *service* was sent to me, not for anything that I had done at the Congress, but as a further recognition of my secretaryship a quarter of a century before!

MY SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

In the spring of 1891 I made a second visit to

the United States. On this occasion I did not go westward; my visit was a short one, chiefly on business, and was limited to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Boston. It was just before the passing of the new American Copyright Act, which had been in agitation for so many weary years. As the following is, I think, a fair summary by myself in "The Publishers' Circular," of my doings, I reprint it here. When in Washington I had been most courteously received by the late Sir Julian Pauncefote. I had a long chat with him; he invited me to dine with him, but finding that my time did not admit of this, he placed one of his gentlemen and a carriage at my disposal to drive me round to see the principal sights of Washington. I saw as much as could be seen in a two hours' drive, and then I had to bid the beautiful City of Washington adieu for ever.

"Before leaving New York, remembering the great courtesy with which I had been personally received by Sir Julian Pauncefote, when I had the pleasure of an interview with him in Washington, I wrote to him, again urging upon him the great importance to British authors that as little delay as possible should be occasioned before their new rights should be recognized by the necessary proclamation of the President, as from the first of July. I said I was aware that many contracts had been entered into in

the full expectation that nothing would interfere with the operation of the Act from that date. Of course, I was not aware what action our own Government might be taking, but I could not think that any new legislation was necessary to place Great Britain on a perfect equality with the United States on the question of reciprocity. The doubtful interpretation of our law that residence of an alien during first publication of his work is necessary, is more than counterbalanced by the fact that for the last twenty-five years at least of my own personal experience, American authors have enjoyed the full benefit of English copyright without having once set foot on British territory, and without their rights having ever been called in question. I quoted also the very significant clause in our International Copyright Act, 1886, confirmed by an Order in Council in 1887, which seems to have been specially constructed to cover this hitherto doubtful ground. Whether the fact that Great Britain is a member of the Berne Convention, especially referred to in Clause 13 of the new Act, as 'an international agreement,' is not of itself sufficient to entitle Great Britain to its privileges is a question worthy of consideration. These facts may surely weigh as against the manufacturing clause in the new Act, thus rendering the question of reciprocity so far equitable that our Government may be said to be giving even more than it gets.¹

¹ Seeing that by giving an American Copyright in Great Britain, it virtually gave him the protection of the Berne Convention.

“ I ventured to hope that if these facts could be brought under the notice of the President they may be sufficient to induce him to issue the necessary proclamation for Great Britain, as I understand he has already done, or is prepared to do, for France, without the inevitable delay which will be occasioned if the British Government is called upon to confirm its position by a special Act of Parliament.

“ I received a very courteous reply from his Excellency, informing me that he had forwarded my letter to Lord Salisbury.

“ I had the opportunity of conversing with nearly every publisher in the eastern cities of America, and I can assure our manufacturing friends in England that the obnoxious Clause is not due to them ; they fought strenuously against it ; they wanted copyright pure and simple, not, it may be admitted, so much out of a simple desire to benefit English authors as to give their own authors a fair chance of competing with them. It was the powerful political influence of the West that insisted upon and maintained that protective clause. And I am convinced that it was insisted upon wholly and simply as *protective* of home industry. The question of aggression with a view to compete with British manufactures had never been thought of in their programme until it was raised by our friends at home. I am now more convinced than I was before I went to America that British manufacturers have no more real cause for alarm than if no manufacturing clause existed. Of course the Americans will

want to manufacture for themselves, and for their own country, and cases will inevitably occur in which they will make plates for both countries. On the other hand, there will be very many cases in which they will prefer buying plates from England and risking the copyright, rather than be at the expense of setting up themselves. I can have no possible object in opposing the views of our British printers. I only wish to convince them that they are not going to be ruined by this *Copyright Bill* or at all events that it would be well not to cry out too much before they are hurt. And they should not wholly forget or ignore the fact that British authors as well as British producers of books have some interest in it. They may all rest assured that retaliatory legislation of any kind will certainly cause its withdrawal altogether.

“I have had a pleasant time in America; if I could find any ground for dissatisfaction at all it would be a personal one—my friends have been too good to me. The hospitality of American publishers is proverbial. I had heard of and experienced it in years gone by; but one’s power as one grows old of assimilating good things considerably diminishes.

“On the whole, however, I have got through without material damage, and I was surprised to find how easy it was to sustain the heat, when the thermometer stood at 100° in the shade as it did more or less on the last few days of my sojourn in America.

“If I worked hard during the hours of busi-

ness at the task which led me to America, I found abundant reward afterwards in the open-handed hospitality which met me on all hands.

"I will not mention names, but I shall not forget the pleasant drives I had through the green lanes of New Jersey, where every turn opened up a new and enchanting landscape. How delicious it was to wander about in the cool of the evening, and to watch the flitting fireflies and the glow-worms lighting up the paths under the green foliage of Long Island, on the beautiful height of Sand's Point, overlooking the charming inlets and bays of the Sound! What a lovely sail that is which one gets in the floating and gorgeously-decorated palace called the 'Connecticut'—a sail by moonlight on the Sound from New York to Providence!

"Nor can I forget the pleasant time I had in Boston. My friend drove me round the picturesque and classic town of Cambridge. I ascended the monument on the top of Mount Auburn, where one gets a fine view of the winding Charles River and the suburbs of Boston.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Visit to.

"We passed the residence of the late Mr. Longfellow, and we called upon Mr. Lowell, whom we found in the beautiful home where he had lived all his life. He was reclining on a sofa-chair, outside the house, under a veranda. He had been seriously ill, and was but slowly

recovering. His doctor, he said, had assured him that there was nothing radically wrong with him, and he seemed to be very hopeful of speedy recovery. 'You are bringing your brother to see me,' he said. 'A brother publisher,' my friend replied. 'Arcades ambo,' probably thought the great man; but he received me very cordially. He expressed his dissatisfaction with the Copyright Bill, but said it was the best that could be got at present; and he attributed its failure on some points largely to the injudicious meddling of certain English politicians.

"His house is surrounded by lawns overcrowded with large trees, in which many birds were singing, particularly a red-breasted bird the size of an English thrush, which the Americans call a robin. It has precisely the note of our thrush, but without its trills and infinite variations.

" 'I remember counting,' said Mr. Lowell, 'when I was a boy, as many as ninety robins on that lawn at one time, but the march of civilization has driven many of them away.

" 'For many years,' he said, 'a pair of cat-birds came every year and built their nests in those syringas at the front door, but they disappeared during my absence and have never returned.'

"On each side of the front door is a very large clump of syringas just now overladen with flowers, the scent from these was almost overpowering. It was a great pleasure to me to shake hands with this great man, who—remem-

bering that he is now in his seventy-second year, and that his health is far from robust—I am scarcely ever likely to see again.”

Not long afterwards Mr. Russell Lowell died.

H. O. HOUGHTON, of Boston.

“Nor can I ever forget the thoughtful kindness of my ‘brother publisher.’ That was a pleasant Sunday evening we spent with his family, seated on the roof of his house, which he had built on high ground in the centre of Cambridge City. It was a lovely starlit night, cool and calm and bright, and the view on all sides for many miles round was very fine; truly my friend has cast his lines in pleasant places. The impressions of America which I have to carry away with me are those of bright sunshine, genial warmth, and unostentatious hospitality. I have seen nothing of its wintry aspect, and can only think of it as a country of green foliage and warm hearts.”

Indeed I know of no reason why I should not say that my “brother publisher” was no other than my very old friend H. O. Houghton, with whom I had been in friendly relations from the time of his partnership with Mr. Hurd, for probably thirty-five years. He and his daughter came to Europe and travelled far. He returned home and died August 25th, 1895. It is difficult to realize that

nine years have already passed away since that time.

"I was able to spend only a few hours in Philadelphia, but I had to make a formal promise to return there before leaving the country, when I was to be driven round the beautiful city and shown it 'inside and out.' The excessive heat on the 16th made it physically impossible for me to go there and return the same day. I had reluctantly to give it up, still clinging to the hope of some day revisiting the Quaker City.

"Railway travelling in America when the thermometer is 100° in the shade is a new and melting experience which I have no desire to renew. The carriages are large and open, but neither on one side nor the other can you get away from the scorching rays of the sun, which seem to burn through every crevice. It was in such weather as this that I travelled from Boston to New York on Monday, the 15th instant. I may say that my last three or four days in America were such as would scarcely justify the words I have used—'genial warmth.' When for four days and nights in succession the thermometer only varies from 96° to 101° in the shade, the term 'genial warmth' certainly does not apply. I was glad on the afternoon of the 17th to find myself afloat and homeward bound on the good ship 'Fulda' of the North German Lloyds, not by any means one of the fastest ships. Slow and sure is probably her motto, but she is clean, wholesome, and well provisioned. The officers are all ex-

ceedingly polite and attentive, and the captain as merry and cheerful as a sand-boy; but the Babel of tongues is confusing and disheartening, and it is no easy matter to make the steward understand your wants, although he believes himself to be a perfect master of English. Notwithstanding the comforts to be found in these German ships, I would, if my opinion were asked, certainly give my vote in favour of English ships for English-speaking people.

“We have now been seven days on the water, and have just got our first glimpse of the lighthouse on the Scilly Islands, and must think ourselves fortunate if we reach Southampton some time on the eighth day.”





CHAPTER XII

DEALINGS WITH AUTHORS



THIS is a rather ticklish subject for an old publisher, and it is needless to pursue it at any length. I think it will be seen, from what I have told of my own experiences, that personally I have every reason to be content. Pompous arrogance on one side and "kittle cattle," as Sir Walter called his class, on the other, could hardly tend to harmony; but we are not all built alike, and there are innumerable causes which inevitably lead to friction. From the days of Dryden and Pope down to those of Sir Walter Besant the misdeeds of publishers have been held up to ridicule and scorn; and, in this respect, authors have generally had the best of it, chiefly because public sympathy has always been on their side. The truth, however, lies in the middle: there are probably as many black sheep on one side as on the other. Authors not unfrequently make mistakes

in their estimate of the value of their own work; and publishers as frequently make mistakes in the opposite direction. This is surely not the special peculiarity of authors and publishers, it applies equally to the whole human race—*humanum est errare*.

When a publisher happens to have accepted the work of a young and unknown author which has proved a great success, he is at once accredited with profound insight and sagacity, and all his brethren who had passed that author by are looked upon as incapables. That one bit of luck clings to him for years, for mere luck or chance it mostly is. One might multiply instances by the score from the old days of publishing to the present day. Many a good book has gone a-begging from publisher to publisher, and been accepted almost by accident at last. Prideaux's "Connexion between the Old and New Testament" was, it is said, bandied about between five or six publishers for more than two years; it was gravely objected to because "the subject was *dry*, and wanted to be enlivened with a little humour!" Tonson, on the recommendation of Echard, took it in hand at last, although he was as likely as any one to complain of dryness and want of humour. "Robinson Crusoe" ran through the whole trade, till at last a lucky publisher got it for almost nothing. Burns' "Justice" was sold by its author for a small sum; he was weary, as

he said, of importuning booksellers to buy it. Miss Burney's "Evelina" was sold for £5, and "Tom Jones" for an old song. Fielding, being in great distress, had accepted £25, but, acting on the advice of Thompson, got rid of the bargain. It was then offered to Andrew Millar, who astonished Fielding by telling him that he could not offer him more than £200! This offer delighted the author, who immediately summoned the waiter and ordered two more bottles of wine.

One need not go on quoting from the past, and it is unnecessary to mention more than one modern instance. "Jane Eyre," it has often been said, went the round of the publishing houses and was rejected; it was at last "discovered" by the late Mr. Williams, of the firm of Smith, Elder and Co.: that was distinctly a feather in their cap. On the other hand, I have already quoted a letter from the late R. D. Blackmore in which he tells me that they rejected "Lorna Doone," and that my firm alone had faith in her; that was a feather in *our* cap.

I am sure that I have said enough on this subject. I may just quote from an author's letter only to show how different matters look from different standpoints:

"The story has occupied me for five or six months; I believe it to be the best thing I have written; a new kind of interest is aimed at in

it, the combination of modern reality and the wildest kind of romance, and there is besides a study of character in the book which alone, I think, might give it a good chance of success. For this work, which is quite new, you offer me the sum of Fifty pounds! This, in justice to myself and others, I cannot accept."

I quote this letter, not because it is in the least degree unreasonable or unfair from the author's standpoint; it may be taken as a type of many such letters received by every publisher. The author had expended so much time, labour, and money that he is naturally quite aghast at the offer made to him by the publisher, and possibly speaks ill of him amongst his friends and acquaintances. It looks mean on the face of it. The author wanted to sell his manuscript, the publisher had to find money not only for his copyright, but for every outlay connected with the production of the book. It is not his business to set a value on the time and labour given to the work by the author, but to estimate the value of the work itself, and to consider the chances of its success or failure. He makes his proposal accordingly as illustrated above, and the proposal elicits the above letter. And yet it frequently happens—such was the case in this special instance—that the publisher was so far right in his judgement, or rather, had so far erred in the right direction, that, beggarly as his

offer had seemed, the result was a loss to himself: this the author declined to make good.

The real truth is that the practice of paying authors large or small sums in advance on account of profits which may never come is vicious; it arises out of the gambling competition which is the spirit of the age. The true principle which will be adopted about the time of the millennium, is not to advance any money at all. Every book should stand on its own merit, and should earn its original outlay¹ first, and then the profits that follow should be divided between author and publisher in such portions as may have been agreed upon between them. A well-known and popular author would of course take a much larger proportion than an unknown author.

An equally satisfactory arrangement is that the author should be paid a royalty on all copies sold, as may be agreed. In these cases the publisher usually takes the risk of the cost of production upon himself.

Even these conditions cannot always protect the publisher from making a loss. In the early days of the Authors' Association it was stoutly

¹ By original outlay I mean the money expended by the publisher in paper, print, advertising, etc. I am aware that the authors claim that their outlay for time, labour, and expenses should also be covered. But this is untenable, because the publisher takes all the risk of the work being a failure; in the same way the author risks his outlay for labour, etc.

maintained by the late Sir Walter Besant and others, that publishers could not possibly make any losses: that notion has, however, long since been exploded.

I consider myself happy in having been a publisher for a long period which I can only now look back upon as past and gone. Publishing is, perhaps, one of the most interesting of all commercial occupations, and it is quite delightful when all goes smoothly; when the good public responds to one's invitation to buy the books on which we have lavished our money so freely, and the balance of outlay and receipts is on the right side, then all goes merrily as a marriage bell. Such times, however, would be too good for the spiritual well-being of the mildest and most modest of men; so there comes the inevitable reverse; times and seasons when that same public will *not* be charmed, charm we never so wisely; times when the general trade of the country is bad, and depression hangs like a pall over our heads, times when our good friend the public has no money to lavish on books: then it is that the balance creeps over to the other side of the ledger, and then it is that we are disposed to take another view of the occupation of publishing.

THE LAST DECADE.

The last decade of the nineteenth century one might describe as the era of sensation and new

experiments in the publishing world. Old things were passing away. Old methods were being substituted for new ones. In the forties, the fifties, and the sixties, and even in the seventies publishers and authors were on the friendliest terms, and publishers observed a certain unwritten law of non-interference with each other. Authors who had established a reputation with their publishers rarely thought of changing; and publishers who attempted to disturb those friendly relations by speculative biddings were looked upon with some degree of contempt by their brethren; but now things began to assume a different aspect; the literary agent came on the scene, and, having first convinced himself that he was a necessity, he set about to convince authors that he was their good angel heaven-sent to look after their interests. The result was that he soon established himself as a middleman between authors and publishers, and the old cordiality between them was to some extent destroyed: publishers could now approach authors only through the middleman. It was a simple and easy matter for the latter to persuade a busy author that he could relieve him of all the trouble and worry of negotiating; even the agreements for publishing were in many instances not between author and publisher, but between publisher and middleman.

For the simple matter of a modest commission

the agent could obtain for the author far better terms than he could possibly obtain for himself, and this too was not difficult of accomplishment, for he adopted the system of, as it were, putting his author up to auction ; and so, many a publisher, if only to preserve his prestige, was driven to pay unjustifiable prices or have his old friend the author knocked down to somebody else, who not unfrequently burnt his fingers. All this, however, was good for the author, and the middleman became all-powerful. He certainly put more money into the pocket of the already successful author, and he probably soon began to make for himself the fortune which the unhappy publisher had hitherto been supposed to be making. He toiled not, neither did he spin in the sense in which a publisher toiled and spun. He kept no long hours at his desk ; he had no large staff of assistants ; he kept no stock to depreciate ; he had no accounts to keep, no risks to run ; all that came to him was clear profit, and to him losses were unknown.

There was one thing only which a middleman could not do: he could do nothing for new and untried authors, for them his eloquence was expended in vain ; if indeed he deemed it worth while to expend much eloquence upon them. Your middleman is hardly to be regarded as a judge of literary work, but he is a famous judge of the

results of literary work. Young authors had, by what means they could, to make their reputation through some friendly publisher; then, when he had made himself a marketable commodity, the middleman would soon get him into his auction list, and the friendly publisher must go to the wall.

THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

This was only one phase of the new era: another arose, and this was a perfectly fair and justifiable one. I mean the establishment of the Incorporated Society of Authors, I think about 1877, but they began their operations, in my very humble opinion, by making a sweeping and ungenerous attack upon *all* publishers, assuming that all alike were robbers, and proving by balance-sheets drawn from their own imagination, that publishers could never by any possibility make a loss! This assumption of knowledge which only betrayed their own ignorance of publishing on the purely business side, was not calculated to create a pleasant feeling on the part of publishers.

We were, many of us, very angry at the time, and there was a good deal of vituperation on both sides. In 1891 Sir W. Besant wrote me a very handsome letter from which I venture to quote the following lines:

“I should like to add that we should all be

very much grateful if we could, by any arguments of our own, induce you to believe that the Society is not and never has been, hostile in any way to Publishers. . . . We desire only fair agreements fairly carried out."

That is of course just what publishers wanted. I have no record of any further correspondence; I am now sure that experience has long since taught both sides to regard each other with more just and honourable feeling.

PENNY LITERATURE.

By the time I have now reached the new system of school-board education had brought into the field an entirely new class of readers. For these it was necessary to provide popular reading at extremely popular prices. Penny and half-penny weeklies began to abound, mostly of an innocent and wholesome character, far above the mere gutter trash that had long existed, but still rather trivial and flippant. These publications were apparently exactly suited to the taste, or perhaps it is better to say they educated the taste, of the new readers: they distinctly supplied a public want, and the clever projectors soon became potent millionaires.

BOOK SALES BY BOLD AND BIG ADVERTISEMENT.

I pass to another and far different phase of this irrepressible, restless era!

The great public, as well as the usual consumers of literature, were invited by flaming advertisement to buy high priced and high class literature on ridiculously easy terms: the projectors proved implicit faith in any subscriber by supplying him promptly with a complete work, be the price what it may, a guinea, five guineas or twenty guineas on the payment down of a nominal sum, and agreed to accept the balance by easy instalments running over many months. The scheme, which was of American origin, proved immensely successful for a time. Thousands of pounds, a large portion of which would, in the old state of things, have passed through the hands of booksellers in town and country, eluded them altogether by this means, and their returns were reduced and their trade injured by so much. The system, whilst it lasted, must have made many a fortune for the projectors, and it is absolutely in opposition to the spirit of the period to suppose that they care one brass farthing, whether in filling their own pockets they have done injury to other people or not. The public, it would seem, are tired of being dosed in this way, and the enterprising caterers are now on the look out for some other new and brilliant scheme.

It can hardly be doubted that these changes in the old order of publishing have materially affected the interests of old-fashioned authors and publishers

alike—they have suffered, some of the latter perhaps irretrievably, but I am still of opinion that there is a grand future for the higher class of literature and for publishers of good books. The effervescing youth of to-day who buys his penny publication will, in days to come, want something higher, better, and more durable, and good books will then be provided for him.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT WITH AMERICA AND
COLONIAL COPYRIGHT. AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.
THREE-VOLUME NOVELS. PUBLISHERS
AND BOOKSELLERS.

Those of my readers who have followed me to this point need not be under any alarm. I have no thought of expatiating on the above-mentioned terrible subjects. They are, one may hope, dead and buried. For longer than I can remember these questions have broken out now and then in the newspapers like an epidemic. I have in my possession portfolios of cuttings on those absorbing subjects, going back to 1871. For the sake of reference I will put in chronological order a bare list of the documents in my possession, premising that they form hardly a tenth of the articles that have really appeared:

1871. "The Times." Oct. 26th. "International Copyright.
Letter by E. Marston. (There was a large brood

of letters on the subject, but this is the only one I have.)

- 1871. "The Daily News." July 3rd. "Three-volume Novels." E. Marston.
- 1871. "The Daily News." July 3rd. "Three-volume Novels." By "Publisher."
- 1875. "The Montreal Gazette." March 2nd. "Colonial Copyright." A leader.
- 1875. "The Times." March 25th. "Colonial Copyright." Letter by E. Marston.
- 1875. "The Times." March 26th. "Colonial Copyright." Reply by Moy Thomas.
- 1875. "The Times." March 26th. "Colonial Copyright." Letter by E. Marston.
- 1875. "The Times." March 30th. "Colonial Copyright." Reply by Moy Thomas.
- 1875. "The Times." March 30th. "Colonial Copyright." Reply by "An Author."
(Mr. Geo. Bentley wrote, "You hit the blot in the proposed Act.")
- 1877. "The Academy" (then recently established by the late James Appleton Morgan). Feb. 10th. "International Copyright with America," by E. Marston.
- 1879. I wrote and published a work entitled "Copyright, National and International, from the point of view of a Publisher," and in 1887 a work which was partly a reprint "with some remarks on the position of Authors and Publishers," by a Publisher. Also an Appendix, including the text of the International and Colonial Copyright Act, 1886, and of a Bill to consolidate and amend the Law relating to Copyright (now before Parliament, 1887), also the Articles of "The International Copyright Union." I may remark that this Bill, "now before Parliament in 1887," was founded upon the report of a Royal Commission in the year 1878. It was prepared by the joint efforts of "The Copyright Association" (of which I have had the honour of being a member for many years), and "The Society of Authors." The Bill "only awaited the chance of a favourable hearing in Parliament to become law." The same Bill, modified or reconstructed by various hands, is still "before Parliament" in 1904!

It has been trying to become law from its first inception by Lord John Manners, for just a quarter of a century.

- 1880. "The Times." Dec. 17th. "Publishers and the Public." Letter by James Griffin: Letter by E. Marston: Leader by "Times." (This was a discussion about the *price* of novels.)
- 1881. "The Times." Feb. 7th. "Copyright with America." By a British Author (refers to a previous letter which I have not).
- 1881. "The Times." Feb. 7th. "Copyright with America." "An Author."
- 1881. "The Times." Feb. 7th. "Copyright with America." Leader, which says, "'A British Author' considers 'this mad scheme,' as he denominates it, 'neither more nor less than a proposal to destroy copyright in England.' 'An Author's' indignation is too vehement for his own powers of polite condemnation."
- 1881. "The Times." Feb. 11th. "Copyright with America." Letter by E. Marston.
- 1881. "The Times." Feb. 11th. "Copyright with America." Letter by T. Aston.
- 1881. "The Athenæum." Feb. 12th. "Copyright with America." Letter by E. Marston.
- 1881. "The Times." March 18th. "Copyright with America." Leader.
- 1881. "The Bookseller." March 3rd. "Copyright with America." Leader.
- 1881. "The Publishers' Circular." March 15th. "Copyright with America." Leader, E. Marston.
- 1881. "The Times." April 16th. "Copyright with America." Letter by E. Marston.
- 1881. "The Publishers' Circular." April 16th. "Copyright with America." Letter by Herbert Spencer.
- 1881. "The Publishers' Circular." April 16th. "Copyright with America." Letter by E. Marston.
- 1881. "Longman's Magazine." March (?). "Copyright with America." Article by C. J. Longman.
- 1881. "The Times." July 14th. "Copyright with America." Leader.
- 1881. "The Times." Sept. 14th. "Copyright with America." Letter by E. Marston.

- 1881. "The Publishers' Weekly." Oct. 15th. "Copyright with America." Leader on E. Marston's letter to "The Times," of which I have no copy.
- 1881. "The New York Tribune." Oct. 26th. "Copyright with America." Leader on E. Marston's letter to "The Times," of which I have no copy.
- 1881. "The New York Tribune." Dec. 19th. "Copyright with America." E. Marston's reply.
- 1881. "The Nineteenth Century." Nov. (?). "Copyright with America." Article by Fraser Rae.
- 1882. "The Newcastle Chronicle." Sept. 16th. "Copyright—Author and Publisher." By Clark Russell.
- 1882. "The New York Tribune." Nov. (?). "English Authors and American Publishers."
- 1882. "The New York Tribune." Dec. 10th. Article by G.W.S. (well-known initials).
- 1882. "The Athenæum." Dec. 16th. Letter by G. W. S.
- 1882. "The Athenæum." Dec. 23rd. E. Marston's reply.
- 1882. "The Athenæum." Dec. 23rd. Letter by John Murray.
- 1883. "The Times." July 25th. "Copyright with the United States." Letter by Ouida.
- 1883. "The Times." July 26th. "Copyright with the United States." Letter by Thos. A. Romer.
- 1883. "The New York Tribune." Jan. 25th. "The Copyright Controversy." Letter by E. Marston.
- 1883. "The New York Tribune." Jan. 25th. "The Copyright Controversy." Auchinloss Brothers.
- 1884. "The Daily News." Jan. 11th. "Three-volume Novels." Letter, an Obscure Author.
- 1884. "The Daily News." Jan. 11th. "Three-volume Novels." A Novelist.
- 1884. "The Daily News." Jan. 11th. "Three-volume Novels." Gallio.
- 1884. "The Daily News." Jan. 11th. "Three-volume Novels." John Ballinger.
- 1884. "The St. James's Gazette." Jan. 10th. "Three-volume Novels." Leader.
- 1884. "The Publishers' Circular." Nov. (?). "United States and Copyright." Letter by E. Marston on his return from America.
- 1884. "The Times." Nov. (?). Leader, referring to E. Marston's travels in America.

1886. "The Daily News." Feb. 5th. "The Manufacturing Clause." Letter by E. Marston. "Anglo-American Copyright." Leader says, "It appears to have entered a stage preparatory to settlement."
1886. "The Standard." Feb. 4th. Harper Brothers and W. S. Gilbert and the "Fifty Dollar Honorarium."
1886. "The Athenæum." Jan. 30th. The proposed International Copyright Union (the Berne Convention).
1886. "The Athenæum." Feb. 6th. "International Copyright and the American Congress." In this article four lines are quoted from Mr. Russell Lowell:
- "In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The ten commandments will not budge,
And stealing *will* continue stealing."
1886. "The Times." Feb. 1st. "International Copyright and the American Congress." This also mentions Mr. Lowell's opinion: "Appropriation of the fruits of a foreign author's brains he places on a level with pocket picking."
1886. "The Times." Feb. 4th. "International Copyright." Letter signed "M."
1886. "The Times." Feb. 4th. "Manufacturing Clause." Letter by E. Marston.
1886. "The Standard." Feb. 4th. Leader on the "Copyright Bill" says, "There is every prospect of its main provisions passing into law this session"!!
1886. "The Morning Advertiser." Feb. 4th. Leader. American copyright commences:—"The Americans seem to be waking up." "Honesty the best policy."
1886. "The Spectator." Feb. 6th. Leader. "Copyright with America."
1886. "The New York Times." Jan. 29th. "International Copyright and the Hardley Bill."
1886. "The Standard." March 4th. Conference of authors, report and leader thereon.
1886. "The Daily News." March 5th. Ditto. ditto.
1886. "The Standard." March 5th. "Authors and Publishers." Letter by E. Marston.
1886. "The Standard." March 3rd. "Publishers' Profits," a London publisher.
1886. "The Standard." March 5th. "Publishers' Profits."

Reply by W. Besant: extraordinary figures produced by him.

- 1887. "The Daily News." March 5th. "Authors and Publishers." Letter by W. Besant.
- 1887. "The Daily News." March 4th. "Authors and Publishers." Leader.
- 1887. "The Saturday Review." March 5th. "Authors and Publishers." Leader.
- 1887. "The Spectator." March 5th. "Authors and Publishers." Mr. Besant on authors' profits.
- 1887. "The Daily News." March 8th. "Authors and Publishers." Letter, Ward and Downey.
- 1887. "The Daily News." March 8th. "Authors and Publishers." Letter, C. Garvice.
- 1887. "The Daily News." March 8th. "Authors and Publishers." Letter, C. C.
- 1887. "The Standard." March 9th. "Authors and Publishers." On E. Marston's letter, by an Author.
- 1887. "The Daily News." March 5th. "Authors and Publishers." The writer says, "The whole world would scarcely contain all the letters we receive from publishers and authors, especially the latter."
- 1887. "The St. James's Gazette." March 10th. "The Incorporated Society of Authors."
- 1887. "The Standard." March 4th. Second series of conferences, authorship as a profession, by Mr. E. Gosse.
- 1887. "The Standard." March 4th. "Authors and Publishers." Letter by Elliot Stock.
- 1887. "The Standard." March 5th. "Authors and Publishers." Leader.
- 1887. "The Standard." March 9th. "Authors and Publishers." Letter by Arthur Vizetelly.
- 1887. "The Athenæum." May 14th. Review of my pamphlet on "Copyright."
- 1887. "The Publishers' Weekly," New York. April 9th. "Authors and Publishers." Henry Holt, smiling grimly, said, "The fundamental question in the consideration of the financial relations of author and publisher is that of *loss-sharing*, as there are losses for a great many more books than there are profits."
- 1887. "The Standard." March 4th. "Authors and Publishers." Letter by E. Marston.

1887. "The Standard." March 4th. "Authors and Publishers." Letter by Mr. Besant.
1887. "The Standard." March 4th. "Authors and Publishers." A London publisher.
1887. "The Saturday Review." ? Leader. "Authors and Publishers."
1887. "The St. James's Gazette." March 10th. "Incorporated Society of Authors." Leader.
1887. "The Pall Mall Gazette." March 10th. Four leaderettes.
1887. "The Pall Mall Gazette." March 11th. A good word for publishers.
1887. "The Pall Mall Gazette." March 11th. Letter from A. St. C. Boscawen.
1887. "The Daily News." March 11th. "Authors and Publishers." W. Besant.
1887. "The Daily News." March 11th. Letter signed X.
1887. Ditto. Ditto. Dr. Philip May.
1887. Ditto. Ditto. Nameless one.
1887. Ditto. Ditto. J. Adamson.
1887. "The Times." March 10th. Leader on Society of Authors.
1887. "The Times." March 12th. "The Wicked Publisher." Letter by Smith, Elder and Co.
1887. "The Pall Mall Gazette." March 22nd. Protest from a Publisher, R. B. Marston.
1887. "The Pall Mall Gazette." March 22nd. Protest from "another."
1887. "Literary Opinion." April 1st. "Authors in Council."
1887. "Literary Opinion." April 1st. Letter by a London Publisher.
1887. "Literary Opinion." April 1st. Letter by E. Marston.
1887. "Literary Opinion." April 1st. Letter by W. Besant.
1887. "Literary Opinion." April 1st. Letter by another Publisher.
1887. "Literary Opinion." April 1st. Letter by a struggling author.
1887. "The Times." March 21st. "Authors and Publishers." Letter by G. M. Smith.
1887. "The New York Tribune." March 27th. "Authors and Publishers." Leader.
1887. "The Literary World." March 11th. "The Society of Authors."

- 1891. "The Publishers' Circular." June 13th. "The American Copyright Act."
- 1891. "The Publishers' Circular." June 20th. "The American Copyright Act." A report of my visit to America.
- 1891. "The Times." June 1st. "The American Copyright Bill." Letter by R. B. Marston.
- 1891. "The Times." June 5th. "The American Copyright Bill." W. C. K. Clowes, Chairman Printing and Allied Trades Association.
- 1891. "The Times." June 5th. "The American Copyright Bill." S. McCaul, Paper Makers' Association.
- 1891. "The Publishers' Weekly." June 6th. "The Copyright Situation."
- 1900. "Literature." April 7th. On three-volume novels. Under the heading of "Personal Views," at the request of the Editor I once more aired my views on this well-worn subject.

Here endeth my record of the cuttings I have preserved with reference to the four subjects which head this chapter. It is a very incomplete list, and I cannot absolutely vouch for the correctness of all the dates, seeing that some are obliterated or torn; they extend over a period of twenty years (1871 to 1891).

The American Copyright Act was passed in 1891. It created a great fluster on this side amongst authors, publishers, printers, and paper makers on account of the obnoxious *manufacturing clause*. Printers and paper makers were especially agitated, and were anxious to adopt the *lex talionis* by promoting a bill on the same lines as the American, granting copyright only to works printed from type set up in this country. That obnoxious clause in the Copyright Act had been

forced upon the American legislature by the printers and paper makers of their own country, who feared that the printing of all the works of English authors for the American market would be done in England—and thus the adoption of this manufacturing clause created just the same feeling on the part of the printers and paper makers in England. I know more than one printer who was bent on starting off at once to establish an immense printing establishment in New York. I confess I could never discern any reason for this alarm; I strongly and successfully urged one of my friends against so precipitate a proceeding, and thereby prevented him from starting an establishment which was not wanted and would have cost him many thousands of pounds.

We were all desperately in earnest in those days. Things have now settled down quietly. I do not think the manufacturing clause has proved greatly advantageous to the American manufacturers: it must certainly have been injurious to the interests of American authors, for it has excluded them from the benefits of the Berne Convention.

THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN.

“The Publishers’ Circular” started on its satisfactory career in 1837, the year that saw the accession of the young Queen Victoria to the throne.

I became connected with that publication in 1846, so that "The Publishers' Circular" has lived through the whole of the Victorian era. I feel, therefore, that it will not be amiss for me to terminate my reminiscences at the time of the death of the Queen. The following sketch appeared in "The Publishers' Circular" of February 9th, 1901. It is neither dirge nor elegy, but is offered only as a slight and passing tribute:

"I fancy myself, of all the inhabitants of this great city, to be the only one who has voluntarily abstained from joining the great throng of mourners to-day. My first reason is that I am old, too old for the hustle of a great crowd; the next and most potent reason is that my two maid-servants had told me they would surely die if they didn't go. So I said 'Go.' They went. This morning I arose at my usual time, my breakfast was daintily prepared and a luncheon duly set aside for me, but they had disappeared, and now, on this dull and dreary morning, I find myself *alone*, my family all absent, and I shall not have a solitary being to speak to this melancholy day. Down yonder, within three or four miles of this spot, millions upon millions of my fellow mortals are crowding and scrambling to get even a glimpse of the mournful cavalcade as slowly and sadly it passes along. I am here *alone*. All the inhabitants have fled; the postman's knock was the last sound I heard, now all is silent, and I am the last man. All are gone, and the village is left to solitude

and to me; but I am not quite alone—the door has just now been gently pushed open, and in marches my old friend Charlie—he is dressed in the deepest and blackest of mourning, as he always is, but now he is wearing a white ribbon with a large bow, as a mark of still deeper woe. ‘Good morning,’ he said in his usual way, ‘how are you?’ This has been his customary morning salutation for years, and, having performed it, he accepts a few caresses, solemnly turns round, and departs.

“This morning, feeling the want of company, I invited him to take a seat by my fire; and there he sits cosily and purrs. ‘Charles,’ said I, ‘I suppose you know that you are a very remarkable cat. You have been the victim of most cruel torture. You have been nearly skinned: you have been dipped in paraffin, and then set on fire; all your fur has been burnt off your body; your skin scorched and bare—you have been worried, all but starved to death, and now, you sit there, the blackest, the sleekest, the plumpest cat in the parish. You are not proud and overbearing as most cats would be; you have a too vivid remembrance of your past tortures to be anything but humble and grateful now. Of course you know that to-day you are mourning the loss of your and my good Queen, but I suppose you do not remember mourning for the death of any other King or Queen.

“‘Well! I do. But never before was there mourning so real and heartfelt as this of to-day. When I was a very little boy I wondered why there was a black border around the news-

papers, and I was told that King George IV was dead. Years afterwards, when I was a much bigger boy, came news of the death of King William IV. The newspapers were indeed black-bordered, but the people were far more inclined to rejoice that a beautiful young Queen was now to reign over them, than to mourn for the loss of the old King. I was a big boy when that ever-to-be blessed young girl, whom we mourn to-day, came to her throne. There was a grand banquet given in our village, and I was among those who first shouted "*God save the Queen!*"

"I witnessed the young Queen ascend the throne, in all the splendour, grace, and beauty of youth; and now to-day, whilst I am talking to you, I can almost hear the tramp of those who are bearing her, the noble, venerated mother of her people, to her last resting-place."

"Just about the time of Queen Victoria's accession I read in some magazine a dirge, written on the funeral of Sir Walter Scott—the author, I think, was Charles Swaine. I copied it out, and it is now before me in my boyish handwriting. Some verses in the poem seem to me to touch the present occasion. In this "strange conceit" all the leading characters of Scott's novels "swept by"—at his funeral. I thought it a beautiful poem then, and I do not think meanly of it now—but I am not a judge. For aught I know, the poem may be familiar to most people: I have never seen it in print, except in that old magazine:

"'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer
 boughs among,
 When beauty walks in gladness forth in all her light and
 song—
 'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely
 vale;
 And shadows like the wings of death were cast upon the
 gale.

"For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life,
 That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and
 fruitage rife,
 Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of
 mind—
 Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of man-
 kind.

"There was wailing in the early breeze, and darkness in the
 sky,
 When with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train
 swept by;
 Methought! St. Mary shield us well! that other forms moved
 there
 Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and fair.

"The poem consists of nineteen verses, in
 which the ghostly characters follow in the mourn-
 ful train of the 'noble, young, and fair.' I may
 quote one verse as an example of the procession
 of these ghostly mourners:

"On swept 'Bois Gilbert,' 'Front de Bœuf,' 'De Bracy's'
 plume of woe,
 And 'Cœur de Lion's' crest shone near the valiant 'Ivan-
 hoe,'
 While soft as glides a summer cloud, 'Rowena' closer
 drew,
 With beautiful 'Rebecca,' peerless daughter of the Jew.

"It is twelve o'clock—that grand mournful
 cavalcade must now be nearing Hyde Park.
 The occasional booming of the minute gun is

the only sound I hear. All else is dead silence. The sun is just bursting through the mist that hitherto has hidden him, for surely he too is mourning for the PASSING OF THE QUEEN.

“P.S.—*Four o'clock*.—The maids have returned, full of excitement—they never expected to get back alive—they were all but crushed to death—but they were determined to see the procession or die in the attempt—they were carried off their feet without touching ground for half a mile! and so they were borne into the Park through one of the gates, they knew not which—they got close up against the railings, and—they saw the whole cavalcade pass by within a few yards, ‘most beautiful’—there were millions of people in the Park who had been there since five o’clock, who could not possibly see anything—all hats were off as the procession passed—they saw the King and the Emperor, and the Queen and Lord Roberts (exactly like their photographs), and the six cream-coloured horses draped in white lace—they saw the gun carriage and the beautiful coffin—they shed tears, they couldn’t help it—never, never, have they seen anything like it before—never, never do they expect to see the like again—and now their bones ache, but they are happy.”

A LAST WORD.

This book professes to be nothing more than a fragmentary sketch of incidents in a very long

life: the subject of religion has nowhere found a place in it; yet I cannot, indeed, I feel that I dare not, let it go forth to the world without some confession of the faith that is in me. I come of a religious race, and I am conscious that I am but an unworthy offshoot. I have always recognized, from my earliest days, the guiding hand of an overruling Providence. I find no solution of the great problem of life and death in the deductions of human philosophy. These tell me nothing of my destiny when the soul and spirit within me shall be separated from this earthly tabernacle. I want to know; and I know not where to look for this knowledge but in the Bible alone, therefore I believe the Bible is God's means of guiding mankind through life's pilgrimage. I am a member of the Church of England, but I hold that all, of whatever denomination, and however opposed they may be to each other on points of doctrine, who are sincerely honest and earnest and true to their convictions (all being human and equally fallible), are equally accessible and acceptable at the throne of Grace, for God is the Father of all, and His Son Jesus Christ is the Saviour of all those who trust and believe in sincerity and truth.

I stand now as it were on the outside margin of time's limit, for wellnigh fourscore years a witness as well as a partaker of the follies and vanities, of the blessings and happiness, as well as of the

sorrows of this world, and I have now nothing to look forward to but the humble hope and trust that I may be permitted, in God's good time, to inherit everlasting life through the sole merit of Jesus Christ my Saviour.





APPENDIX

LONDON PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS WHOM I REMEMBER OVER FIFTY YEARS AGO

My personal recollection of London Publishers and Booksellers goes back only to the year 1846, but my old friend John Slark has given me a list of those he remembers as far back as 1837. He is, I am pleased to say, still hale and hearty. I give the list here complete as he supplied it, with his notes and many supplementary ones of my own. I have put a star (*) against those names that had disappeared before my time. If I could only clothe these dry bones with flesh and blood, and make this bald recollection alive with anecdote about them, the record would be of considerable interest. I cannot pretend to give dates as to their beginnings and endings. They existed in 1846—many of them for a long period before and for many years after that date—some remain unto this day.

PATERNOSTER ROW AND IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS.	REMARKS.
Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans. Hamilton, Adams and Co. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Kent and Richards. *Duncan, James. Aylott and Jones. *Orr and Smith.	} All too well known for any remarks. "Chambers's Journal."

PATERNOSTER ROW AND IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS.	REMARKS.
Bryce, David.	No relation to Glasgow firm of same name. I think he had been secretary to Benjamin Disraeli, whose works he once published in a cheap edition—E.M. American Agency.
Wiley (afterwards Wiley and Putnam). *Ball, Arnold and Co. Scholey. Scatcherd and Letterman. Ave Maria Lane.	Wholesale country business.
Baldwin, Robert (afterwards Baldwin, Cradock and Co.).	Where George Routledge graduated. Publisher of "The London Magazine," begun in 1732.
Baynes and Son. Baynes, Richard. Ward, Thomas.	Secondhand. Secondhand. Succeeded by Hodder and Stoughton.
Palmer, Ebenezer. Kelly, Thomas. Colporteur business on a large scale.	Calvinistic bookseller. Lord Mayor.
Hall, Arthur, and Virtue. Theobald. *Tyas, Robert.	Botanical and Fine Arts, and subsequently in the Church.
Rivingtons. (Afterwards removed to Waterloo Place). Dinnis, James. Delf (afterwards Delf and Trübner). Fox.	Congregational. American agency. Unitarian and Harriet Martineau's first publisher.
Gardner, Edward. Oxford Bible Warehouse.	Father of William Wells Gardner.
Wertheim (then Wertheim and Mackintosh). Allan, William.	Agency. Subsequently purchased by Sampson Low and Co.
Sherwood, Gilbert and Piper. Mozley (of Derby).	Foundation of Kent & Co. Agency and first publisher of Miss Yonge's books, which were issued without her name.
Paul.	Originator of the "Penny Pulpit," etc.
Ives, Samuel.	Booksellers' agent, etc., formerly with Richard Baynes.

AVE MARIA LANE AND STATIONERS COURT.

REMARKS.

Whittaker, Treacher and Arnot.

Edwards and Hughes.

Westley and Davies.

Griffin and Co.

Suttaby, F. and A.

Wholesale booksellers,
publishers, etc.
"Church of England
Magazine," etc.
Congregational.

Almanacs, Pocket Books,
etc.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

Holdsworth and Ball (then Jackson and Wal-
ford).*Harris (successor to Newberry, and afterwards
Grant and Griffith).

Lacy, Edward.

Souter and Law.

*Hurst, Thomas.

Millard, E. Newgate Street.

*Hunter.

Leath.

*Jackson and Walford.

Juvenile Literature.

Cheap remainders.

School books.

Formerly partner with
Longmans.

Secondhand.

Homœopathic books,
etc.

Where Mr. Hodder was
apprenticed.

LUDGATE HILL, ETC.

Knight, Charles (previously at Pall Mall).

The pioneer of cheap and
good literature! *i.e.*
L. E. K., "Penny
Magazine," "Penny
Cyclo," "Kitto's
Bible," etc.

Dr. Whately, Dr. Arnold,
and others.

Author of "Gideon Giles
the Roper," and many
novels and poems. Pat-
ronized by Lady Bless-
ington and Samuel Ro-
gers who started him in
business, I think in
Newgate Street. I re-
member in his last days
he used to boast mostly
of the regularity with
which he took his pipe
and pot o' ale.

M. Henry's Bible.

Cuvier's "Natural His-
tory."

Fellowes, Benjamin.

Miller, Thomas. Author and Publisher.

Robinson, Ogle.

Hetherington. Old Bailey.

	REMARKS.
LUDGATE HILL, ETC. Wix, Henry (an enthusiastic Lea angler).	"The Hymn Book," prior to "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
FLEET STREET, ETC. Smith, William.	Mrs. Loudon, Westwood, Froissart, Lodge, etc. Fine Arts and Miscellaneous publisher.
Tilt, Charles (afterwards Tilt and Bogue, then David Bogue). Seeley, L. and G.	With whom were educated James Maclehose, A. Macmillan, Do. D. Macmillan. Law booksellers.
Seeley and Burnside. Saunders and Benning. Waller.	Secondhand, autographs. House previously occupied by John Murray.
Highley, Samuel. Medical.	Printer and publisher.
Valpy, A. J. Red Lion Court. How and Parsons.	Mr. and Mrs. S C. Hall's "Ireland," etc.
*Garmeson. Beeton, S. O.	Novels and remainders. Publisher.
Washbourne, Henry. Salisbury Square, and then Bridge Street. Carvalho.	Remainders and reprints.
Hodson, H. S. Carlile, Richard.	Secondhand. Had reputation of being first-class judge of genuine old paintings.
CHANCERY LANE. Pickering, William. Afterwards Pall Mall. Petheram. Holborn. Lumley. Reeves, W. D. (afterwards Reeves and Turner).	Freemason, etc.
GREAT QUEEN STREET, ETC. Darling.	Secondhand.
Leslie.	Remainders.
Rowsell.	Secondhand.
STRAND, ETC. Painter, Edward. Berger, George. Holywell Street. Hindley, Charles. Holywell Street. Limbird.	Secondhand, Theology, etc.
Cadell, Robert. Black and Young. Wellington Street.	Secondhand, Theology, etc.
	Secondhand.
	Church.
	Wholesale Periodicals.
	Percy Anecdotes, Kidd's Books.
	Agent, Sir W. Scott.
	German booksellers.

STRAND, ETC.

Renshaw.
Hearne.

Ackermann, Rudolph.

Parker, John William and Son.

Varty.

De Porquet. Tavistock Street.

Wood. Tavistock Street.

Clark, H. G., and Co.

Tweedie.

Nattali and Bond. Southampton Street.

Kimpton, D. York Street.

Bohn, H. G. York Street.

Willis (afterwards Willis and Sotheran).

Taylor. Wellington Street.

Bohn, John. Henrietta Street.

Straker.

Rodd, Thomas. Great Rupert Street.

Lilly.

Maynard.

Stewart, C. J. King William Street.

Bohn, James. King William Street.

Stark, John Mosley. King William Street.

CHARING CROSS.

Wyld. Soho Square.

PALM MALL, HAYMARKET, ETC.

Calkin and Budd.

Maclean, John. Pictures.

REMARKS.

Medical.

Heraldic, Numismatic,
etc.

Fine Arts, Sporting Pic-
tures.

"Saturday Magazine,"
Kingsley, Trench, etc.

J. W. Parker wrote a
circular letter in 1852,

"The Opinions of cer-
tain authors on the
Bookselling question."

In this letter Mr. Park-
er announced his retire-
ment from the Book-
sellers' Association. In
it is Carlyle's opinion:

"I can see no issue of
any permanency to the
controversy that has
now arisen but absolute
'Free Trade' in all
branches of bookselling
and publishing."

Educational.

French school books.

Entomological, Nat. Hist.
Publishers.

Temperance Publisher.

Secondhand booksellers.

American agency.

Publisher.

Secondhand.

Architectural.

Secondhand.

Secondhand.

Secondhand.

Secondhand.

Mathematical.

Liturgical.

Secondhand.

Secondhand.

Map publisher. Designer
of "The Great Globe,"
Leicester Square.

Librarians.

H. B.'s Caricatures.

PALL MALL, HAYMARKET, ETC.
Payne and Foss.

Ollier.

*Macrone. St. James's Square.

*Harding and Lepard.

BOND STREET.

Boone and Son.

Hookham and Son.

Dolman.

Addey and Co. (afterwards Cundall).

Saunders and Otley. Conduit Street.

REGENT STREET.

Fraser, James (and after Nickisson, Bosworth).

Baillière.

Bentley and Son. Burlington Street.

Colburn. Great Marlboro' Street.

Barthes and Lowell. Great Marlboro' Street.

*Templeman, John.

PICCADILLY.

*Hailes.

Hardwick and Bogue.

Moxon, Edward. Dover Street.

OXFORD STREET, ETC.

Baisler, Thomas.

Churton. Holles Street.

Bull. Holles Street.

Kerby (afterwards Kerby and Endean).

Daniell. Mortimer Street.

Newby. Mortimer Street.

Smith, John Russell. Soho Square.

Cleaver. Vere Street.

Pamplin. Frith Street.

Mortimer. Wigmore Street.

HOLBORN, ETC.

Bumpus, E.

*Duncombe. Middle Row.

REMARKS.

Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," etc.

Novels, etc.

Early G. C.

First publishers of Lodge's "Portraits," Vols. I to

III, folio, £73 10s, l. p.,

£157 10s.; Vol. IV,

£15 15s., l. p., £35;

also in 12 vols., 8vo,

£30, 4to, £60.

Library.

Library.

Roman Catholic.

Children's Books.

Library, first publishers of Bulwer Lytton's books.

Fraser's Magazine.

Foreign.

Publishers.

Publisher.

Foreign.

Publisher.

Juveniles.

Sowerby's "Botany."

Publisher.

Bookseller.

Library.

Library.

[prints.

Secondhand and old

Publisher of Novels.

Topographical.

High Church.

Botanical. (Mr. Pamplin was still living a short time ago—over ninety.)

Secondhand.

Bookseller.

Publisher.

HOLBORN, ETC.	REMARKS.
Low, Sampson. Lamb's Conduit Street.	Library, Ventouillac's Classics, "Charities of London," etc.
Stibbs.	Secondhand.
Baldock.	Secondhand.
Newman.	Topography, Parliamentary Papers.
Hantor. Museum Street.	Secondhand.
Sage. Lincoln's Inn Fields.	Secondhand.
Heath. Lincoln's Inn Fields.	Secondhand.
Priestley. Brownlow Street.	Classical.
Priestley, Richard.	Classical.
Weale, John.	Architectural.
Daly, John. Hatton Garden.	
Darton and Clark.	Quaker Connection.
Sharpe, Thomas Bowdler. Snow Hill.	Publisher, Sharpe's Magazine, afterwards with Smith and Son.
*Wallis. Snow Hill.	
Betts. Old Compton Street, W.C.	Geographical, Puzzles, etc.
Walton and Maberley (originally Taylor and Walton). Upper Gower Street.	University booksellers, Quain's plates, etc., Smith's Classical Books.
NEWGATE STREET.	
Cornish. Corner of Giltspur Street.	Secondhand.
Chapman, John (afterwards Green).	Publisher, Unitarian. Editor of "Westminster Review," etc. Dr. John Chapman died in Paris.
Dowding. Corner of Butcher Hall Lane, afterwards rechristened King Edward Street.	Secondhand.
Fisher, Son, and Jackson.	Publishers of subscription works in parts.
CHEAPSIDE.	
Jennings.	Landscape Annual, and Daniell's Oriental ditto, etc.
Tegg, Thomas.	Remainders, etc.
Unwin. Bucklersbury.	Father of Fisher Unwin, and printers of same name.
Coates.	Library only.
CORNHILL, ETC.	
Richardson, John. Royal Exchange.	Bookseller.
Richardson, Pelham.	Bookseller.
Bailey, A. H., Brothers.	Sporting.

CORNHILL, ETC.	REMARKS.
Mann, Mrs.	Guide Books, Newspapers, etc.
Thomas. Finch Lane.	Publisher and newsagent.
Arch, J. and A. Corner of Bishopsgate Street.	Secondhand.
Elkins. Lombard Street.	Bookseller.
Dean and Munday. Threadneedle Street.	Publishers.
Norie, E. Leadenhall Street.	Nautical charts and Books.
*Parbury and Allen. Leadenhall Street. (Afterwards W. H. Allen, Waterloo Place.)	East Indian Books.
Madden, James. Leadenhall Street.	Oriental publisher.
Newman, A. K. Leadenhall Street.	Publisher of Mrs. Holland's Books, Novels, etc.
Harvey and Darton. Gracechurch Street.	} Society of Friends.
Fry, Edmund. Bishopsgate Street.	
Gilpin. Bishopsgate Street.	
Boosey. Old Broad Street.	Society of Friends and member of Parliament.
*Wacey. Old Broad Street.	Music publisher.
*Rickerby. Sherborne Lane.	Printer and publisher of "Sacred Classics."
*Fairburn. Minories.	Song Books.
Chidley, John. Aldersgate Street.	Cheap remainders, etc.
Jones and Co. Temple of the Muse, Corner of Finsbury Square. (Formerly Lackington.)	Series of Books. Plates published in parts.
Scott, Webster and Geary. Charterhouse Square.	Publishers of "Dove's Classics."
Brown, William. Old Street.	Secondhand.
Masters. Aldersgate Street.	High Church.
Cox. Borough.	Medical.





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